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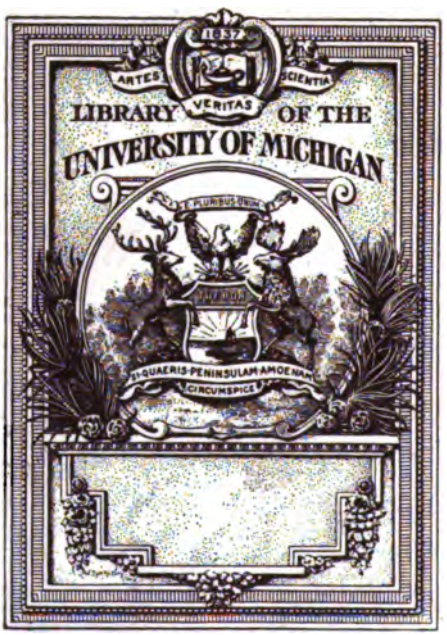

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THE

NATIONAL REVIEW.

VOL. VI.

JANUARY AND APRIL 1858.

LONDON:
CHAPMAN AND HALL, 193 PICCADILLY.
MDCCCLVIII.

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LONDON:
PRINTED BY ROBSON, LEVEY, AND FRANKLYN,
Great New Street and Fetter Lane.

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Les Anglais et l'Inde. Par E. de Valbezen. Paris, 1857.

NOTHING can be graver or more startling than the crisis through which our Indian Empire has just passed. Nothing can be more horrible than the details of the several catastrophes at Delhi, Jhansi, and Cawnpore. Imagination probably never pictured—history certainly never recorded—tragedies more frightful or revolting. It may be doubted whether the annals of the human race, even in the rudest times, and among the most savage tribes, could afford a parallel to the hideous barbarities which have just been practised by a people whose civilisation is the oldest in the world on a people whose civilisation is the highest in the world. A few thousand Europeans, scattered among a hundred and fifty millions of Asiatics, have been roughly roused from a noon-day dream of easy and confident security, and compelled to fight against overwhelming odds for existence and for empire; and have had to defend their conquests against the very men through whose instrumentality they had won them. "A man's foes have been those of his own household." In the dead of night we have been treacherously assailed, in the crisis of battle we have been basely deserted, by the very servants who had eaten our salt, by the very soldiers whom we had led to victory. And gentlemen

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bred in the lap of luxury, and ladies tenderly and delicately nurtured, and infants of helpless age,—our own wives and sisters and brethren and children, with whom we have lived and toiled and danced and sung—accustomed only to the quiet refinements and gentle manners and courteous amenities of the most polished and facile existence upon earth,—have had to endure brutalities and tortures at the very thought of which the soul sickens and the brain reels: ingenious, elaborate, nameless cruelties, such as no European ferocity, even when inspired and goaded by a persecuting superstition, ever yet dreamed of inflicting on its victims.

Yet even amid horrors and calamities like these, we may discern gleams of consolation and may extract seeds of good. They are something more than "adversities;" yet have their "sweet uses," and their "precious jewel" also. There is scarcely any root so bitter or so poisonous that, when subjected to the right alembic, it will not yield medicines both anodyne and curative. Thus even the Indian revolt has its bright and its serviceable sides; and on these only we design to dwell. To the details of the mutiny we shall refer no further than as they illustrate the native character, or are suggestive of the course which in future it may be incumbent on us to pursue. And foremost among the bright features of the stormy picture is, unquestionably, the display it has afforded of the grand qualities of Englishmen. We will affect no false modesty in speaking of matters of which every Briton has reason to be proud, and which no other race, we believe in our hearts, could have rivalled. Taken by surprise, caught at disadvantage, over-matched a hundredfold in numbers, called upon suddenly to assume new duties and grave responsibilities,—sometimes to wield the sword where they were trained only to the pen, sometimes to strike for life and honour where they had been accustomed only to be obeyed servilely by word or sign,—in every case, and under every emergency, they have nobly vindicated the national character and fame.

> "The deacon of the mariners said well,
> 'We Arteveldes are of the canvas which men use
> *To make storm-staysails.*'"

Civilians, writers, planters, have shown themselves as equal to the occasion as soldiers practised in the field. If we except one or two old valetudinarians, not a single man in either service has shown the least deficiency in either physical or moral courage. Neither man nor woman has shown the white feather, either as regards action or endurance. Few have begged their life; none have purchased it by base compliances. They have disdained to bargain or to barter. They have stood to their arms and defended their posts, not simply with the indomitable English pluck which every where shines forth, not with the mere courage of despair, but with the buoyant spirits of conscious and indefeasible superiority.

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Feeling this, they have made their enemies feel it too. A few thousand men, dispersed in handfuls over a vast district, have conquered and put down the most formidable mutiny recorded in history, before a single reinforcement from the mother country could reach them. Numbers of idle, wild, or reckless youths have come out and acquitted themselves in the trial as noble and Christian warriors. But for this fiery trial we should never have learned how much dauntless heroism and true nobility of soul lay hid in men of whom we had thought but slightingly, and in women of whom we had thought only tenderly. Our countrymen in India, both official and non-official, no doubt committed many oversights and blunders, and perhaps even some injustice and some wrong; but they have amply atoned for and redeemed them all. They have been tried in the furnace, and have proved pure. They have been weighed in the balance, and have not been found wanting.

ταύτης τῆς γενεῆς καὶ αἵματος εὔχομαι εἶναι.

The second cheering feature of the catastrophe is the purely military character of the revolt. Every fresh piece of authentic information we receive elucidates this point more clearly. From first to last, it has been a mutiny, not an insurrection. In no case have the peasantry or the civil inhabitants given any active participation. In a few villages they have shown animosity against the fugitives; in several they have been deterred by craven terror of the mutineers from harbouring or aiding Europeans; but in many others they have concealed them, and shown them much kindness. On this occasion, indeed, as nearly always is the case, the mass of the population has been singularly passive and apathetic; but as far as the Hindoos are concerned, they have shown themselves antagonistic to the revolt rather than otherwise. And this is no more than we expected, and had a right to expect. For while, among a people composed of such a variety of distinct, and even hostile tribes, unity of *national* feeling against intruders scarcely could exist; and while it would be unreasonable to look among races who for centuries have been subject to the rule of one foreign conqueror after another for the animosity against their European governors which it is natural for Italians and Hungarians to feel towards their Austrian oppressors,—the respectable natives dread the success of the sepoys as much as we can do, for they are well aware that it would be to them a sentence of spoliation and ruin: the peasants and cultivators of the soil know that it would issue in a restless anarchy, which would make security and tillage impossible, and would spread desolation and famine over the land. Both shrink from the possibility of finding themselves and their harvests at the mercy of a triumphant and ungoverned

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soldiery. We do not mean to imply that either Hindoos or Mahometans love us or sympathise with us, or look upon us otherwise than as an alien, uncongenial, and objectionable race; —it is notorious that they do not, it is impossible that they should;—but all can compare our rule with that of the native princes who surround us, and of the foreign conquerors who preceded us; and all confess and feel that, whereas formerly and elsewhere they were the victims of any faithlessness, any tyranny, and any caprice,—under our sway, however stern and rigid it may seem, justice is done between man and man, promises are kept, property is secure, rights are respected, and brigandage is put down with a relentless hand. We firmly believe that, if we make abstraction of individual instances where thwarted ambition or disappointed cupidity pervert the judgment, there is scarcely a native from the Himalaya to Cape Comorin capable of forming an opinion who would not regard the success of the mutiny, and the abolition of the English supremacy, as the fiercest calamity which could visit the land.

With all its horrors, too, the revolt has its profitable as well as its glorious and consoling features. Used aright, it may prove, like many other of the heavier dispensations of Providence, to be a blessing in disguise—a blessing terribly and gloomily disguised indeed, but still a blessing. The very atrocities that have been committed, too, have in one sense been of signal service to our cause. Not only have they, by intensifying the feelings, quadrupled the energies and capabilities of our scanty forces (for even Englishmen would scarcely have marched and fought as they have done under an Indian July sun, had they been roused only by the excitements of ordinary war), but they have secured to us the sympathies of all Europe and of all humanity. A common mutiny, a revolt against our rule, our expulsion from India—nay, perhaps even a general massacre of the British population—would have been hailed by our many rivals and ill-wishers throughout the world with malignant, if with secret, joy. The competitors who envy us would have triumphed in our discomfiture; the enemies who hate and fear us would have rejoiced in our impoverishment and loss; and thousands, at home as well as abroad, would have been ready to proclaim that the catastrophe was a fitting retribution for our ancient sins, and a righteous overthrow of a violent and foreign domination. But the awful and horrible details of the insurrection have silenced all language, and, we believe, precluded all feelings of the sort. It has been too clearly shown that the question and the conflict are not between native and foreigner, between English and Hindoo; but between civilisation and barbarism, between the highest progress and the deepest retrogression, in a word, between the very principles and foundations of good and evil;—and there-

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fore all that is decent, all that is humane, all that is generous and hopeful in Europe and America have gone with us in the strife.

It may be questioned whether any catastrophe less fearful would have roused the English nation from its apathy respecting every thing Indian. Our strange indifference as a people to our Eastern Empire, our ignorance of the history and peculiarities of that magnificent dependency, have long been our reproach, and have excited the amazement of all intelligent foreigners. Indians and Indian subjects have been habitually voted bores. Indian statesmen and Indian generals have been despised. It has always been a matter of difficulty to "make a House" on the occasion of an Indian debate. It is not too much to say, that for three-quarters of a century—from the day when the daring and profitable crimes of Warren Hastings and the gorgeous and fiery eloquence of Burke for a brief period concentrated public interest on our Oriental possessions, down to the arrival of the tidings of the massacre of Delhi—the smallest of our distant colonies, and the paltriest of our party squabbles at home, have more vividly riveted the attention and more thoroughly excited the interest of the great body of the nation than all the grand achievements and all the momentous concerns of the most magnificent of our dependencies. The press, the parliament, and the people have been alike uninterested, because alike ignorant. This can never be again. Our lethargy has been rudely but completely shaken off. Every one now is thinking, writing, learning, talking, about India, and about nothing else; and by dint of discussion and study we shall in time come to understand it thoroughly. But probably nothing short of what has actually occurred would have sufficed to effect this transformation. If only a few regiments had mutinied, and a few officers been shot, we should have applied some partial remedy, made some trivial change, and gone to sleep again. Faction would have seized the occasion to throw stones and mud, ignorance would have been ready with its clamour, presumption would have been ready with its nostrums, and statesmanship—or what passes for such—would have been ready with its patches and its salves, its nibbling empiricism, and its lazy and cowardly and perilous postponements. We should have had no *searching* investigations, and no *thorough* reforms. But now we have been shocked into seriousness, startled into depth, frightened into something like purity of patriotic sentiment. Faction, though not silent, is almost unheard; ignorance and vanity have assumed for once almost a listening and learning attitude; and the petty and malignant passions that usually run rampant through our politics seem for the moment abashed and overawed. The gravity of the crisis, and the magnitude of the suffering, while they have swept away much of our prejudice and

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many of our vicious national propensities like cobwebs, have cleared our vision, and intensified our intelligence, and strung our nerves to a tone of unwonted resolution; and we are in a mood to go to the bottom of the question, and to compel our rulers to a corresponding thoroughness of action.

But this is not the only advantage of the position which the mutiny has forced upon us. The very extent of the catastrophe has made our path clear, and our task comparatively easy. As far as military reorganisation is concerned, our statesmen in India have—what so rarely falls to the lot of statesmen—*carte blanche*, an unencumbered field. The Bengal army is gone—passed away into history, with all its defects, all its obligations, all its claims. It might have been very difficult to reform it; it will be comparatively easy to reconstruct it. The moment the principle on which its reconstruction is to proceed has been determined, the moment we have satisfied ourselves as to those errors in its former constitution which rendered possible its late crimes and dissolution, we are as free to act as on the first day of our imperial existence; there are no ruins to interfere with the new edifice we choose to build, no embarrassing legacies of the past to hamper or control our action. If we are not successful now, if we do not create a new army perfect at all points, adequate to our necessities, and specially adapted to our circumstances, we can plead no want of means or experience or golden opportunity in extenuation of our failure. Never did rulers set to work with more unfettered hands.

Again; this revolt, with its attendant circumstances, has added prodigiously to our knowledge of the conditions of the problem with which we have to deal. Even to those best and longest acquainted with India, it has come like a perfect apocalypse of the native character. It has poured a flood of unexpected light into all the dark and loathsome recesses of that strange inscrutable compound of human elements. The peculiarities and inconsistent attributes it has brought to the surface have astonished those most who had lived most familiarly with the Hindoos and Mahometans of Bengal and Central India. If we had philosophised or legislated before, we should have philosophised and legislated in the dark. Now, surely, we are ripe for approaching the whole of this great question. And what has passed will surely compel us—we shall be very senseless and very guilty if it do not compel us—to study thoroughly and to determine distinctly and deliberately the principles on which our entire government of Hindostan shall henceforth be conducted; so that all our measures shall be consistent with each other, and convergent to one point; and so that for once, and in one quarter of the globe, British policy shall be systematic, uniform, and persistent. We can no longer, without wilful folly, act a little on

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one plan and a little on another; hesitate between two opposing theories, and end by borrowing something from both, or trying timidly and inefficiently each of them in turn; allow one governor-general to upset or neutralise the proceedings of a predecessor, perhaps his antipodes in opinion and temperament; in a word, leave one of the grandest empires ever intrusted to a nation at the mercy of that vacillating policy which is the invariable result of *half* knowledge and *half* convictions. The most grave and anxious questions are before us; and we can neither evade them, nor nibble at them, nor put them aside till a more convenient season. We must now decide—and decide after searching inquiry and patient thought; decide upon that thorough comprehension and consideration of the matter which allow of no retraced conclusions or repented steps—*whether in future India is to be governed as a colony or as a conquest;* whether native agency is to be welcomed or to be excluded; whether we are to rule our Asiatic subjects with strict and generous justice, wisely and beneficently, as their natural and indefeasible superiors, by virtue of our higher civilisation, our purer religion, our sterner energies, our subtler intellect, our more creative faculties, our more commanding and indomitable will; or whether, as some counsel, we are to regard the Hindoos and Mahometans as our equal fellow-citizens, fit to be intrusted with the functions of self-government, ripe (or to be ripened) for British institutions, likely to appreciate the blessings of our rule, and therefore to aid us in perpetuating it; and, in a word, to be gradually prepared, as our own working-classes are preparing, for a full participation in the privileges of representative assemblies, trial by jury, and all the other palladia of British liberty. We have to decide, moreover, what is perhaps the most difficult problem ever submitted to statesmen for practical solution, viz. how to secure to the government of India that immunity from the direct influence of parliamentary caprice and party conflicts without which our noble empire would be jeopardised every hour, and yet to retain to Parliament that *substantial* control in ultimate resort which we may be sure the English people will never consent to surrender.

In discussing these grave questions—which we shall do as concisely and compendiously as the subject will permit—we purpose to eschew all clouding and embarrassing details, and to deal only with the *principles*, political and religious, by which our future government of India should, in our judgment, be guided. We shall speak little of the history of the revolt; indeed we shall dwell but little on any portion of the past; and, if we can help it, we shall not preach or moralise at all. We shall not attempt, as some have done, to connect our late calamities with our ancestral sins, to make out the pedigree of God's judgments, to

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trace out each hideous torture inflicted by savage animals on guiltless victims to its seminal unrighteousness in bygone days. To our minds there is scarcely more insane and insolent presumption in handling the Divine thunderbolts as pious men are wont to do, than in thus dogmatically pronouncing on their meaning and their cause. That God does visit guilty nations, as guilty individuals, with heavy and appropriate retribution, neither religion nor history will allow us to doubt. But we know also that He "seeth not as man seeth;" and that in judging of the actions of men and states He employs weights and measures far other than those in use among the angry controversialists of our political arena. We know, too, that if there is one feature clearly deducible from His dealings with mankind, whether individually or collectively, it is that His punishments are never *arbitrary:* they are *consequences*, legitimate, logical, inevitable results, flowing from crime in natural course,—not unconnected and artificially annexed inflictions; effects ordained by nature, not sentences pronounced by a judge. But no such links can be made out in the present case. No man can accuse us of having brought this revolt and these massacres upon ourselves by cruelty or oppression. All charges of the kind are simply and notoriously false. We may have sinned, but not against the sepoys. They at least had no wrongs to avenge. We may have been foolishly indulgent; we assuredly were never criminally harsh. We may have brought the catastrophe on ourselves by want of judgment; certainly not by want of kindness or of justice. God's dispensations, however grievous, are not always penal. Does the soldier who falls in the breach necessarily deserve to die? Is the martyr who perishes at the stake suffering for his sins? No; both are agencies in God's hands in the cause of victory and progress. They by passion, as others by action, carry forward the great aims of Providence. Away, then, with all cant about God's judgments on our Indian oppressions. Even if we admitted the fact, we should deny its relevancy. In old times, we have no doubt committed many injustices, and been guilty of unwarrantable spoliations; for which Heaven might righteously have chastised us, and for which man might fairly enough have taken vengeance. But those who have turned against us have been precisely those whom we had never injured. And for long years our sincere desire has been to govern justly and beneficently. We have not done all we might; but we have done much, and have been honestly labouring to do more. The police is bad; but it is better than it was under the native princes, and we are amending it by slow degrees. Torture and oppression exist under our rule, it cannot be denied; but it is only because we have not yet been able entirely to eradicate these ingrained native propensities. The evils and abuses that are

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still rampant are those we have not yet succeeded in suppressing. Our sins are those of omission and of oversight alone.

We shall be reminded of our policy of annexation. We believe our *acts* of annexation to have been sometimes hasty, sometimes injudicious, sometimes, in earlier days, iniquitous. But the *policy* as a whole we conceive to be righteous and inevitable,—righteous because, while usually most reluctant, still inevitable. From the day when the Great Mogul conferred upon us the first gift of territory and of government, the whole of our subsequent progress was a settled and irrevocable destiny. We could no more help absorbing the native dynasties and states than the Americans can help eating out the Red Indians. We might have done it more slowly, more tenderly, more righteously; but no reluctance on our part, and no resistance on theirs, could have precluded, nor perhaps very long retarded, the certain and necessary issue. The Company have obstinately, almost fiercely, and for generations almost steadily, set their face against all extension of territory in Hindostan. Governor-general after governor-general has gone out resolved to have no more war, and to abstain from annexation. Statesmen after statesmen have deplored the growing evil, and put forth solemn warnings of resulting danger. But the force of circumstances, the clearest obligations of rulers, have been too strong for any opposition. Prohibiting directors, coy and pacific governors-general, Cassandra statesmen, have all found themselves carried away by the current, and compelled to follow the same river to the same ocean.

A few moments' reflection will explain this uniform result. Many causes contribute to it, and it is brought about in a variety of ways. Energetic settlers in a country rich in resources and full of promise naturally desire a small *pied-à-terre* whereon to erect factories, and forts to protect those factories against the attacks of hostile and capricious neighbours. They purchase some such small territory; no one can blame them for so doing. They are surrounded by tribes and princes whose normal condition is that of warfare and reciprocal encroachment. The strangers have skill and science which render their assistance invaluable to any party whose cause they may espouse. One of the belligerents offers as the price of their aid some commercial advantages which it is very important for them to attain; the other perhaps has shown them an unfriendly spirit, or done them some actual wrong. They give their assistance, and receive the promised price. In course of time, as they become more and more wealthy and influential, the native chiefs whom they have succoured grow jealous and uneasy, treacherously endeavour to resume what they have granted, or commit some act of atrocious and unpardonable barbarism on the persons or property of the settlers. Of course this must be resisted and punished; of course

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it is resisted successfully; punishment is enforced, and the indemnity demanded often takes the form of a further grant of land. Necessitous princes borrow, and are unable to pay: they give a mortgage on their lands; as defalcations accumulate, the mortgage is foreclosed. Native sovereigns promise, and do not perform; when performance is exacted, a slice of territory is offered, and accepted, as a quittance. As soon as the intruders have become a Power, jealousies and enmities rise up on every side. Time after time they are treacherously assailed by suspicious or avaricious neighbours: at length, weary of chastising them, they have no alternative but to disarm and weaken them by the confiscation of half their domains. In justice to themselves, these naturalised foreigners form alliances: allies soon become dependents. Feeble states crave protection against powerful and aggressive rivals: protection is granted, in exchange for a consideration; and this consideration is often paid in land. Sometimes the consideration is the inheritance itself in failure of direct issue: after a long term of years the territory lapses. The more powerful we become, the more are we regarded with an evil eye; we are liable to unprovoked assaults on all sides. We fight, we conquer, we make treaties: the treaties are broken; we are again assailed; as a measure of obvious and necessary security we seize a portion of the offender's dominions. He repeats the offence; and we have no alternative but to absorb him altogether. We see preparations making for a formidable league against us: in self-defence we anticipate the blow, and break the league in pieces by the annihilation or impoverishment of its most dangerous members. By this time we find ourselves the paramount race in the country. Our well-governed territories are surrounded by a set of the most villanous and restless governments the world ever saw, which keep us in perpetual disturbance. We exhort them to amend their practices; some promise, and are paid for promising: they break their promise; we insist on its performance; and failing that, endeavour to perform it for them. Many princes, sunk in effeminacy and profligate indulgence, hating trouble, and caring only for sensuality and show, are glad enough to let us govern for them, securing to them a sufficient stipend for their pleasures. And no one who knows the contrast between British and native rule will say that we ought not to accept the bargain, and assume the task. Other states, again, fall into such a condition of anarchy and desolation as to be a curse and a peril to all around them. After long forbearance and remonstrances, in justice to our own subjects we can tolerate the scene no longer: we pension the princes, and we save the people. This is a fair picture of our Indian progress for the last seventy years. We have obeyed an irresistible influence, as relentless as a law of nature. From the

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moment we set foot on Indian soil, we had no alternative but either to be ignominiously expelled, or to become lords paramount of the peninsula.

Some writers have been bold enough to ascribe the mutiny to the annexation of Oude. We offer no opinion as to the closeness of the connection between the supposed cause and the alleged effect; some connection no doubt there was. Considering the peculiar constitution of the Bengal army, and the large portion of it recruited from the Oude population, the *mode* in which the annexation was carried out may have been incautious and unwise; but that the annexation itself was a righteous, a necessary, and a beneficent measure, we cannot question for a moment. We do not believe there can be two opinions on the matter among men who know what the government of Oude was, and what the government of the Company's territories is. The persistent violation of a solemn contract gave us a right; the persistent violation of all laws human and divine made it our duty. If our calamities are really traceable to this annexation, we have been punished for our virtues, not for our sins. We are martyrs, not criminals.

It will be seen from what we have written, that we have a clear and strong opinion as to the title by which we hold India. Some pages of that title-deed are soiled by fraud, some pages of it are stained by blood; but with all its faults and flaws, no other power can show one equal to it. In the earlier times of our residence, we were often selfish, grasping, and unscrupulous. Unhappily we hastened the possession of that which *must* have become ours in time by many questionable acts and by some unquestionable crimes. But after the period of Warren Hastings a better spirit prevailed, and for more than half a century there have been few blots on our escutcheon, though many errors in our policy. We now hold India by virtue of our greater strength, our nobler capacities, and our deeper sense of duty and responsibility. We hold it in trust for one hundred and fifty millions of subjects, whose happiness we are bound to seek, whose enlightenment we are bound to foster, whose feelings we are bound to respect, whose prejudices even we are bound to outrage as little as we can consistently with the aims of good government and moral progress. So grand an empire and so grave a trust has seldom been committed to a free people—never, probably, since the Roman Republic reigned over half a world. It now remains to consider the principles on which, and the machinery by which, we are to govern India so as worthily to fulfil our high calling.

In the first place, then, India is a DEPENDENCY, and not a COLONY. It has nothing in common with the other portions

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of our colonial empire,—with those vast islands and continents abounding in primeval forests and interminable prairies, full of unoccupied lands and nearly empty of inhabitants, scantily peopled, and peopled only by savages of small capacities and feeble frames, subsisting on the precarious produce of the chase, and incapable alike of resisting the progress or adopting the habits of civilisation. In these territories Englishmen have made their homes; they have gone out to reside as well as to subdue; they have conquered the land rather than the inhabitants; their wars have been with rude nature even more than with wild men. In process of time they have so multiplied, and been so replenished by fresh immigration from the mother country, as to constitute nations and societies actually composed of Englishmen, among whom the aboriginal inhabitants form a fraction insignificant in numbers as well as in importance. One after another, as this time arrived, these communities have claimed, and have had conceded to them as a right, all the powers and privileges of self-government: for the new colony had been created by them and peopled by them, had become their possession and their home, to whose fortunes they had linked their own hopes and affections for all coming time.

But our settlement and position in Hindostan differs from this picture in every one of its features. India, so far from being scantily peopled, is densely peopled, and the inhabitants outnumber those of Britain in a five-fold ratio. It contains no waste land: every field has its owner and its occupier, in whose hands it has remained for generations and for centuries; every acre is cultivated, or has gone out of cultivation solely from bad government or bad agriculture. The natives of India, so far from being savages, or belonging to feeble tribes who can be trodden out or absorbed by the intruding race, are the subjects of a civilisation far older and more complicated than our own,—a civilisation which, though vicious and corrupt, is in the highest degree ingenious and elaborate, dates back before the birth of authentic history, and is deeply rooted in the habits and ideas of its victims. Some of their races are powerful and warlike, and have more than once made us buy our victories dear, and even jeopardised our conquests. Many among them are wealthy, polished, intelligent, and even learned after the fashion of their tribe. In fact, our position in regard to them is rather that of the Romans towards the degenerate Greeks, or the Spaniards towards the primitive and noble civilisation of Mexico and Peru, than that of Britons towards the Red Indians, the Hottentots, or the Papuan aborigines. Finally, no Englishman, whether merchant, planter, or official, ever dreams of *settling* in India: he could not do so; his children cannot thrive there; he himself cannot live there in comfort: he merely goes to reside there

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for a time, to make his fortune or discharge his duties, and retire home after twenty years of labour with an income or a pension. It is, and must always be, to him a place of exile, not a home either for the present or the future.

It is obvious, therefore, at a glance, that the principles which now govern the colonial policy of Great Britain are wholly inapplicable here. We admit—and most wisely and righteously admit—the colonists to govern themselves and the country which they have turned from a desert into a garden, and in which they and their children look for an abiding inheritance, according to their own notions, and through the instrumentality of citizens chosen by themselves. But to transfer these British privileges and institutions to Hindostan,—to govern India by a governor and a legislative council elected by the scanty and scattered European residents, who should introduce their own language, their own laws, their own fancies and political desires, into the administration which controls one hundred and fifty millions of an alien race, —would be to hand over that magnificent empire to an oligarchy almost without a parallel in history. Yet this is pretty much the demand of those chance residents in India who, in the late "Calcutta Petition," have shown so much modesty in their requirements, and such a rare sense of propriety in the time selected for urging them. It is difficult to conceive what possible claim ten thousand European merchants and indigo-planters and journalists can have to govern, or to choose those who govern, a mighty and populous dependency, merely on the ground that they have gone thither for a time to buy silk, to plant indigo, or to edit newspapers, though they may know nothing of the complicated character and wants, and may care nothing about the enduring welfare, of the people whose management they would thus presumptuously assume. And assuredly it would not be easy to name a political crime or blunder equal in enormity to that of granting their preposterous demand.

It is clear, then, that India cannot be left, as a colony of Englishmen, to govern itself. It is equally clear that we cannot —at present at least, nor for an indefinite period to come—govern it as a dependency through the medium of our dependents. It seems almost superfluous to add a word of elucidation on this head. India is to us a conquered country. The completion of our conquest dates only from yesterday. We are still surrounded by all the rankling hatreds of defeated cupidity and mortified ambition. In every quarter of the land swarm foes whose plans of aggrandisement we have thwarted, whose crimes we have punished, whose oppressions we have prevented, whose marauding propensities we have put down. We are surrounded too by a vast and ignorant population, who cannot understand many of our excellences, and who mistrust and misinterpret many of our

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most beneficent and wisest schemes. We shock their prejudices and alarm their faith by every action of our lives. The Mahometans are scandalised because we eat the unclean swine. The Hindoos are outraged because we eat the sacred cow. In the eyes of both we are infidels and pagans,—gifted with marvellous powers, but guilty of ineffable abominations. The mass of the people, it is true,—the merchants and the cultivators of the soil,—appreciate our rigid and certain and even-handed justice, and bless the security with which they can trade and sow and reap under our sway; and numbers of those who come in contact with us regard us with sincere affection. But unfortunately those who love and value us,—those whom we have served and protected and rescued from oppression,—though the millions, are the ignorant, the apathetic, and the powerless. Those whom we have controlled, those whom we have cast down from the thrones and ministerial musnuds they had disgraced, those whose victims we have rescued, those whose career we have spoiled, those whom we have reduced to impotence and harmlessness,—though the hundreds only, are the able, the energetic, the wealthy, and the *feared*. It is these through whom we must govern, if we govern through native agency.

But, in truth, committing the government of India to the natives of India, even under our superintendence, is at present a chimera. It may come some day; we hope it will. But it must come when Hindoos have learned to know us better than they do at present, and have become something very different from their present selves,—when those competent and honest natives whom we now point to as wonderful exceptions shall have become numerous and common. What native rule is, every state in India has had bitter experience; some are experiencing it still. And no one who knows what it is will hesitate to affirm that, for mingled incapacity and iniquity, the worst times in the worst governments of Italy and Spain can afford not only no parallel, but no conception. Few crimes could equal that of replacing any portion of a country committed to our keeping under the infliction of such an intolerable scourge.

There remains, then, only the third alternative. India must be governed, as hitherto, as a dependency of our empire, by the instrumentality of a body of trained and permanent officials subject only to metropolitan control,—by a despotic bureaucracy, in fact, responsible to the free country whose ministers and delegates they are. This system ought to supply one of the best governments conceivable. And here we are glad to be able to fortify our views by those of one of the most thoughtful, competent, and sagacious of the writers whose works we have placed at the head of this article. Mr. Cameron, long resident in India, and holding there a high official position, says:

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"This famous constitution [that of Great Britain] is wholly unfit for the Indian nations, and I acknowledge that I should think it unnecessary for their welfare if it were much less unfit for them than it is. My own opinion is, that the best government for India, at least in her present condition, is a despotic government; and that the inhabitants of that country, European as well as Asiatic, should derive the assurance which they ought to possess against the abuse of power, not from any political privileges exercised by themselves, but first from the fact that none are admitted to the highest offices in the country but those who (whatever may be their origin) have received the moral and intellectual training of British functionaries: secondly, from the fact that all the proceedings of the Indian governments are submitted in detail to the criticism and correction of authorities in England: and lastly, from the fact that those authorities are responsible to the British Parliament. In this way, as it seems to me, the advantages of despotic and of constitutional government are united, while the disadvantages of both are avoided in a remarkable degree. For an Anglo-Saxon population such a scheme would not perhaps be successful, however good the government resulting from it; for that race seems to affect self-government even more than good government. But for the indigenous races of India, the few Anglo-Saxons who go there to employ capital and to return, and the small colonies of Anglo-Saxons which will perhaps settle in the temperate climates of the hill-countries, I believe that such a scheme of administration is at the present time much the best that could be devised. I incline to think that such a scheme will always be the best: for it is no stationary system; on the contrary, it is one which will go on continually reflecting all the successive improvements of the constitutional and progressive system, from which its principles of administration are derived, and to which they must conform.

The government of India is a government of British statesmen, who have the same education as other British statesmen in political economy, jurisprudence, and the other sciences which minister to the art of government; who are not habitually deflected from their proper course by any party considerations, nor hindered in their attempts at doing justice to all classes; and who are in a position not only to feel with perfect impartiality, but to act with perfect impartiality, towards all the various interests for which they legislate" (*Address to Parliament*, p. 41).

The people of India are a *special* race, and require to be dealt with on a special system and by specially trained rulers. The ordinary principles and plans on which we may safely and judiciously act in the management of Europeans will admit of only a very partial, limited, and modified application in Hindostan. An Englishman of average capacity may be sent out to govern a colony of Englishmen with little risk, because he has to deal with characters and institutions with which he is familiar, and with which his sympathies are in unison. Common sense, proper feeling, conscientious diligence, and ordinary knowledge, will

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enable him to discharge his functions in a fair and creditable manner. But common sense and the ordinary education of an Englishman would be as inadequate in the bureau of an Indian ruler as in the operating-room of a hospital or the laboratory of a chemist. It is eminently characteristic of our countrymen to wish to introduce England every where—to see every where an embryo or a possible England—to believe that English motives will influence every people, that English institutions can be engrafted in every land, that English ideas have, or can be made to have, currency in every quarter of the globe. Now in no country are these characteristic notions and tendencies so completely at fault, or so imminently dangerous, as in Hindostan. Europeans and Asiatics are full of moral and mental diversities —diversities which we believe to be indigenous, but which, whether indigenous or not, have in the course of centuries, and by the operation of religion, climate, education, and hereditary habitudes, become now a second nature. The lion and the tiger scarcely—the sheep-dog and the spaniel certainly—do not differ more widely than the Oriental and the Occidental types of humanity. And of these discrepant races, the Englishman stands at one extreme of the European, and the Hindoo at the other extreme of the Asiatic. Greater contrasts—more deeply-ingrained contrasts—it would be difficult to conceive. They mutually represent all the most opposite, irreconcilable, hostile elements in human nature. The one an hereditary bondsman; the other, beyond all things, free. The one the very embodiment and symbol of stagnation; the other the incarnation of indefatigable energy and restless progress. The life and civilisation of the Hindoo moulded in the relentless tyranny of immutable caste; that of the Englishman breathing the very idolatry of change. The one contented even in wretchedness; the other dissatisfied and impatient in the midst of luxury and joy. The one hemmed-in with ceremonies and prejudices, the victim and the slave of the most senseless fanaticism upon earth; the other hating ceremony, despising all prejudices but his own, and too prone, in the pride of a pure religion and a splendid science, to trample on the fanaticism of all around him. Finally, the flagrant faults and offensive peculiarities of the Briton redeemed by an imperious sense of duty; the many amiable and engaging qualities of the Hindoo neutralised by a destitution of all notion of public morality, which to us seems absolutely appalling and inconceivable.

In truth, the character of our Indian subjects is a nice problem to deal with, and a difficult matter to understand. At our peril we are bound to study and to fathom it. That the knowledge of it possessed by the most experienced European residents has hitherto been imperfect, the late occurrences have painfully

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shown. But we do not infer from these sad events that our countrymen were deceived in their estimate of the native character; but simply that one element of it, hitherto latent, had escaped their penetration. We do not believe that the attachment and fidelity of the sepoys, in which all their officers without exception placed such confidence, was unreal or simulated; but that qualities and passions co-existed with these feelings which had hitherto lain dormant, but which, when once excited, were powerful enough to override all others. We believe all that we have heard of their devotion to their officers, their respect for European ladies, their fondness for their masters' children. Till now, there had been ample justification for the confidence felt by English officers in the trustworthiness and bravery of their troops. Till now, there can be no doubt that unguarded ladies could and did travel throughout the length and breadth of India, attended or not by sepoys, without the fear or the risk of insult or neglect. Till now, the servants and the soldiers of our countrymen displayed and felt a tender attachment for the little white infants who played among them nearly equal to that of their own parents, and yet more demonstrative. All this was not put on: it was the genuine product of their ordinary nature; and we were amply warranted in counting on it under all ordinary circumstances. But two peculiarities in the native character seem to have escaped our observation: and it is no wonder that they did so. The first is their *impressibility*, the second their *animal* ferocity—both partaking of the features and reaching the excess of actual insanity. The CHILD and the SAVAGE lie very deep at the foundations of their being. The varnish of civilisation is very thin, and is put off as promptly as a garment. Their utter ignorance prepared them to believe any absurdities; their brutal superstition rendered them capable of enacting any horrors. Their religion and their caste form the assailable and excitable side of the Hindoo mind. There is nothing remarkable in this. People so incapable of reasoning, and so accessible to stimulus, could be easily persuaded, where appearances chanced to confirm the poisonous suggestions poured into their minds by emissaries from without, that we had hostile designs against their religion and their caste. This, too, was natural enough. But the point to which we desire to draw special attention, is the degree to which the spread of the mutiny and its more atrocious features partook of the character of an epidemic or contagious nervous disorder—a species of physical cerebral excitement. Viewed in any other light—or rather viewed apart from this peculiarity—the whole movement seems unaccountably insane. It broke out at first not in undefended places, but where there were strong detachments of European troops. The excitement gained some regiments, and was on the point of exploding, when

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allayed by a few sagacious words or courageous acts by influential comrades or resolute European officers. Others marched out against the mutineers as sincerely as Ney against Napoleon, but were as powerless to resist the mysterious and morbid sympathy. Others manfully resisted the contagion when their defection would have been safe to themselves and most formidable to us, but succumbed to the increasing excitement when fortune had changed to our side, when there was every thing to discourage a mutiny, when failure was certain, and terrible retribution obviously and immediately at hand. Others, again, when our case seemed desperate, stood faithfully by our side, fought gallantly against their rebellious comrades, destroyed their own chances of successful mutiny, and then, with incomprehensible folly, turned against us just as our victory was complete. They seem to have "lost their heads" (to use a colloquial but expressive phrase) with the continuance of the excitement, as children and highly nervous people do at an orgie, or an execution, or a battle, or a scene of violence and peril of almost any kind. In future, then, we must take into our estimate of the Hindoo character, and our calculation of probable contingencies, this liability to insane panics and unaccountable outbreaks of irrational excitement,—propagated like fire across a prairie. It will seldom arise without cause; but the causes may often be trivial, untraceable, and apparently wholly inadequate to the result. We must govern the Hindoos as a race which, in addition to its normal characteristics, has this very unpleasant one of being subject to accesses of epidemic mania, which may perhaps be guarded against or rendered harmless by judicious arrangements and unsleeping vigilance, but which, when they occur, set reason, habitual feeling, and the strongest and plainest self-interest, altogether at defiance.

The second thing which we have learned is the tiger-like ferocity which lies dormant in the Hindoo character, and which the periods of excitement of which we have just spoken will almost certainly develop into life. The hideous love of cruelty, of inflicting pain for the pleasure of beholding agony, of spending actual intellectual effort in contriving unheard-of tortures, is a passion more than any other incomprehensible and abhorrent to our minds. We have heard of something like it in the middle ages: individuals in history have at times appeared affected with similar morbid propensities to evil; superstition, mingled with malignant passion and fostered by absolute power, has brought some Europeans in former days to the very verge of this fiendish degradation. But all such cases have been regarded as monstrous—the nightmare freaks of nature. Above all, we have been accustomed to consider them as altogether belonging to the past,—dreadful and loathsome excrescences of times and stages of humanity long since and for ever passed

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away. We have been rudely awakened from this delusion;—and perhaps it is one which we ought not so tranquilly to have indulged. The taste for prolonged and gratuitous torture has in many ages and countries been distinctive of Oriental peoples. In India we have many traces of it. Religion there contributes to it. Human sacrifices prevailed there down to a very recent date. The annals of native reigns abound in specimens of elaborate and ingenious inflictions. Torture of many kinds prevails there in certain districts habitually even now. The atrocities of Delhi, Jhansi, and Cawnpore, though they alternately make our blood boil with fury and run cold with horror, were not foreign to the character of their perpetrators. The people of India we believe to be, not savage, but mild in their normal moods. But the bestial and ferocious element, which in all likelihood entered originally into all human constitutions, has not been with them *eradicated* by long centuries of civilisation, but only covered over and put to sleep; and excitement brings it forth, as intoxication does that of the Malay. We believe, too, that this passion for shedding blood and inflicting agony is, like the excitement we have spoken of, in a great measure physical and morbid: the first sight or gratification of it arouses a frenzied thirst for more, which is propagated like an epidemic madness. Self-control is, as we all know, the special virtue of culture and training; and the civilisation of the Hindoo, elaborate as it is, is not only essentially vicious, but is only skin-deep. In dealing with him, therefore, it is necessary to bear in mind that he is not altogether a rational being, governed by motives, and amenable to interest and reason,—but a creature of impulse, and still half a savage and more than half a child. Now untutored Englishmen can least of all men comprehend and manage characters of this sort.

A third peculiarity of our Asiatic subjects, which especially perplexes and disgusts the average Englishman, is their profound capacity for dissimulation. They have an absolute genius for falsehood. No oaths secure their truth. Not only does their tongue utter the most flagrant and elaborate lie, but they know how to surround it with every colour of probability and confirmation; and the imperturbable countenance, the ready smile, the regulated act, all are called in to aid in the deception. The most cautious and practised diplomatist, the most skilful and experienced judge, are often at fault; and nothing but long experience and special training can fit men to deal with such a vice at all.

There is still another anomaly in the Indian national character, to which Englishmen, fresh from the mother country and accustomed only to strong rude sense which they respect, and to prejudices and tastes which they understand even where they do not share them, find particular difficulty in accommodating them-

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selves: we refer to the singular admixture of subtlety and folly which pervades both the conversation and the conduct of the cultivated Hindoo. In no work on India that we have seen does this peculiarity come out so clearly as in Colonel Sleeman's amusing *Rambles and Recollections of an Indian Official.* The accounts of his discussions and consultations with ministers, princes, and pundits, are, in this point of view, exceedingly instructive. Few people display so much ingenuity and skill in argument; but the premises on which they argue indicate an ignorance and a credulity almost approaching to idiocy. The things they believe, and the things they assume, would disgrace the darkest and nakedest savages of Africa; but the dialectic shrewdness with which they will often handle these materials in controversy would challenge the admiration of the most finished intellect of Europe. Then, too, their beliefs, and what we may call their ecclesiastical ordinances, pervade and regulate every hour and every action of their daily life to a degree not paralleled by any other people; so that these consummately nonsensical premises on which they reason so acutely are always and every where in operation. Thus the Englishman who goes out to perform his part in the government of Hindostan finds himself at every step in collision with prejudices which he *must* despise, and yet is compelled to respect;—which he is obliged to treat with deference and forbearance, because they are the inveterate prejudices of millions, to whom they are real as the air they breathe, and as sacred as the life they cherish; and yet which in his heart he must regard with a sort of abhorrent contempt, as the very incarnation and extreme of ludicrous and sometimes loathsome nonsense. Now here is a discipline which all who know the naturally narrow and intolerant character of the British mind, will admit requires a very special preparation to attain. We are not originally or habitually, to say the least, tender or respective to alien follies and to superstitions and fancies which are not our own; yet in India we are compelled to be so under peril of our empire. A body of competent and respectable Englishmen, such as shine in vestries and town-councils, and prose and vote with no contemptible success in Parliament, would set India in a blaze before they had administered its affairs for six weeks.

Finally, India, both Hindoo and Mahometan, has its own peculiar codes, civil and criminal, by which it has governed for centuries; which are comprehended by its people, and blended and intertwisted with all the concerns of life; which it would be the height of tyranny to supersede by our own unsuitable and complicated forms; and which require long and careful study to understand and to administer. If there were no other reason why India must be governed by a specially selected and elaborately trained body of officials, this alone would suffice.

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In no portion of our empire has British policy been remarkable for a *uniform and consistent character.* Our national peculiarities and our national institutions have both contributed to this negative result. In every thing—in politics more even than in most things—we are empiric, tentative, and unscientific. Our want of science and of system sends us too far into one extreme; our practical good sense shows us our error, and drives us back in the opposite direction. As a nation, too, we are remarkable for a perilous mental defect:—we take up ideas in *turn,* and not in *combination;* so that at one epoch we are governed by one set of notions and intent upon one set of objects, and at another we are on a wholly different tack. Neither have we, like some despotic nations, the advantage of being governed by statesmen of commanding minds, who arise from one class and bequeath their science to successors,—by Richelieus, Sullys, and Ximenes. Our statesmen are the growth or the accident of Parliament, as Parliament is the varying product of a growing and oscillating popular opinion. A steady and unswerving policy,—a policy at once clear in its principles, unchanging in its ultimate purposes, and persistent in the means by which those purposes are worked out,—has ever been a desideratum to Great Britain, both at home and abroad. *Yet a policy of this character is absolutely essential to us in dealing with India.* Without it we shall throw away our great advantages; without it that anomalous empire will be perpetually jeopardised; without it we shall lose the respect of that astute and observant people; without it there will occur interregna of vacillation which ambitious native princes may turn to terrible account.

With such a policy—with ordinary skill superadded to our extraordinary energies—with average administrative sagacity, aided by the ample experience we have now acquired,—there is no reason, moral or material, why we should not retain our Indian empire for all time. We believe that we are under a solemn obligation to retain it. No one can doubt that our sway, with all its acknowledged defects and all its unfinished excellences, is a blessing to the Hindostanees. It is not positively good perhaps, but it is the best they ever had. By activity in developing it, and wisdom in adapting it, it is in our power to render it better than the best they ever dreamed of. The future of hundreds of millions—their material welfare, their moral progress—depend upon the continuance of our power, and upon the principles which shall henceforth govern our administration. No native princes ever did or ever can, in comparison with ourselves, either protect them from robbers, abstain from oppression, develop the resources of the soil, exonerate them from the nightmare of a filthy superstition, prepare them for a purer morality, or guide

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them in a better way. On every principle of justice and philanthropy we are bound to stay where we are.

Nor is there any real difficulty in doing so, now that we are warned, now that we are compelled thoroughly to understand our position and deliberately to settle our proceedings. The reasons are well explained by Mr. Cameron:

"I believe that no people ever existed on the face of the earth to whom the imperial rule of a foreign nation has been, as such, so little distasteful as it is to the inhabitants of India. Among the Hindoos, and the aboriginal races who have imbibed Hindoo principles, the system of caste must have prevented the growth of that predilection which elsewhere commonly arises in men's minds in favour of a national government. That singular system was calculated to engender a complete indifference in the subject multitude as to who might be exercising over them the powers of government; provided only that the persons placed in that position confined themselves within those limits which are recognised in the system itself. Every one intrusted the care of public affairs to the hereditary Chetrya, just as he intrusted the care of his beard to the hereditary barber.

Probably when foreign conquest came, the subject castes, brought up in those principles, would not feel that any injury had been done to themselves; though they might have admitted that the ruling caste had been injuriously thrust out, and had consequently just ground of complaint against the foreign conqueror. There is evidence as old as Strabo, and as recent as Colonel Sleeman, to prove that the cultivators of the soil, that is, the great mass of the Hindoo people, are, to say the least, more indifferent than the inhabitants of any other region, not as to the manner in which, but as to the hands by which, the powers of government are exercised over them. According to Strabo, it frequently happened that the hereditary soldiers were drawn up in battle-array, and engaged in actual conflict with the enemy, while the hereditary husbandmen, whom the system confined entirely to their own agricultural function, were securely ploughing and digging in the same place and at the same time. It was no affair of theirs which body of Chetryas might gain the victory, and afterwards exercise the powers of government. Their business was to till the earth, and to pay the government share of the produce to those who might happen to be conquerors.

Colonel Sleeman, whose abilities, and whose opportunities of studying the native character, are well known to every one interested in the welfare of India, has the following passage: 'It is a singular fact, that the peasantry, and I may say the landed interest of the country generally, have never been the friends of any existing government, have never considered their interests and that of their government the same, and consequently have never felt any desire for its success or its duration.'

The truth evidently is, that the governing caste, though born in the same country as the men engaged in tilling the soil, have always been aliens in relation to them. I do not mean that the governing caste

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have always oppressed their subjects. I mean only that, as regards sympathy and the charities of life, they have been foreigners to the great mass of the people. A true imperial government, though foreign in blood, cannot be considered so foreign in feeling and interest to the races over whom its sway may extend as the ruling caste of Hindoos was to the castes excluded from participation in the government. . . .

The men to whom British dominion is really an object of dislike are the great men, who, supported by many followers, might have hoped, in the scramble for power which was going on when we established our rule, and which would probably still be going on if we had not intervened, to have retained or acquired sovereignties of greater or less extent. But these are men who have not any common purpose. They may all wish to overthrow us, but for different and inconsistent objects. And even if they had a common purpose, their education and habits disable them from combining together for the accomplishment of it. No one of them desires to be the vassal of any other of them. I believe that if every native of India who could dream of aspiring to the sceptre of an Indian empire were asked who, next to himself, he would consider most fit to exercise imperial power over the natives of the peninsula, he would answer, 'Queen Victoria,' if he knows there is a Queen Victoria; if not, 'The East India Company.'

It must not be forgotten either, that in India we govern, not one homogeneous nation, but a large assemblage of different [and hostile] nations. The Bengali race might, even in the highest stage of civilisation, desire to be governed by a Bengali rather than by a British prince. The same may be said of the Tamil, of the Mahratta, of the Hindi, of the Mogul, and of the Seikh races. But there is not the shadow of a reason for supposing that the Bengalis would wish to take the chance of an imperial Seikh or Mogul government proving more disinterested and philanthropic than an imperial British government."

It is probable too that, as regards the safe and efficient composition of our native army, India affords us facilities such as no other country ever offered to its foreign conquerors; facilities of which the warnings and experience we have had will enable us to take full advantage. We have to deal, not with one united people, but with many uncongenial ones; with nations among which no combination can be more than temporary and superficial; with tribes, a large proportion of which are warlike, amenable to discipline, trained to military fidelity; and, above all, with a variety of races differing from each other in religion, in caste, in origin, in habits, full of mutually inimical traditions, and for generations accustomed to make war upon each other, to burn each other's villages, to ravage each other's fields. We have high-caste men, low-caste men, and men of no caste at all; Mahometans and Hindoos; Sikhs, Ghoorkas, and Mahrattas; in a word, we have such a vast range of excellent and safe materials to choose among, that it seems a strange fatality indeed that has hitherto induced us to compose

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the chief portion of our Bengal army of men of one locality, of one clan, and of one caste,—and that caste too the most troublesome and dangerous of all. We think there can be no doubt that by a judicious selection from the rich materials ready to our hand, by never recruiting largely or exclusively from one district, by never permitting pleas of caste to interfere with obedience or military discipline, by declining the service of all high-caste men who will not submit to this condition, by retaining the artillery and the fortified places entirely in European hands, and by a variety of arrangements which practical sagacity will dictate, but on which we cannot venture to pronounce dogmatically,—such, probably, as reducing the amount of the regular force, and replacing it by an efficiently organised police, and modifying the system of promotion both among native and European officers,—we may succeed in reconstituting an Indian army which shall at once yield us better service, cause us less anxiety, and involve us in less expense, than that which has just broken to pieces in our hands. Of one thing we feel quite convinced,—and the terrible catastrophe we have witnessed has in no degree shaken our conviction,—*a native army we must have.* We shall need it as a measure of security, as well as for the sake of economy. Not only are native troops better adapted to the climate, and able to move more rapidly than Europeans; not only are they far cheaper; not only does their employment enable us to flaunt less offensively and incessantly in the faces of the Hindoos the fact of their subjection to a foreign conqueror; but their enrolment is simply necessary in order to absorb those turbulent and adventurous spirits which abound in every land, but which absolutely swarm in a country like India, where for centuries predatory warfare has been the life-long occupation of all the more energetic races.*

Our position in Hindostan, then, we consider to be one full of ample means, and golden opportunities, and rare facilities; but in order to develop all these advantages as they deserve, that uniformity and *persistency* of political action of which we have just spoken is especially indispensable. It will not do to proceed now upon the principle of maintaining, and now upon the principle of absorbing, the native states; now of encouraging, and now of eschewing, native agency; now of humouring, and now of disregarding, the native prejudices. We must govern India by means of men who are not only trained to the art of government, but who are guided by fixed principles, and devoted to steady aims. Now hitherto, although from time to time our policy even in India has wavered and undergone many modi-

* In Colonel Sleeman's work (ii. p. 83) will be found a striking exemplification and confirmation of these remarks.

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fications, yet it has been more uniform and scientific there than in any other part of our empire. And that it has been so is owing to the fact that the government of India has been committed to a body, a sort of self-elected, continuous, and very *clannish* corporation, wholly aloof from, and unaffected by, the politics of party and the British passions of the day. Till 1833, the East India Company had a direct pecuniary interest in the good management of the vast dependency committed to their charge; and though since that date this motive for care and skill has been withdrawn, yet the old traditions have survived, and the same system has in the main been pursued. It is true, indeed, that the Board of Control has all along been the paramount power, and has been able to force its own views and orders upon Leadenhall Street whenever a difference of opinion occurred. Yet two circumstances coalesced to centre the real administration in the hands of the directors. Practically the initiative of all measures rested with them, while the Board of Control in nineteen cases out of twenty merely exercised a supervision and a veto; and again, the one board was to a great extent a continuous, homogeneous, and united body, while the heads at least of the other were perpetually changing with the party defeats or victories of the day, and were never the leading politicians on either side. But much inconvenience has resulted from this double government; many mistakes have been committed; much responsibility has been unrighteously and mischievously evaded; and now that India has become the prominent question of the day, it is certain that the old arrangement will no longer be suffered to continue. India must henceforth be governed by a ministerial department, like our other dependencies, and be brought under the more direct control of Parliament; and it cannot be denied that much uneasiness is felt at the prospect, and that this uneasiness is not without foundation.*

It is unquestionably true that the constituencies of England, however competent to deal with English questions and to legislate for English people, are at present deplorably disqualified for directing or inspiring the management of affairs in a peculiar

* It would be unjust and ungracious to omit this opportunity of recording our conviction that the Company's government of India has not only been far superior to that of the mother country over any of her other dependencies, but that for a long period, and as a whole, it has been wise, righteous, and beneficent in a rare degree. Mr. Mill, one of the severest critics of that body, bears in his history the following striking testimony to its merits: "I believe it will be found that the Company, during the period of their sovereignty, have done more in behalf of their subjects, have shown more good-will towards them, have shown less of a selfish attachment to mischievous powers lodged in their own hands, have displayed a more generous welcome to schemes of improvement, and are more willing to adopt improvements, not only than any other sovereign existing in the same period, but than all other sovereigns taken together on the face of the globe."

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dependency like Hindostan. They are doubly disqualified: by temperament and by ignorance; and again, by unconsciousness of the perils of that temperament and the depth and range of that ignorance. It is true, likewise, that the narrow and pig-headed fanaticism of our middle classes would be fraught with terrible danger if brought to bear directly upon Indian politics. We may well tremble at the idea of an inflammable Hindoo and Mussulman population of a hundred and fifty millions governed from the hustings and from Exeter Hall,—of the lives of our handful of countrymen, and the interests and feelings of our myriads of Oriental subjects, at the mercy of the varying caprices of the ten-pounders, or the obstinate and impatient bigotry of the saints. In imagination, no doubt, the prospect seems full enough of possible dangers: in practical result, however, we may feel confident that most of these dangers will be wholly averted, or vastly mitigated, by the inconsistent and illogical good sense which rescues our nation from the consequences of so many blunders. In the *first* place, India will now become a topic of national and parliamentary interest, which it has never been before. Indian debates will fill the House instead of emptying it. Every point connected with that wonderful peninsula will be discussed, studied, investigated, controverted. Election speeches will be full of nothing else. The press will teem with articles, often brimming with ignorance and folly; often also, however, rich with thorough knowledge and matured experience. A whole session, in both Houses, will be devoted to this absorbing question. Men's ideas will be gradually cleared; public opinion will become rapidly enlightened; and in the course of a year or two a distinct national policy will have been formed on all the main principles at issue. India will become, perhaps, to a certain extent a party subject; but the party differences will turn only on minor points. In the *second* place, the importance which Indian questions will henceforth assume will insure that the President of the Board of Control—the MINISTER FOR INDIA,* that is, whatever may be his future title—shall be selected from among the most able and eminent statesmen of his party; not, as hitherto, from the most unmarked ones. This of itself will afford a vast security. *Thirdly*, the government of India having become both a cabinet and a parliamentary question, all important measures, especially if in the slightest degree involving a change of policy, will not be decided nearly as much as heretofore by the individual

* We have carefully avoided throughout this article entering into any detailed plans or suggestions; but it will deserve consideration whether this minister should not be assisted by a council of competent advisers of actual Indian experience, and whether the new ministerial department should not be so organised as to include some of the ablest officials of the existing directorial board at Leadenhall Street.

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minister at the head of that department, but will have to undergo the ordeal of much previous discussion; so that even wilful and self-confident men like Lord Ellenborough will scarcely venture to indulge their idiosyncrasies of fancy or of temper as they might have done of yore. Moments of special peril, no doubt, may still arise when a change of ministry at home happens to synchronise with a critical position of diplomacy or war in India; but similar conjunctures occur in the case of our foreign relations; and we must hope that the same respect for an *inaugurated* policy which withholds contradictory despatches in the one case, may preclude them also in the other. But, *fourthly*, one of our greatest securities will arise from the circumstance that, practically, henceforth as hitherto, nearly all measures of actual administration, and most legislative measures also, will originate with the Executive Government at Calcutta. Hasty proceedings, and more particularly hasty *changes*, will by this means be avoided. Principles will be decided at home; suggestions even may go out from home; but nearly every thing done or proposed will be initiated in India, will undergo full consideration by experienced politicians there, and will be referred home for approval and confirmation, accompanied by all the arguments, for or against, which have been brought forward at the local seat of government. *Finally*,—and on this safeguard we place great reliance,—there is an extraordinary *reserve*-fund of good sense both in the constituencies and in Parliament, which comes into operation on all occasions of serious danger, and restrains even the most vehement politicians from persisting in extreme views. Few Englishmen, however positive, will push forward their plans or notions in the face of alarming warnings and national possibilities of evil. We are ready enough at times to play with a barrel of powder—scarcely with a magazine.

We must now turn from questions of political administration to consider the principles which should guide our management of India in matters connected with religion and morality: and there can be no subject of graver or more critical importance. We, a handful of enlightened Europeans, live among, and are called to govern, millions of subjects whose religion is not only utterly at variance with our own, but is at the same time mixed up with their daily life to a degree recorded of no other people. Under these circumstances, toleration—always a dictate of justice and wisdom—becomes a dictate of prudence and necessity likewise. But toleration, as it has its foundation in sound sense and sound morality, has its limits marked out by them also. We must in all things so act as neither to insult the faith of our subjects nor to dishonour our own. We must interfere with it only where it

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cloaks or commands crime, or outrages fundamental morality, or offers an insuperable obstacle to the progress of necessary civilisation. We cannot suffer infanticide to be practised, or human sacrifices to be offered, or electric telegraphs to be forbidden or destroyed, in the name of any god, or in deference to the prejudices of any sect; but apart from such matters, we are bound to let every religion have perfect freedom of worship and of action. As to questions of decency, we must bear in mind that these are to a great extent conventional; and that the ideas of purity and impurity are very different in the European and the Asiatic mind. As to questions of proselytism, our course seems very clear. We should allow full liberty of *preaching* to Brahmin, Mussulman, or Christian missionary; but sternly refuse to employ or to permit the slightest exercise of *influence*, whether by favour or disfavour.

And first, let us do full justice to the tenacious grasp which religious feelings, such as they are, hold over the native mind. Their *faith* shames ours. The creed of the Hindoos is a filthy and degrading superstition, indicating a low intelligence, breathing a low morality; but such as it is, they believe it, cling to it, and obey its ordinances, with an undoubting conviction and a simple devotion, which we, the pupils of a better teaching and the votaries of a nobler creed, may indeed envy, and should do well to imitate. If there had been any reason for questioning this, the whole details of the mutiny would suffice to prove it. Of all the thousands of natives who have been shot, hung, or blown from guns, for their share in the revolt and its attendant crimes, not one has entertained the faintest shadow of a doubt that he was dying for (*deen*) his religion, and would go straight to paradise: scarcely one has flinched, or prayed for mercy; all have believed that they were martyrs and certain of the martyr's crown. For fanaticism so genuine and so deep as theirs death has no terrors. Such fanaticism it is at once unsafe and foolish to provoke. It can be conquered by no violence, and can be undermined only by the slow process of indirect enlightenment. People in England find it hard to believe that the greased cartridge was really the immediate cause of the revolt. People in India know better. They are well aware that while ambition and intrigue are ever at work to arouse and turn to use the religious excitability of the Hindoo, that excitability is a permanent and a most formidable reality. How such a wide-spread and sudden panic should have arisen from so slight a cause, the following remarks by "Indophilus" may serve to explain:

"Hindooism and Mahometanism, especially the former, are religions not of rational conviction, but of meats and drinks and outward observances. The religion of a Hindoo may therefore 'be taken away'

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from him by force or craft, without any voluntary action on his part. There are large communities of Mahometans in India whose ancestors were Hindoos; and if you inquire into their religious history, they tell you that Aurungzebe, or some other potentate, 'made them' Mahometans. The process was a very simple one. Their Hindooism was put off by Mahometans eating with them; their Mahometanism was put on by the symbol of admission to the faith which the Mahometans have in common with the Jews. Pouring cow's blood down the throat was reserved for special cases of recusancy. On the other hand, the unclean beast is the abomination of the Mahometans as of the Jews; and the feeling is heightened by the associations of caste which the Mahometan minority in India have contracted from the Hindoo majority. To bite a cartridge greased with cow's or pig's fat was, therefore, more to Hindoos and Mahometans than eating pork to a Jew, spitting on the Host to a Roman Catholic, or trampling on the Cross to a Protestant."

In saying that we must scrupulously abstain from outraging the religious or caste notions of the natives, when not compelled to do so by paramount considerations of public morality or public safety, we by no means wish to insinuate that we have been in the habit of offending in this manner. On the contrary, in former times we have erred in the opposite extreme. We have deferred too much and too degradingly to native superstitions. We have done dishonour to our own faith; and, as might be anticipated, have gained no credit by so doing. Europeans very generally give to Asiatics the impression that they are an irreligious race; and, compared with themselves, there is some truth in the belief. It is true that our religion, like our nature, is less demonstrative and more retiring—more sacred, and therefore more hidden—than that of Orientals, and that we have a great deal more faith and feeling on these subjects than we care to show; but it must be admitted that, as a rule, our religion is both less pervading, less intense, less firmly held, less proudly and openly avowed, than that of Eastern nations. Now to an ordinary Asiatic, the apparent want of religion in his European masters excites both amazement and disgust. Of real liberality in such matters they have little comprehension; and the deference which of yore we paid to their idolatry they interpreted into indifference to our own creed. It is important that in future our conduct should be such as systematically to correct this delusion. All unworthy compliances, all countenance to idolatrous ceremonies, should be (as, indeed, we believe they are) consistently avoided and forbidden. We should act as men who, while willing to respect and tolerate the religious convictions of a "weaker brother" and a fellow-citizen of equal rights, yet feel the immeasurable superiority of our own assured belief. Thus only shall

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we secure their respect to our character and our faith:—grave deference to their childish etiquettes, offerings and concessions to their nasty shrines, excite only contempt; they see through the hollow sham, and despise the unmanly nonsense.

Then as to missionary efforts: it is a great mistake to fancy that the natives of Hindostan, especially the more intelligent among them, look with any dread or dislike upon our well-meant attempts at their *conversion*—using that word, in its proper and European sense, to signify change of conviction by argument and persuasion. What they fear is, not preaching, but government influence and force. Religious controversy they rather enjoy; they have a decided pleasure in gravelling the holy men who come out to instruct and convince them; they are amused at their impotent benevolence, and feel, or fancy, that they are more than a match for nine-tenths of the missionary body. If there were any doubt on this head, it would be removed by a very remarkable speech delivered by a cultivated Hindoo at a meeting of a native association at Calcutta, who, in commenting on Lord Ellenborough's attack upon the governor-general for having subscribed to missionary efforts, declared that, while they respected the missionaries much, they had not the slightest fear of them, nor objection to the utmost latitude of speech which could be given them, so long as Lord Canning *in his official capacity* lent them no sinister aid. It would be monstrous indeed, if, while we allowed the Mussulman and the Hindoo priest to preach, and convert, and proselytise at pleasure, we were to deny a similar right to the priest of our own religion. It could not be done; it ought not to be done; it need not be done. We have no idea that missionaries will do any harm in India; neither have we any idea that they will do much good. By exhibiting examples of a pure life, and by disseminating useful information around them, they may, indeed, be indirectly serviceable to the cause of morality and truth. But in the matter of conversion—*i. e.* of inducing the natives to abandon Hindooism and embrace Christianity—we do not anticipate, nor, to say the truth, do we much desire, any very rapid result from their exertions. It is time to speak plainly on this subject. Nations may be spiritually and intellectually elevated out of heathenism and savage ignorant atheism; but in general only by the slowest and most circuitous process can one elaborate form of religion be substituted for another long established and rooted in all the popular feelings and traditions. Among a civilised people, those who are willing to exchange the faith of their forefathers for that of strangers are usually the very dregs of the population. This is notoriously the case in Hindostan. Those who by moral or intellectual reasoning and research become convinced of the error

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of their old religion, and the intrinsic truth of that which is offered them instead, are at all times incalculably rare and few. Every thinker whose mind has sufficient philosophy in its composition to understand how much of *assumption* and hereditary innate prejudice lies at the root of all creeds, will be conscious that this must be so. Then, again,—and this it is peculiarly important to bear in mind,—every religion partakes to some extent of the character of the soil in which it is sown. It is pure or impure, noble or degrading, an elevated faith or an abject superstition, just according to the nature of the men who adopt or profess it. If by some strong act of force, or by some command from authority, or some external contrivance, the whole of Hindostan could be brought to declare itself Christian, and to be baptised, what would have been gained by the nominal change? Would the native mind have been metamorphosed by the tergiversation? Wherein would the new superstition differ from the old? The old ignorance, the old impurities, the old senseless fanaticism, the old low morality, would still exist in the artificial convert; and would be simply imported by him into his new creed, instead of being eradicated by it. Let those who doubt this look at Europe and look at history. Christianity, we all feel, is a pure, a noble, a mild, a rational, an elevating faith, acceptable to the finest minds, fitted to raise man to the grandest heights. Is it such among all nations? Has it been such at all times? In what nation and in what age do we find it such? All Europe is Christian: all Europe was Christian in the middle ages. Compare, then, the Christianity of England with the Christianity of Russia or of Spain. Compare the Christianity of Fenelon and Hooker with the Christianity of Cortez or of Bonner, of Philip or of Alva. Compare the Christianity of Wesley with the Christianity which expressed itself in the Massacre of St. Bartholomew. No, it is useless to pour new wine into old bottles; the bottles will burst, and the wine be spilled. If you wish to plant in Hindostan any genuine Christianity, you must be content to prepare the soil by the painful and judicious husbandry of generations. It is only men of much egotism, or of little faith, who are in a mischievous and ineffective hurry to propagate the Word. God has an eternity before Him for the accomplishment of His purposes; they never fail, and are never imperfectly performed. We are hasty and impetuous, because we have only "this narrow sand and shoal of Time" whereon to work—because we want to see the harvest as well as to sow the seed—because too often, also, we are anxious to inscribe our names upon the mite which we cast into the treasury of the Most High. "La Providence (says Guizot) a ses aises dans le temps: elle ne s'inquiète pas de tirer aujourd'hui

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la conséquence du principe qu'elle a posé hier; elle la tirera dans des siècles, quand l'heure sera venue; mais pour raisonner lentement selon nous, sa logique n'est pas moins sûre."

In this case, as in most others, the fairest and most righteous mode of attaining our end is also the speediest, the surest, and the safest. We are bound to give to the inhabitants of India the best education, direct and indirect, that circumstances permit, and that their nature will enable them to receive. We are bound, so far as may be, to make them participators in our knowledge, to open to them the sciences and discoveries of Europe, and, in the way of ascertained facts, to teach them no error, and as much truth as we can. In a word, we are bound to extend and improve the *secular* instruction of all classes among them. We have accepted this responsibility, and prepared to act upon it. We have established universities at the three presidencies, where the English language and English sciences are taught; and we have established schools and inspectors of schools all over our dominions. The system as yet is new, and of course partial and imperfect; but its operation is steadily extending, and will soon bear fruit. The Hindoo systems of religion and of caste are so blended with error and ignorance on physical matters, that a purely scientific and secular education is the most formidable enemy we can send into the field against them. In Lower Bengal it has already proved so. By the time we have fairly imbued two generations of Hindoos with sound notions of geography, astronomy, and chemistry; when for a few years we have explained to them the operation of the electric telegraph; when for half a century we have rattled them across the country on the railway at the rate of thirty miles an hour, and shaken Brahmin and Pariah together in the same car,—we shall have effectually undermined the foundations of their own creed, and produced that intermediate period of scepticism which is often, though not always, the necessary step towards the introduction of a purer faith. Throughout a considerable portion of Lower Bengal, by the instrumentality of our schools and intercourse with us, this stage has been produced already. All that is ambitious and sacerdotal among the higher class of natives sees this menacing result, and will move heaven and earth to hinder it. But if we simply persevere, abstain from the slightest attack on, or disrespect towards, their beliefs, but continue quietly to teach those dry scientific facts with which their beliefs cannot co-exist, we shall have secured at no distant day an object really worth a struggle—the formation, that is, of a national intellect, in which a pure and not a superstitious, a genuine and not a nominal, a deep and not a superficial, Christianity can more easily take root and flourish.

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Two questions of considerable difficulty remain, on neither of which do we feel disposed to dogmatise,—the question of native and European equality before the law; and the question of the employment of native agency in the more important functions of administration.

On the first of these topics there is a good deal to be said on both sides. As long as no Englishman appeared or resided in India, except the civil and military *employés* of the Company, it was possible and reasonable enough to treat them all as belonging to the dominant race, and entitled to special privileges and exemptions. They were all in fact rulers; and as such, could with no propriety be subjected to the jurisdiction of, or even placed on a mere level with, the ruled. In the circumstance too, that they were all the agents and servants of the sovereign authority, could be found a certain security against the abuse of this peculiar and privileged position. They were at any time liable to dismissal and punishment for any misconduct or oppression. But when the exclusive rights of the East India Company were broken down; when thousands of Europeans flocked to India for the sole purpose of making money by industry or commerce; when many of these were adventurers of low habits and violent tempers and scandalous pretensions, over whom the authorities retained no summary or despotic power,—it is evident that to exempt such men from the jurisdiction of the native courts, or from enforced compliance with native rights and customs (where British courts of justice are so few and far between), would have been to issue to them a letter of license for unlimited iniquity and oppression. They were voluntary visitors or settlers, and as such, could not complain of being subject to the conditions of the community to which they went. Moreover, their numbers have been always small. The entire number of planters, merchants, settlers, and unofficial Europeans of all classes, does not exceed ten thousand in the whole of India. On the other hand, there can be no doubt that in a country where our safety depends so entirely on our moral influence—on the impression fixed in the native mind of the inherent superiority of the European race—it would have been most desirable, had it been possible, to uphold this superiority, and rivet this impression, by abstaining from ever placing an Englishman in any circumstance or manner *under* a Hindoo. But we apprehend that the practicability of maintaining this rule with any decency or justice was destroyed when free emigration to Hindostan was first permitted. The mistake, if it be one, was made in 1833. It is natural also, though perhaps not very reasonable, that the independent European residents in the interior should be angry at the privileges conceded, in deference to their religion, caste

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notions, and hereditary rank, to certain native families and classes,*—privileges which, as Englishmen, they do not share simply because they have not the smallest traditional claim to them. Finally, we can largely sympathise with the indignation of English residents and merchants at finding themselves compelled to plead in civil matters before native judges, who often really do hate them and wish to drive them out of the country, and who are always supposed to do so; and in courts where it is notorious (and must be avowed with grief) that no justice can be obtained except by the most extensive and systematic bribery, applied to judges, officers, and witnesses alike. And we can well understand that the tendency of this system will be to discourage the better and more high-minded class of men from establishing themselves in India, and to confine the residents and planters to a more reckless and unscrupulous set, who will combat the natives with native weapons, and do much to degrade and dishonour the English character in native estimation. Still, we confess, we do not at present see our way out of the dilemma.

The other question,—as to the employment of native agency in influential and responsible departments,—seems to be very much one of degree, experience, and time. It is one in which the actual administration of the hour must feel its way. Few thoughtful or competent men will be inclined to lay down any fixed or general rules upon the subject. The Hindoo character, with some excellent qualities and capabilities, possesses also many deplorable and deeply-rooted defects. A better or more careful estimate of both cannot be found any where than that given by Elphinstone in the eleventh chapter of his History; and his description applies, though not in an equal degree, to those natives who retain their old faith and caste, as well as to those who have been converted to the purer creed of Mahomet. They are usually amiable when their fierce or fanatical passions are not aroused; they have strong and tenacious family affections, are capable of much tenderness, and are susceptible to kindness; and though indolent and timid, prefer death to what they deem dishonour; and, when inevitable, will encounter it with a calm and unostentatious stoicism worthy of all admiration. These are noble qualities, of which it would seem much might be made. But a vicious religion and a wretched education have perverted and nearly neutralised them all. Their notions of dishonour are strangely puerile and conventional; their entire morality is low and worldly; they have little regard for justice, and no regard for truth; in all judicial matters they are

* Some native families of rank are exempted from appearing *personally* in court, because such appearance, according to their caste notions, would be flagrantly dishonouring.

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false, rapacious, and corrupt, to an almost incredible degree; and they seem utterly devoid of consideration for the rights of inferiors and of a sense of public duty. Even Mr. Cameron, who goes further than any other writer in his estimate of what the people *may become,* and ought to be made, says:

"The judges of all grades should be indiscriminately European and native; but this is a state of things which can only be approached by degrees, and by means of the highest education. I am not at all sure that we have not gone too far in the official employment of natives without preparing them by European training. . . . My anxiety for the improvement of the natives of India does not blind me to the marked distinctions which exist between them *in their present moral condition* and their European governors; and I think it highly important that such distinctions should not be neglected in constructing institutions for our Eastern possessions. I would not, for example, trust a native with power over his countrymen in any case in which pecuniary considerations do not prevent the employment of a European. Their general contempt for the rights of inferiors, and the abominable spirit of caste, render them very unsafe depositaries of such a trust."

We have, we confess, a very strong conviction of the utter unfitness of the native Hindoos *at present* for any of the higher functions of administration; and we wish it were possible to supersede them more completely than we have done. That in the course of time, and by sedulous care in their education, they may become fit to assist us in governing their country, we hope and believe; but such is their actual inferiority (moral rather than intellectual) that we can only retain this hope and faith by constant comparison of Englishmen now with their ancestors in the dark ages. That our most energetic exertions should be directed towards preparing the natives for higher and more responsible positions than they can at present occupy with safety, does not, we think, admit of a doubt. Nor do we fear that the permanence of our Indian empire will be endangered thereby. Long before native agency can be so widely employed as to be dangerous, the native character must have been so far modified as to render it secure. By that time the blessings of our rule will have become so widely seen and so fully established, that no native intelligent enough to be employed by us will wish to overthrow us. But we think it should be our rule, only to advance to places of authority and influence such of the Hindoos as have received a European education, have imbibed European notions of morality, have lived enough among Europeans to have become impregnated with that sense of public duty without which no man can be fit to govern others,—such, in a word, as without having been thrown altogether out of harmony with their countrymen, shall have become qualified to guide and to control them. Even now

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the ablest, purest, wealthiest, and most sagacious of the Hindoos are conscious that the overthrow of our rule would not only be their ruin, but would be the greatest conceivable misfortune that could befall their country. It rests with ourselves so to act, that all whom we *in time* have trained to aid us,—all, in a word, whose character, under any *régime*, would mark them out for influence and sway,—shall entertain the same conviction. By "time," however, we mean not a few years only, but more probably a few generations. National peculiarities are not speedily effaced; nor are national vices to be eradicated by any summary process. Meanwhile we recommend to our readers the following wise suggestions:

"*It is no wish of mine to direct the ambition of the natives solely to official distinction;* but you cannot exclude men from administering the affairs of their own country without stigmatising and discouraging them. In addressing the students of these universities eight years ago, I said to them, 'Do not imagine that the sole or the main use of a liberal education is to fit yourselves for the public service; or rather, do not imagine that the public can only be served by the performance of duties in the offices of government.' I am quite ready to repeat that admonition. I strongly desire to see the native youth distinguish themselves in all honourable ways; but I more strongly desire that our colleges should send forth zemindars capable of improving their own estates and the condition of their ryots; natural philosophers capable of collecting and utilising the vast store of undiscovered facts contained in the soil, climate, and productions of their country; moral philosophers capable of studying the peculiarities of the Indian races, and of directing them, by eloquent exhortation, to virtue and happiness, than that these colleges should be nurses of eminent judges and collectors" (*Cameron's Address*, p. 153).

We have left ourselves no space for lengthened comment on any of the works whose titles we have placed at the head of this article. Nor is it, perhaps, necessary. We may say, however, that no one can carefully study all those works without attaining a very fair acquaintance with Indian interests and the Indian character. The able and judicious pamphlet of Mr. Cameron we have referred to more than once in the course of our remarks. The *Letters of Indophilus* are believed to proceed from a gentleman who once held a responsible position in India, and now fills one still more important in this country, and they display an unusual intimacy with the whole subject. The Despatch on Education gives a full account of the new plans pursued in India, and inaugurated, we believe, by Sir Charles Wood while at the Board of Control. Col. Sleeman's book is full of entertainment, and throws a flood of light on Indian character and manners. He was political resident at Lucknow before Sir Henry Lawrence. Mr. Pratt's papers are sagacious and valuable; they convey the

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deliberate conclusions of a man whose acquaintance with India is not only thorough, but of recent date, and will serve to disperse many errors and illusions. The book of M. de Valbezen is written in an excellent spirit, and abounds in succinct information; and is particularly valuable as containing the estimates and views of an intelligent and competent foreigner.

Art. II.—GEORGE SAND.

Histoire de ma Vie. Par George Sand. Paris, 1855.
Œuvres de George Sand. Paris, 1857.

Few travellers can have crossed the Channel on a fine day, and have reached the point where the coasts of both countries are visible at once, without reflecting how wide and vast are the moral and intellectual differences which separate lands divided by a material barrier so narrow. It is not only that race, religion, language, history, are all different,—for this we should, of course, be prepared; but the whole tone and turn of thought is dissimilar; and whatever efforts are made to attain a superficial harmony, however familiar we become with the languages and literatures of the Continent, we are always separated from the continental nations. Englishmen take much greater pains to understand the manners, traditions, language, and writings of the leading nations beyond the Channel than are expended by the inhabitants of those countries in gaining an acquaintance with us, or with each other. And yet we never cease to seem to them insular. We cannot judge by their standard, or feel with their feelings. There are whole portions of thought in which our minds run in an entirely distinct channel. More especially with regard to those two cardinal points of human society, religion and the relations of the sexes, we seem to think with an irreconcilable difference—our right is not their right, nor their wrong our wrong. They reproach us as much as we reproach them. We talk as if the whole of French fiction was a vast mass of corruption; they shrink from the iron conventionalism of English society, and the coarseness of our public immorality. What we call license, they think the honest obedience to a divine passion. What we consider delicacy of language, they consider the affectation of prudery.

Such a difference pervades national life far too deeply and widely to be referred to any one cause, or reduced under any one head; but we seem, at any rate, to present it to ourselves in a distinct shape when we observe how much greater the influence of society is in England than in France or Germany.

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An Englishman has his place in family life, in a locality, in a political system. When he speculates, he never suffers himself to leave the limits of the social sphere. He is content to accept the results of experience, by the acceptance of which practical statesmanship is made possible in a free country. He refers all propositions to the standard of what English institutions will admit. His notions of love and marriage are subordinated to his conception of the exigencies of family life. He wants a religion that will practically work, which real bishops can expound to real public meetings, which will suit the man who desires to be left alone in the bosom of his family, and yet join with his neighbours in occasions of sacred solemnity. But on the Continent there is a large number of persons, especially among those eminent in literature, of whom we may say that each individual seems left to himself. The first principles of every thing are debatable ground to him. He receives aid neither from State nor Church. All that he has to do is to shape his own particular career by reason, by sympathies, by submitting to the teaching of events, by trusting to the protection of that vaguest of deities, *le bon Dieu*. We cannot abandon our own position, or admit for an instant that things which we fully believe are morally wrong in themselves cease to be wrong because foreigners choose to make light of them. But if we wish to comprehend rather than to condemn, our best road is, by the exercise of what imagination we possess, to throw ourselves into the position assumed by those whom we are criticising, and divesting ourselves of every thing in society and established institutions which shackles or assists us, look on human life with the eyes of a man who has nothing to trust to but the play of his own feelings, the whispers of his own conscience, and the dictates of his own reason.

It is not easy to do this; and after our most honest efforts to understand them, French novels, the most characteristic expression of what we refer to, will remain very different compositions from any that we can fancy ourselves or any of our countrymen to have written. And no writer is at once more typical and more incomprehensible than George Sand. To all the difficulties implied in the fact that she is a French writer of the nineteenth century, we must add those implied in the fact that she is a woman, and what is more, a woman with a philosophical turn of mind. We have no English writer at all resembling her; but we know enough of philosophical ladies generally, to be aware that it requires considerable nicety of perception to distinguish the exact point on which they are speaking, and the precise object which they have in view. Sometimes, in reading George Sand, we might fancy that she had shaped

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out a definite system of life and morals for herself, sufficiently ascertained to command her own belief and to become the topic of persuasion to others. Sometimes it seems as if she must be writing for mere writing's sake, meaning nothing, believing nothing, wishing nothing. As a general result, we see that she is possessed with one or two leading ideas. She thinks the world of modern society decidedly wrong on at least two distinct points. Her opinion is clear against the conventional system of marriages, and the established relations of the rich and poor. But when we ask with what she wishes to replace them, we are at sea; we are lost in the beautiful but obscure language of feminine philosophy.

But a person may be vague in thought and language, and yet have a great deal to say, and exercise a great influence by saying it. Every century has stirring within its breast a number of feelings dimly felt, of aspirations imperfectly understood, of desires faintly expressed. It is possible that a writer may acquire a great power by giving utterance to these first flutterings of thought and hope, and may be all the more successful because the utterance has an appropriate feebleness and indistinctness. There is a wide and very vague feeling afloat in the present day that some classes, though it is not known exactly which, have not the fair chance in the world that they ought to have. There is a sort of readiness to take up the cause of sinners, a distrust of respectability, a recoil from the worship of success. Something large and noble seems within the grasp of mortals, if their fellow-men did not step in the way. It is difficult to say that either women or the poor find this the best of all possible worlds. In England, when such a thought arises, we test it by the standard of social institutions. We think whether society does not demand a subordination of sex and rank, and strive to hit on the principles by which this subordination should be regulated and modified. But in a country where problems of thought and morals exist for the individual rather than for society, it is natural to give vent to the sense of injustice without any calculations of expediency, and to believe that there is in man at large that power of quick and radical change which the individual fancies he can recognise in himself. George Sand is one of the prophets who take up this parable, and she has a large number of votaries to sympathise with her.

To this, her primary attraction, she adds others of a secondary but powerful nature. She has a true and a wide appreciation of beauty, a constant command of rich and glowing language, and a considerable faculty of self-analysis and self-reflection. And no one could possess more completely the charm of unreserve. What she thinks she says, without

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hesitation or subterfuge. She is undeterred by any regard for the proprieties of her station or her sex. She thus creates an impression of truthfulness which makes us ready to defend her against the numberless attacks of criticism to which she exposes herself. In spite of all her defects, she awakens an admiration which cannot be reasoned away. Her novels are often unmeaning, false to the realities of life, weak in plot, deficient in artistic arrangement, dismally long, tedious, and wearisome to get through; but still they are never poor. They suggest many new thoughts. They are lit up with the glow of genuine feeling. They are stamped with the impress of an indisputable honesty. Such a woman is worth studying, even at the risk of some shock to our moral feeling and our insular prejudices, and under the penalty of some weary hours spent in wading through her rhapsodies.

She has written her life in twenty volumes, and the mere fact that she has done so is characteristic. What has a woman who has done little more than live in a country-house in Berry, write novels, and quarrel with her husband, to say, that she must take twenty octavo volumes to express it? The volumes are made up of comments, paradoxes, long evolutions of feeling, digressions religious, philosophical, and historical, criticisms of men and books, and descriptions of scenery. She goes off for twenty pages on the most insignificant and irrelevant subject, and then informs us that it is her way. And yet if we wish to know what George Sand is like, what she thinks, and what she means, we cannot refuse to read so instructive a guide as her autobiography. There is a very visible connection between her writings and her personal history, and we will therefore attempt a sketch of what she tells us of herself in this formidable memoir. We must, however, confine ourselves to noticing those portions of the work which throw most light on the novels which have made her name so widely known. She insists so strongly on the influence which the history of her parents and paternal grandmother had on her, that we will briefly trace its outline; but otherwise we cannot enter on the innumerable details of her childhood and youth which she has thought it expedient to reveal to the public and to sell to her publisher.

Madame Dudevant traces her parentage by the father's side up to royalty. The famous Marshal de Saxe was her great-grandfather; and he was the offspring of Frederic Augustus king of Poland, by the Countess of Kœnigsmark. It is not, as Madame Dudevant modestly acknowledges, any very distinguished honour to be numbered among the descendants of this sovereign; for he had several hundred ille-

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gitimate children. None, however, of his bastards was so famous as the Marshal de Saxe; and Madame Dudevant displays some pride in claiming that coarse but able general as her forefather. The marshal had an intrigue with a lady of the opera, Mademoiselle Verrières; and a daughter was the result of the union. When Aurore de Saxe, as the daughter was called, came to years of discretion, she was married to the Count of Horn. But her husband was soon killed in a duel; and some years afterwards she was again married to M. Dupin de Francueil. This lady, having been twice legally and honourably married, forms a marked exception to the general standard of Madame Dudevant's ancestors, who were mostly accustomed to illicit connections. By M. Dupin she had a son, Maurice Dupin; and Maurice was the father of George Sand.

M. Dupin de Francueil was an elderly man when he married, and for nine years he had no child; at last, when he was upwards of seventy, he was presented by his wife with a son. But he did not do much more than welcome his son into the world; for he died a year after Maurice was born. His widow found herself in circumstances of comparative poverty; for although she had a handsome maintenance, yet she was obliged greatly to retrench the extravagant establishment of her husband. She lived quietly for many years, partly at Paris, and partly in the country, devoting herself to the maternal duties of spoiling her boy and superintending his education. He was placed under the tutelage of a M. François Deschartres; an amiable scientific pedant, who occupies henceforth a very prominent place for many years in the family history. The quiet of the little party was at last rudely shaken by the Revolution of 1789. Madame Dupin, however, who was a warm admirer of Voltaire, looked with as much pleasure as surprise on the first outbreak of popular fury, and delighted in the security of which she herself, as a friend to progress and liberty, was assured. But the hour of misfortune and danger was at hand. The proprietor of the house in which she resided informed her that there were secret hiding-places in the walls, where papers and valuables could be stowed away. She availed herself of the information; but, unfortunately, at the commencement of the Reign of Terror suspicion was excited, and an order was given to search the house. A guard was placed over the apartments occupied by her; but Deschartres and her son Maurice, then a lad of fifteen, contrived by night to obtain access to the room, and removed all the papers likely to compromise her very seriously. She was, however, sent as a prisoner to the Couvent des Anglaises, and her son was debarred from communicating with her and forced to reside

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outside the limits of Paris. In August 1794 she was released, and retired to Nohant, a country-seat in Berry which she had purchased a short time before she was imprisoned.

Her son had from boyhood a strong desire for a military life; but Madame Dupin felt a natural reluctance to her only child embracing a career so full of danger. When, however, he was twenty years of age, the Directory, having decided on an energetic prosecution of the war with Austria and her allies, called out a levy of 200,000 men; and Maurice thus found an opportunity of serving without his mother being able to object. He joined the army on the Rhine; and in the next year passed into Switzerland, and crossed the St. Bernard under Napoleon. He was present at the battle of Marengo, and saw a great portion of the famous Italian campaign, acting as aide-de-camp to General Dupont. When peace was declared, he returned to Paris, and remained there until 1804, when he was summoned to Boulogne to join the expeditionary force intended for the invasion of England. During his long absences from home he wrote frequently to his mother; and his letters, being preserved with maternal fondness, have come into the possession of Madame Dudevant, who has thought proper to give them to the world. They are printed in full, and make up nearly four volumes of the work. "Character," says Madame Dudevant, "is in a great measure hereditary; if, therefore, my readers wish to know what my character is, they should first study my father's character; and they cannot do this properly unless they peruse several hundred of his letters." If biographers generally adopt this theory of their art, and consider themselves bound or entitled to collect together all the writings and traditions of the ancestors of the person whose life they are narrating, a hundred volumes would soon be considered a very moderate size for this kind of book. Fortunately, the maternal ancestors of Madame Dudevant did not know how to write, and we are therefore saved the psychological study of reading their letters; and her paternal line is so soon lost in a chaos of illegitimacy, that family records connected with its history were not very likely to have been preserved. Otherwise, there is no saying how far this great triumph of book-making might not have extended.

When Maurice was in Italy, he fell in with a lady who made a great impression on his heart. She was at that time living under the protection of a general; but the young aide-de-camp ventured to fall in love with her, and she very disinterestedly returned his passion. He wrote frankly to his mother, and gave her a full account of the progress of the intrigue. Perhaps nothing in the whole of this biography seems more strange to

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English readers than that a man should select his mother as a *confidante* to share his delight at persuading the mistress of another man to come under his care. Madame Dupin, however, responded to the appeal, and, treating it as a passing affair, was very pleasant and good-humoured about it. She was, however, destined to find the great unhappiness of her life in the sequel of this amour. When Maurice returned to Paris, the lady went there too, and even followed him when he went to see his mother at Nohant. She took up her abode in a neighbouring town; and Maurice's visits to her naturally excited much scandal, and caused his mother serious annoyance. Deschartres, who continued to reside at Nohant, tried to effect a *coup-de-main*, and induced the *maire* of the place to pay her a visit and threaten to expel her from the town. But the issue was very unfortunate; for as she refused to go, Maurice had no choice but openly to defend her, proclaim himself her protector, and thus appear in direct opposition to his mother. Henceforth there was a quarrel between the mother and son, which was never really healed. Maurice lived with his mistress at Paris; and at length, after having had one or two children, who died in infancy, he came to the determination to marry a woman from whom he could not bear to part. One month after their union, on the 5th of July 1804, Aurore Dupin, since so well known by the name of George Sand, came into the world; and therefore, more fortunate than most of her family, Madame Dudevant can just boast of being legitimate. Nothing can be more frank or candid than the manner in which she lays the whole story before the world: and we must confess, that if the elucidation of a female novelist's character is a sufficient excuse for publishing the shame of deceased persons, the point at which she aims is certainly achieved, and we do find that the history of the stock, from which George Sand sprang, may easily be supposed to have had something to do with the startling license of many of her romances.

The family party was curiously constituted; for Aurore's mother had had a daughter by an earlier lover, and her father had had a son by another mistress. Aurore formed the uniting link—Caroline was her sister, Hippolyte was her brother. Thus from her cradle she was surrounded with associations adverse to any high-strained notion of the sanctity and necessity of marriage. Her grandmother was almost her only relation whose character was unimpeached; and her grandmother had striven most earnestly to prevent her father from marrying her mother. When she became old enough to reflect on her position, she must have been influenced by finding herself in daily contact with the illegitimate son of her father. Probably from an early age this arrangement presented itself to her not as a sacrifice

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of purity and an infraction of decorum, but as a triumph of nature and natural affections over the conventional prejudices of society. We cannot discover that at any period of her life she thought that there was any shame attaching to illegitimacy, or to the connections to which it owes its origin; and it is not difficult to see that, as all the recollections of her early life, the memory of her mother, and the history of her ancestry, were on the side of natural passion as against the artificial restraints of legalised unions, she would be very much predisposed to make the heroes and heroines of her romances take their stand under the same banners.

Her father was killed by a fall from his horse when she was quite a little girl, and she was at first educated under the joint management of her mother and her grandmother. But these ladies soon quarrelled, as it was only natural they should do. The grandmother was a lady of the style of the eighteenth century—philosophical, Voltairian, shrewd, fond of gaiety, fond of her grandchild, fond of ruling all about her. The mother was the daughter of a bird-seller; she was utterly uneducated, was devout in her own way, and was as much like a spoilt child as a grown-up woman can be. As women in every way so dissimilar were also divided by the recollection that the younger had triumphed over the elder, it is not to be supposed that there was much love lost between them. At last the end came; Aurore was left to the charge of her grandmother, and her mother went off to Paris. The elder Madame Dupin was possessed of a competence, and divided her time between her country-seat at Nohant in Berry and Paris; and Aurore had thus considerable advantages in education and in social position as compared with what she could have had if she had lived with her mother.

But her education was very irregular. She was taught Latin by the old instructor of her father, Deschartres, and received some instruction in history and music. Her grandmother's notion of training a girl was to make her read enough to take a part in the conversation of educated society, to make her go through a very few of the outward observances of religion, to let her understand thoroughly how little sensible people believe in their value, and in other matters to bid her follow the bent of her own inclination. But Aurore was a child of lively feelings, and a strong turn for all that was romantic and fanciful. She went through the course prescribed her; but her heart was elsewhere. She made romances out of her histories; she invented fantasies on the piano; she composed at a wonderfully early age a long fiction, of which a semi-divine being called Corambé was the hero; and she was so delighted with her crea-

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tion, that Corambé almost became a real object of devotion to herself. Above all, she found in her separation from her mother abundant food for feeling. She worked herself up into a belief that her mother was inexpressibly dear to her, and she to her mother. She appointed herself her mother's avenger and patron against the cruel neglect of her grandmother. When in Paris, she was permitted to pay her mother occasional visits; and she then gave vent to the outpourings of her enthusiasm. Her mother was a weak but affectionate woman, and her very childishness made her more attractive to her little daughter. She was, too, of a religious turn of mind, and her religion assumed a form so common in France, but so rare in England. She was supporting herself in the way in which a pretty woman without a farthing was too apt to support herself; but she used to remain on her knees absorbed in the emotion of passionate prayer, and seldom failed to attend Sunday mass; combining, however, with this private piety a great distrust and horror of priests and of the respectably good. Thus, by the circumstances of her childhood, George Sand was forced in the direction in which she afterwards made herself conspicuous; and was taught to seek a refuge from the dullness of ordinary life, and the straitness of ordinary propriety, in the half-prohibited society of a woman of untutored affection, of tainted character, and of a vague sentimental piety.

She was also subjected during her childhood to another influence, the fruits of which may be traced throughout her writings. Her country life at Nohant fostered and elicited her naturally strong taste for the beauties of nature, the delights of rural happiness, and the society of the agricultural poor. She describes in one of the prettiest passages of her memoirs, many parts of which are written with much grace and force, the keen pleasure she took, when quite a little child, in building a tiny grotto under the superintendence of her mother; and how she collected for its decoration the tenderest grass, the softest moss, and the most brightly-coloured stones. She had also a great fondness for animals, especially for birds,—a liking she conceives herself to have derived from her maternal grandfather; and she tells us that birds will obey her and will confide in her to a degree which astonishes ordinary observers. She had also abundance of playmates, for she mixed freely with the children of the neighbouring poor; and she describes her delight in going in winter-time with twenty or thirty young villagers to catch larks in the snow. She also frequented the homes of the peasants when, in the long winter evenings, they told their marvellous stories, and kept alive the romantic traditions which have existed from time immemorial in the centre of France.

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When she was about twelve years of age, she was sent to the Couvent des Anglaises, in the Rue des Fossés-Saint-Victor. The account of the time she passed there is the most interesting part of her memoirs. The young ladies received by the nuns as pupils were divided into a senior and a junior class; and the junior class was said to be composed of three divisions, known familiarly as *les diables*, *les bêtes*, and *les sages*, according as the girls were frisky, stupid, or pious. Aurore Dupin, though forward in learning, belonged by her years to the junior class; and being placed in it, she soon took rank as a leading "devil." She tells us that she was grave, silent, and demure; but could always make others laugh, and was fertile in inventing every kind of mischief. The convent was a large rambling building, and she and her companions persuaded themselves that there were unhappy victims concealed in secret chambers whom it was their duty to release. They scratched the plaster off the walls in order to find the springs and hinges of hidden doors; and they even scrambled on to the roof, and ran about the leads, with a vague wish to drop down somewhere and effect an heroic deliverance of a prisoner. Perhaps it is not fanciful to trace in the perilous frolics of the little girl the signs of that union of boldness and imagination which she afterwards displayed as a writer. At length her mistresses became alive to the fact, that she was the prime cause of all the "devilry" of the younger class; and she was removed to the older one. Thenceforward her conduct became much more steady. The narrative of the years she spent among the elder girls is very readable, and is interspersed with many excellent remarks on conventual education; but we can only find room to refer to what she says on two subjects—her school-friendships, and her first impressions of religion.

No one can read the narrative of George Sand's school-days, or the sketches which she draws of her companions, without being struck by the union which they indicate of sensibility and sense. There is a great deal of romance; but there is also a great deal of calm judgment and sober appreciation of character. The school-friendships of young ladies have become proverbial for the exaggeration and want of reserve which they so often betray. The girl first has her doll, and plays at being a mother; and then finds a school-friend, and plays at being a lover. In the conventual system the possibility of this parody of love-making is keenly appreciated, and regulations of the most suggestive nature are enforced in a spirit of prurient purity. It is possible that such a system may be harmless for the ordinary run of young women; but it is obvious that girls of a passionate nature must experience, when the crisis of passion comes, a great heightening of emotion from the power of detecting and the

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habit of magnifying each tiny step in the path of intimacy which they have acquired in their school-days. There was nothing, however, in the discipline enforced at the Couvent des Anglaises to prevent the formation of very romantic friendships; and these friendships were organised on an established plan, the mystery, and the very trammels of which, probably added a zest to the delights of this feminine pastime. Not only were the young ladies bound to arrange their friends in an order of preference publicly announced, but they were bound to adhere to the order when once made; so that George Sand was obliged on one occasion to explain to her third friend, whom she was really fond of, that she much regretted being obliged to love best her first and second friends, for whom she did not particularly care. Her list included four in all; and combining their initials in a word, she scribbled the word wherever she could find room to write it. There was therefore no lack of warmth in her sensibility; but she never speaks of her friends or her friendship with any foolish raptures; and she shows that she understood them and valued them on sober grounds. The description of Fannelly, the best loved of her four friends, given at the end of the fourteenth volume of the autobiography, is as charming as any thing which George Sand ever wrote. No one can mistake the pure and lively affection with which she cherishes the memory of the "bright-haired girl, so gay, and so heedless, that you would suppose she never thought of any thing, whereas she was always thinking how she could please you." And yet no one can fail to observe that the traits of Fannelly s character are sketched in by a pencil, which is not that of a heated fancy, but of a calm and delicate analysis. The name of George Sand is so associated with the expression of feeling and passion, that, unless we take every opportunity to mark the strong under-current of sense and the justness of observation, which also form a part of her character, we shall fail to do her justice, and shall miss a very important cause of the influence she has exerted.

The history of her religious struggles at the convent also exhibits the same combination of qualities. At fifteen she experienced, shortly before receiving her first communion, an access of devotional ardour, the protracted effects of which make it indisputable that, in the religious rhapsodies of her novels, she is not talking vain words, but is portraying what she has herself felt, or what she feels herself capable of feeling. Looking back, she calls her state of devotional excitement a "sacred malady;" but at the time it was sufficiently real. Untroubled by doubts, she accepted the mysteries of Catholicism with ecstasy, and fed on the thought that she had eaten the flesh

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and drunk the blood of her God. Months passed away, and she still remained absorbed in the reveries of religious fancy —outwardly performing all her duties well, but holding herself aloof from her companions. The first shock came not from any diminution of her faith, but from an appeal being made to a wholly different side of her character. She thought that a companion, whom she dearly loved and highly respected, was unjustly treated by the Superior; and this suggested the doubt whether all was so perfect in the religious world as it seemed. She also used to unite with a devout friend in religious exercises, and assist her in decking with flowers the altar where they used to pray. But she began to observe the excessive importance which her companion attached to these decorations; and recoiling from this occupation as petty and as materialising religion, she said to herself that mental union with God was every thing, and the form nothing. While she was in this frame of mind, her bodily strength gave way. She found to her sorrow that she had no longer her old fervour—her old power of enduring austerities—her old habitual state of rapture. She tormented herself with scruples; she accused herself of constant sin; she despaired of her salvation. Fortunately she was not under the care of mystics. The nuns of the English convent were by no means anxious to foster the spirit of ecstatical piety; and her confessor, a Jesuit, gave her sound practical advice. It has been the great work of the Jesuits that, in the bosom of Catholicism, they have asserted for this life its due, perhaps even more than its due, importance; and refused to remit every hope and interest of man to the world beyond the grave. When George Sand told her scruples to her confessor, he at first cheered her and listened patiently; but, after a time, ordered her to change her way of life altogether—to rejoin the society of her old friends, to take plenty of exercise, and enjoy all the amusements of the convent. She obeyed, and became again the centre of life and gaiety. The consequences were most beneficial; she recovered her health and spirits, and took a much more composed view of her religious state. The crisis of enthusiasm was over. She still purposed becoming a nun, and retained this intention some time after she left the convent; but she was happy, tranquil, and moderate in her zeal. She was certainly aided, in this instance, by the good sense of others more than her own; but in a mental cure, good sense must always be shown as well by the patient as by the physician. The heartiness of her obedience to her director's injunction, and the rapidity of its success, both testify to the original strength of her mind and the even balance of her natural character.

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She left the convent to reside with her grandmother at Nohant. The old lady was shortly afterwards seized with a paralytic attack, and lay for a year between life and death. This year decided the future career of George Sand. She was left almost entirely her own mistress, without any guide or control, and without any duty except that of rendering the few attentions required by her grandmother's state of health. She took violent exercise, and her spirits rose and her bodily strength grew greater. She began to read, and the first book which her confessor advised her to study was the *Génie du Christianisme*. It was exactly the book to awaken thought in her mind; it showed her that Catholicism had taken a new direction—that its adherents were not satisfied with the religion of which she had looked on a conventual life as the ideal, and which she had found embodied in the familiar *De Imitatione Christi*. The author of that work saw all wisdom in shunning the world, all love in divine love, all duty in isolation from the sphere of duties. Chateaubriand held up a very different picture. Christianity was with him the most humane, the most genial, the most sociable of religions — the truest friend of learning and knowledge. She put away the old teacher for the new. She determined to devote herself to her family duties, and to seek for wisdom in the study of all the famous books to which she could get access. She gives a list of the philosophers whom she attacked, including Locke, Leibnitz, and Aristotle; and as she was seventeen, and about as uninformed as most French girls of that age, it is not to be wondered at that she got no great profit out of the works of those eminent writers, except the knowledge, so instructive to the young who can think and feel, that great men do not all think alike. Profitless as such vague study must otherwise be, it may convey to a mind that needs it a notion of the greatness and diversity of human thought. At last she came to Rousseau; and here was a philosopher exactly suited to her. She was, as she tells us, "a creature of sentiment;" and Rousseau was the apostle of sentimental philosophy. She had been brought up in the democratic traditions which, after the Restoration, ranged themselves around the memory of Buonaparte. Rousseau was the herald of the great doctrines of equality and fraternity. She was at once attached to and dissatisfied with Catholicism, and Rousseau preached to her the gospel of natural love and liberty. Rousseau was easy to understand; his passion overpowered her, his language fascinated her. She soon also began to read the "literature of despair;" she pored over *René* and Byron. The melancholy so delicious to youth fastened on her. She had at once the satis-

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faction of thinking the world out of joint, and of hating her own existence; she mourned over the condition of the poor and the oppressed, and she had serious thoughts of drowning herself. In time, the first flush of these feelings passed away; she got over the childish stage of big thoughts; but the influences of that year never ceased to act on her. The singular tenacity of her character had been made to cling to a few leading ideas, which she never afterwards abandoned. Rousseau and Chateaubriand have been the stars of her destiny. She is, indeed, the Rousseau of modern France; like him in her passion, in her sympathies, in her detestation of established society; but unlike him, because a poetical, vague, and essentially mundane Christianity has worked itself deeply into all her feelings, through the interpretation which Chateaubriand taught her to put upon the lessons of the old mystical Catholicism.

On her grandmother's death, she became proprietress of Nohant, and shortly afterwards was married to M. Dudevant, a lieutenant in the army. Gossip has been so busy with her name, that few readers require to be told that her married life was not a happy one. She does not, however, permit herself to speak ill of the man whose name she bears; and she narrates the incidents of their courtship with an animation and tenderness which show that she married by her own free choice: she acknowledges that her husband's tastes did not harmonise with hers, and that she neither liked the society he cared for nor succeeded in the management of her household. For many years they lived at Nohant; and they had two children. At length, in 1831, she asked to be allowed to live separately, and earn her own livelihood in a way congenial to her; her husband assented, and she went to Paris and began novel-writing, an occupation she has now followed almost without cessation for a quarter of a century. She gives no clue as to the sources on which her novels are founded,—if it is true that they are in a way based on her personal history,—and expressly assures us that she did not sketch any circumstances in her own experience when she wrote *Indiana*, which, being her first novel, has naturally been considered most likely to contain autobiographical reminiscences. The latter part of her memoirs contains few facts relating to herself, and consists principally of criticisms on French literature, accounts of literary contemporaries, and expositions of her leading opinions on religion, morals, and art. So far as their contents demand notice in a sketch like the present, they may therefore be most conveniently noticed when we speak of her novels themselves.

She tells us that when *Lélia* appeared, an intimate friend wrote to express his extreme surprise that a book so wild, so

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extraordinary, and so evidently the fruit of deep personal feeling, should have been written by a lady whom he had only known as a very quiet person, fond of sewing, and a good hand at making preserves. She lived completely in an inner world of her own, fostering her fancies, brooding over her griefs, surveying as in a vision the men and things of the actual world. Hence, perhaps, arose much of the singular fearlessness with which she wrote, much of the intensity with which she expressed her feelings, and much of the very unpractical character which her theories assumed. She was also acted on very powerfully by the general influences of the time in which her mind was matured, both by the tone of the current literature, and by the sentiments which pervaded the political world of France. She found that the literature of despair was echoed in the profound disappointment caused by the failure of the Revolution of July. Nothing can be more gloomy than the picture she draws of the state of Parisian society and Parisian feeling, when she came to take a part in it as a writer and thinker. The republic dreamt of in July had ended in the massacre of Warsaw and the bloody sacrifice offered to the dynasty of Louis Philippe The cholera had just decimated the world. St. Simonism had failed. Art had disgraced by its deplorable errors the cradle of its romantic reform. The time was out of joint; and the men and women in it were either given up to the depression of disbelief, or to the search after material prosperity.

It was when subjected to the first great pressure of such influences as theso that George Sand wrote *Lélia*, the most famous and the most typical of her novels. It is to an English reader, and judged of from the point of view of common sense, one of the most incoherent, foolish, morbid, blasphemous, and useless books that have been sent across the Channel during the present century; and yet no one can deny that it discloses much power of writing, and some of thinking. Viewed historically, and judged of by the circumstances under which it was written, it undoubtedly gives a very bold and forcible expression to thoughts then widely current in France. There is, too, a kind of directness and sincerity in it, which gives it, even in the wildness of its ravings, the charm of honesty. But whatever are its merits or faults, at any rate it contains the doctrines of George Sand—the innermost thoughts of her heart, the ideas of her life—in their most salient and repulsive form. The characters are removed into an arena entirely apart from the possibilities of real life. Each represents a phase of the society she saw around her; and as there is no plot nor any dramatic interest, the only aim is to work out this representation to its fullest and last consequences. In *Lélia* society is entirely dis-

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solved; the family is not described even as a feature of human life; God is alternately pronounced not to exist, and permitted to enjoy the prerogative of blessing the most vicious and weak fools who will shed a few tears over the cessation of their power to sin. Catholicism is a pageant into which poetical minds in vain endeavour to infuse a new life. Women are either prostitutes, or only refuse to be so because any surrender to the other sex brands them with inequality. Coarseness of thought is equalled by a curious frankness of expression. Lélia, the heroine, cannot make out whether she ought to hate herself as "the most cunning and revolting combination of an infernal will," or whether she ought to despise herself as "an inert production, engendered by chance and matter." Her lover asks what he can do for her. She sends in return the following modest list of her requirements: "Will you blaspheme for me? That may perhaps console me. Will you cast stones at heaven, outrage God, curse eternity, invoke annihilation, adore evil, call down destruction on the works of Providence, and contempt on its worship? Are you capable of killing Abel to avenge me on God, my tyrant? Will you bite the dust and eat the sand, like Nebuchadnezzar? Will you, like Job, exhale your anger and mine in vehement imprecations? Will you, pure and pious young man, plunge up to your neck in scepticism, and roll in the abyss where I expire?" And so it goes on; and this is the way in which Lélia and her friends rave through page after page. The impression which *Lélia* leaves on us cannot be shaken off. George Sand has long left the stage in which it was written, and, in her memoirs, speaks of it as very crude work. But the mental history of men hangs together; and even in her best and purest and soberest works there is a touch of *Lélia* to be found.

Love forms the staple of George Sand's novels, as of most of the works of other novelists. But with her neither the analysis nor the description of passion, subtle as she often is in the former, and rich and delicate as she often is in the latter, is the most prominent feature of what she has to say about love. She has a persuasion, we may almost say a creed, to enforce and advocate as to the relation of the sexes. It is high-flown, unpractical, and impossible, of a tendency, perhaps, more than doubtful; but it is sincerely felt, powerfully upheld, and in itself appeals to the loftier side of human nature. It is not a doctrine wholly bad to preach, that persons should give play to their genuine feelings and despise concessions to a mercenary world. We are, of course, tempted immediately to ask whether the feelings gratified are pure as well as sincere, and fostered not only to the gain of the indi-

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vidual entertaining them but without harm to others. It is almost impossible to avoid confounding a free expression of feelings with a blind obedience to animal instincts, unless we are allowed to test the worth of these feelings by looking at their quality and their consequences; and it must be as true in France as every where else, that love is sensual and degrading unless it raises the moral character, and is fulfilled or repressed according to the dictates of unselfishness. George Sand states her theory to be, that love is a solemn sacrifice to be offered in the presence of God, and necessary for the perfection of individuals. At first this seems a mere commonplace; but George Sand draws two conclusions, which society —English society, at any rate—rejects. The first is, that love is its own justification. The lovers meet; they are fitted for each other, they are framed to go together through a process necessary to complete the growth of their religious nature. Society must not interpose any arrangements which will prevent the happiness of the lovers. The barriers of class, the ties of a union that is conventional, not real, must be swept away. The second consequence is, that when the religious feeling, the highest exaltation of passion, ceases, the tie ceases also. There is nothing binding in love excepting the completeness of its existence. Common sense will immediately tell us that this will never do. Society cannot go on, if adultery is not so much justified as abrogated by the assumption that lovers have a right to love. Right feeling warns us that we are here brought to the verge of impurity. Family life, we perceive, could not continue, if the calm and moderated flow of matured affection, although fallen to a lower level of excitement than the first transports of passion, were not sufficient to make the continuance of the most intimate relation of the sexes permissible. But setting aside the ultimate result to which such considerations will bring us, we may easily acknowledge that the arrangements of modern society, or rather of society in every age and place, sacrifice many individuals to the interests of the community; and also that there is much in the tone of society which brutalises and materialises feelings, to invest which with a poetical and spiritual halo is one of the highest achievements of man. George Sand seizes on this truth; and, regardless of the limitations which common sense imposes and morality enjoins, gives the rein to her fancy, her sensibility, and her enthusiasm.

In judging George Sand, we cannot too often call to mind that she is French, and that in many of the things which seem strange to us she is but describing the habits, or following the fashion, of her countrymen. It is not only that

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she looks on life generally from the foreign point of view, and, more especially, treats marriage as the necessary preliminary, not the end, of love-making; but there are a thousand minor touches which separate her widely from English readers, and which belong more to the country than to the individual writer. Not a little of what seems her sentimentalism is really the reflection of actual life. We presume, for example, that we may take as founded on an adequate induction the curious fact that French lovers cry. This alone places the love-stories of France in quite a different sphere from those of England. George Sand's young men think nothing of having a good gush of tears, real running tears, because their mistress pleases them or offends them, or smiles or frowns, or keeps or misses an appointment. An Englishman crying and weeping because a young woman whom he is fond of does not come as soon as he expects, is an impossibility. And if men can cry for such things, how can we, who have no similar feelings whatever, say but that at a stage of excitement a little higher, Frenchmen might feel it not much out of the way if a young lady, when she did come, were to ask them to curse eternity and eat grass? Then, again, George Sand is most wonderfully coarse. Her language would be considered rather plain in England for men to use in conversation with each other; it appears doubly strange from the pen of a female writer. But the French are habitually what we should call coarse, and they call plain-spoken. They call a spade a spade. They do not distinguish between the passions, and speak of the physical symptoms and issues of love as they would of those of fear. We may say of them what Dr. Livingstone says of some of the African tribes, that "they seem to have lost all tradition of the fig-leaf." When, therefore, a Frenchwoman speaks a little more openly than we should, we must not look on her as we should on a woman who violated decorum in a country where vestiges of the tradition still remain.

Nor ought we to call George Sand's novels in a very high degree immoral, if we judge them by the standard of French fiction. No test of immorality can be more crucial than the mode in which female chastity is regarded. Now, although female frailty is the topic on which George Sand writes most largely, it cannot be said that she takes pleasure in the overthrow of chastity, or even that she regards it as a matter of indifference. In most French novels that can fairly be called immoral, the author looks on chastity as a thing which it is a triumph and a glory to surmount. But George Sand feels truly and deeply the mournfulness and the pity of the termination of purity. But then she goes into a field which modern

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English writers wholly avoid, not because it does not exist, but because they do not like to enter on it. They never let their female characters wander beyond the influence of those safeguards which the fabric of family life plants round Englishwomen of the upper classes. But in George Sand, as in almost all foreign writers, these external safeguards are never allowed to interfere with the great problem to answer which is the main object of interest with her. She only asks herself what will be the conduct of lovers under given circumstances. In *Consuelo* the heroine is thrown into every temptation which can endanger virtue,—ardent passion, dangerous proximity, and isolation from the world. But she has a simplicity which guards her, and she remains pure because she had promised her mother that she would be so. The whole object of *Consuelo* is to show that by the possession of this simplicity, and its consequent purity, she was raised above the women around her. In *Valentine*, the most touching and beautiful of George Sand's earlier tales, the heroine is overcome; but it would be absurd to say that a person who conceived and worked out the character of Valentine thought lightly of chastity. Valentine struggles hard, she watches herself, she has little sentimentalism, she honestly and truly desires not to deceive her husband and lose her self-respect. The authoress undoubtedly impels Valentine to her sorrowful end in order to illustrate her main theme, that society has no right to interpose barriers in the way of true affection, and thus create scruples which must finally give way. But the tone which pervades the tale is not at all that of a woman, who could believe that the delights of sensuous passions are any compensation for the loss of purity. To an English reader accustomed to the safeguards of English society, a novel portraying the guilty love of a married woman must seem in some degree immoral; for the whole range of thought is one which it is the object of English society to eliminate from at least the surface of family life. But to a person within this range of thought, and accustomed to look on such temptations as very possible and real, we can conceive the best of George Sand's tales might prove a source of strength quite as much as of weakness. We cannot deny that their warmth of language, their fatalism, and their tendency to shift the blame from the individual on to society, are sources of weakness. But the high value set on purity, and the general elevation of the standard by which the worth of love is tried, might, on the other hand, prove sources of strength.

If we want to see George Sand on her best side, we must observe her estimate of men. The great source of that superiority

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of moral tone which, amidst all the immoralities of her novels, makes itself felt when we contrast her writings with those of the ordinary loose novelists of modern France, is the hearty contempt which she entertains for the kind of lovers who form the heroes of worse novelists. The *blasé*, captivating, polished Parisians to whom the heroines of her contemporaries are wont to sacrifice their easy virtue, are invariably represented by George Sand as the banes of women, as the characters in the tale least to be sympathised with, as the foils of the men who can feel true love. M. de Ramière, in *Indiana*, is exactly the lover of the common French novel. He wins Indiana's heart; but the whole point of the book is to show his immeasurable inferiority to her, and the pettiness of his timid selfishness. Indiana has that degree of purity and sincerity which makes her loathe the thought of deceiving her husband, and prompts her to throw herself entirely on her lover, if she throws herself on him at all. He is busy with a thousand other thoughts—politics, success in society, advancement in the world. She has no thought but for him. She makes a great effort; she determines to brave every thing, to suffer every thing, and to give herself wholly to her lover. She leaves her husband's house, and in the middle of the night flies to Raymon. He receives her with earnest entreaties to be allowed to get her a cab, and to send her back before any of the servants can have noticed her absence. With him is contrasted Sir Ralph; an impassible unimpressive character, but possessing such tenacity of affection, and a love so complete, so regardless of consequences, that he loves her equally whether she is chaste or unchaste, kind to him or unkind, and is as ready to die with her in the joint suicide which they take four months to carry out, as to live with her in the glorified hut at the top of an inaccessible mountain, which is their ultimate destination. So too in *Valentine*, M. de Lansac, the lover whom society forces on Valentine, is contrasted with Bénédict, the lover against whom society warns her, not because she belongs to another man, but because he is poor and ignoble. According to the standard of society, M. de Lansac behaves admirably to Valentine. He is too much a man of the world either to notice or to interfere with her love for Bénédict further than to put on a little stronger screw when he is negotiating money-matters with her and her friends. He lets her know, but with the most cutting politeness, and the most aggravating considerateness, that he is perfectly aware of her secret; but when she implores him to protect her against herself, he tells her that she had better enjoy her first love as much as she can, for she will find that, as she begins to change her lovers, second and third

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passions are less and less delightful. In Bénédict there may perhaps be something overstrained, but at any rate he is so drawn that he gives the impression of a simple earnestness of affection. It would be, of course, absurd to say that such contrasts prove any thing as to Parisian society. George Sand, like every other novelist, arranges her puppets as she pleases; and it is as easy to make all dandy lovers heartless as to make all humbler lovers boors. But the puppets indicate the direction in which their mistress moves them. She handles them so as to show her ideal of affection; and putting aside all collateral questions as to the manner in which it is worked out, we must admit that, as compared with the ideal of most French novelists, hers is a very good ideal.

"I think," she says in one of her tales, "that a noble passion ought to be defined as that which elevates us and strengthens us in beauty of sentiment and grandeur of ideas: a bad passion as that which leads us to egotism, to fear, to all the pettinesses of a blind instinct. Every passion, therefore, is lawful or criminal according as it produces the one or the other result; although society, which is not the true expression of the wishes of man, often sanctifies the bad passion, and proscribes the good." This passage, which may be taken as a formula of her whole creed on the subject of love, occurs in *Horace*, a very singular and not very pleasing tale, the drift of which is to exhibit another kind of man's love falling short of the ideal. The whole story is an exemplification of the utter abandonment of the conventionalities of society in which George Sand places herself when striking the balance of virtues and vices; for the good character of the book is a grisette who acts throughout with the greatest nobleness, discretion, and self-respect, and the two lovers are a barmaid and a student. Surveying the world to find the desired kind of love, George Sand noted a counterfeit which evidently filled her with a mixture of pity and indignation. This was the love of a man whose fancy only is touched, whose vanity is pleased, who feels it due to himself to have a mistress, and a proper result of his cultivated taste and varied education that he should look on her in a great many lights, all highly poetical. For the moment he is sincere; but there is no depth in a feeling at the bottom of which lies a shallow egotism. When Horace read *Alfred de Musset*, he insisted on picturing Marthe—a simple, good-looking, tender-hearted, stupid country girl—as one of the dangerous *filles d'Eve* of that writer. The next day, after perusing a *feuilleton* of Jules Janin, she had to become in his eyes an elegant and coquettish woman of fashion. Then, after he had perused the romances of Dumas, she was a tigress, whom he must be a

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tiger himself to manage. And, after he had finished Balzac's *Peau de Chagrin*, she was a mysterious beauty, whose every look and every word had a profound meaning. The issue of this versatile passion is, that Horace gets tired of his mistress, and behaves so cruelly to her that she leaves him, and he thinks she has committed suicide. The flutterings of temporary remorse, which this event produces in his mind, are stilled by the advances of a patrician coquette and the advice of a patrician debauchee, who explains to him that the suicide of his mistress will be the greatest of advantages to him, and make him irresistible with the fair sex. In the background of the story there is the dim figure of a heavenly-minded waiter, who has nourished a deep love for Marthe through all the vicissitudes of her unchastity, and who, if he is not allowed to adorn the tale by very frequent intervention, points the moral by the superiority which his steady flame evinces over the evanescent scintillations of the student's love.

In *Lucrezia Floriani*, the imperfect lover is viewed from a very different side. Prince Karol loves well enough, but not wisely enough. We know from the autobiography what was the character attempted to be drawn under this name. "I have traced," says the authoress, "in Prince Karol the character of a man limited in his nature, exclusive in his feelings, exclusive in his requirements." He represents the affections of a man without manliness. The leading thought of the writer seems to have been, the impossibility of a woman being happy with a love which is in its essential qualities feminine. She finds no strength to support, no calmness to tranquillise her. Karol's love is intense, constant, unselfish. A good-hearted cheerful man of the world is introduced as a rival, in order to exhibit a contrast. Salvator, we read, sought for happiness in love; and when he could not find it, his love vanished gently away. But Karol loved for the sake of loving; no suffering could repel him. And yet he killed his mistress, a woman of large overflowing heart. His eagerness to absorb the whole of her being in return for the surrender of his own, cut her off from every enjoyment, and at length from the possibility of living. He was jealous of her performing the simplest action for another. "If she smelt a flower, if she picked up a stone, if she caught a butterfly to add to her child's collection, if she caressed her dog, he would murmur to himself, 'Every thing pleases and amuses her; she admires and loves every thing; she cannot, then, love me,—me, who do not see or admire, or cherish, or understand aught in the world but her. We are separated by an abyss.'" His love is aptly compared to a process of killing by sticking innumerable pins into the flesh;

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and his mistress sinks under the agony of an endless series of trifling irritations.

It is much easier to paint the wrong love than the right; but in one tale George Sand has attempted to sketch an affection which is equally profound and durable. *Mauprat* is one of the best of her novels, and Edmée is perhaps the best of her heroines. The circumstances of the story are so exceptional, that the difficulties of portraying a worthy love in man are hardly met. It is true that Bernard tells the tale when he is eighty, and can say that from his boyhood to his old age he never loved any one else, nor ever for a moment ceased to love Edmée; but the plot, which turns on the moral education of a fierce undisciplined boy, under the guidance of a refined high-spirited girl, enables the writer to avoid drawing the perfection of love by drawing the imperfection of an unformed character. What Bernard was after his training was finished and he had won his wife, we are not told; we are only asked to watch how his passion, at first brutal and instinctive, becomes gradually heightened and purified. But we must not examine such points too narrowly. It is seldom that a novelist keeps any purpose in view throughout, and we look for something else in a story than philosophical completeness. And certainly the picture of the two cousins Edmée and Bernard is exquisitely drawn, and the gradual progress of the education conceived with great nicety of thought and worked out with admirable skill. Edmée, caught in the robbers' stronghold of Roche-Mauprat, in order to save her honour purchases her deliverance from disgraceful violence by a vow never to belong to any one but Bernard, then a hot-headed young savage. His first step in education is the victory over himself which lets his cousin go free; and the nature of the victory shows the extremely low moral point at which he begins. His next stage is the determining to obey her wishes—not to get drunk, and not to contradict her father. Then he discovers that she recoils from the childish savage to whom she has bound herself, although she secretly loves him; and he comprehends that she will kill herself rather than give herself to him before he has learnt the lesson of which he stands in such pressing need. The comprehension of this, the realisation to himself of the fact that a woman would rather die than allow herself to be brutalised to his level, is the great awakening force which stimulates him to a new life. It is impossible to describe the beauty with which the action of Edmée's influence is conveyed. *Mauprat* is not written according to an English model. The handling is broad. George Sand tries to imagine clearly, and she certainly expresses openly, what would be the real feelings of a hot-blooded boy.

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She neither shrinks from the subject of physical sensations, nor veils it in the obscurity of penny-a-lining euphemisms. But if she is so far truer to nature than would here be thought decorous, she is also true to nature in a manner that is really admirable. She is true to the power of purity, to the sustaining force of generous thoughts, and to the docility of a passion great enough to be humble.

When, in a love-story, one of the lovers is a married woman, there is undoubtedly a disagreeable aspect in which the progress of a wife's passion may be viewed. The husband is very much in the way; what is to become of him? Novelists have very often solved the problem by making the husband ridiculous, or stupid, or worthless. But this is a very shallow contrivance. Suppose the husband is a worthy, honest, tender-hearted, generous man, is any regard to be shown to his feelings? And if he perceives what is going on, what is he to do? George Sand, who likes difficulties of this sort, and never recoils from any task simply because it is arduous, faces the question boldly, and in two of her novels has given us her opinions, or rather sentiments, on the subject.

In *Jacques*, the husband, who is in middle life, marries a young wife to whom he is passionately attached, and then sees her fascinated by the attractions of a young man of her own age. Fernande, the heroine, is a very good girl, and tries hard to please and love her husband; but she is only at ease when she is with Octave. The young pair discuss the character and conduct of the husband in a very impartial and ingenuous manner, and are most hearty in pronouncing that he is the object of their deepest respect and admiration. Still love will have its way, and the inexorable affinities impel them to combine. Jacques sees as clearly as possible what is happening. He understands that he is not wanted. He complains that society will not let him act as he would wish; it will not permit him to stand by and calmly bless the union of his wife with her paramour. So he considers that no choice is left him, and he prepares to comfort her by his suicide. But so great is his generosity, that he fears lest he should make the lovers miserable if he leaves them with the sting of thinking they have driven him to death. So, by adopting a few clever precautions, he succeeds in making them suppose that he has accidentally fallen from the cliff at the foot of which his corpse is found. This is one way of getting over the difficulty. The husband behaves most handsomely, and withdraws.

But the husband in the other novel to which we refer, *Le Péché de M. Antoine*, behaves better, or rather, the circumstances of the plot permit him to take the step which George

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Sand would have society make open to every husband. The offspring of the adultery is the heroine of the story, and she brings about a happy reconciliation between her father and the husband of her mother. An unphilosophical irritation has kept them asunder for years; but Gilberte, the heroine, when driven by a storm to seek for shelter, happens to see a portrait of her mother in the house of what, speaking conventionally, we may call the injured husband, and she is struck by its likeness to a miniature which she has often seen in the hands of her father, who, contrary to the usual practice in such cases, has brought her up. "Her modest imagination refusing to comprehend the possibility of an adultery," she is naturally puzzled; but she takes advantage of the occasion to make friends with the first possessor of the original, and at length gets him to pardon the second possessor. Friendship survives the conflict and consequences of youthful passion, and they are all happy at the end of the book. This, then, is the moral: forgive and forget if you can; or if not, shoot yourself, so as not to annoy any one. If we compare this with the standard of ordinary society, it seems absurd; if with a high standard, it seems lamentably false; and the whole doctrine of elective affinities on which it rests is worse than ridiculous, but it bears a sort of relationship to many thoughts and feelings which we cannot call absolutely untrue or wholly depraved. It belongs to that flux of opinion which is the great characteristic of modern society, when men are striving to gain a substitute for the construction which a past age put on Christianity, and to incorporate their religious traditions and feelings with a mass of thoughts at present utterly confused—partly derived from the notions of antiquity, partly the growth of political changes, and partly the fruit of a real progress in a scientific knowledge both of the moral and the physical world.

It is because there is something elevated in her tone, and because she encounters great and embarrassing problems, that George Sand has made herself a name. But the minor charms, and the minor merits of her writings, ought never to be forgotten. And while we are speaking of her as a portrayer of passion, we cannot omit to notice the many subordinate ways in which she shows her knowledge, her power of reflection, and her sense of beauty with regard to love. Even the physical minutiæ, the magnetism of attraction, the nervous crises, the effect of dress, carriage, and posture, which she notes so carefully, and introduces so effectively, although they belong to the sensual side of love, indicate great power of observation. She constantly makes general remarks on the situation of lovers in the different stages of passion which betray accurate knowledge

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and a faculty of sympathetic penetration. *Lucrezia Floriani* abounds in such remarks. When, for instance, Karol knows that his love is returned, he begins to tremble at his own success, and think his victory had been too easy. "Karol feared to see Lucrezia's love cease as quickly as it had been kindled; and like all men in such circumstances, he got alarmed at the impulsive haste which he had so much admired and blessed." Sometimes a little touch of sentimentalism is thrown in so as to double and complicate the feelings. When Mauprat receives his first kiss from Edmeé: "This kiss, the first a woman had given me since my infancy, recalled to me, I know not how or why, the last kiss of my mother; and instead of pleasure, it produced in me a profound sadness." But the power of George Sand goes much further. She has shown that she can do what so few have ever really done; she can describe young, fresh, pure love so as to make it seem something new, true to life, and yet her own. There is perhaps no passage in her works which, taken by itself, can rival the beautiful account of Bénédict's feelings for Valentine, as he sat with her and her friend on a summer day by a sheet of water, and watched her image alternately formed and broken on the rippling surface. No one without a real gift of native poetry could have conceived or written it.

Next to her treatment of the passion of love, her socialism is the most salient feature in George Sand's writings. She repeatedly proclaims herself a socialist; and in *Le Péché de M. Antoine* she has given the world a novel in which her doctrines on this head are supposed to be embodied. But frequently as she recurs to the topic in her writings, we must not ask too narrowly what her creed is, or what she means by socialism. In the first place, she uses the privilege of female philosophers to avoid bringing any point to a direct and definite issue. But she is also checked in her communistic aspirations by her common sense; and in no direction is her combination of sentimentalism with a sound appreciation of actual life so visible as in that of her socialism. She is alternately very untrue and very true, very blind and very clear-sighted. In her great socialist novel, she lays down two propositions, which, if taken out of the haze of fine writing, are simply absurd. The first is, that a capitalist, by setting up manufactures in a poor neighbourhood, and employing work-people, ruins every body about him. The second is, that a proprietor who never interferes with, or is on his guard against the poor, is never robbed. If any one has lived in the country for a fortnight and believes either of these two statements, all reasoning would be powerless to convince him of his error. No wonder that George Sand, who owns she could never manage her own property, and tells us that she never exactly

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ascertained which were her fields and which were not, and whose notions of the position of a rich man in the country are of a corresponding dimness, should let her pen loose in dressing up the fancies of a socialist paradise. But, on the other hand, she never loses her common sense altogether. There is a remarkable passage in *Mauprat* in which she expresses her recognition of the solidity of society. It is, she says, a strange building; but it all coheres, and none but a great genius must think of stirring a stone in it. In her autobiography, again, she tells us that she meditated over her own practical duties on the subject of giving her goods to the poor; and she came to the conclusion, that charity did as much harm as good. The upshot of all this is, that the socialism which she recommends is remanded to a future far enough off to be comfortably safe. No model socialist in the novels sets about doing any thing at once. In *Consuelo*, the mad count and his bride decide that after a long interval of time Consuelo shall be the instrument of bestowing unascertained blessings on some unknown persons; and *Le Péché de M. Antoine* ends by the socialist marquis informing the hero and heroine that he is going to bequeath them a property on which he has already laid out a garden, where the peasants of the vicinity, when they have all become good, pious, and wise, are to walk gratis. This may be nonsensical and visionary, but its harmlessness is extreme. There can be nothing dangerous in socialism like this.

For the purpose of studying George Sand as an author, it is much more important to look at the sources than the results of her socialism. The opinions are of little value; but it is instructive to see how she came to hold them. The situation of France during the last twenty years has certainly had something to do with the formation of her creed. Not only is the contrast between luxury and poverty, palaces and hovels, as marked in Paris as in any spot of civilised Europe; but in France, as Bénédict complains in *Valentine*, the notion of citizenship has been lost. If an Englishman feels a desire to remove social evils, he has at least got the advantage of a definite starting-point in society. But in France this is far less the case; and although there is undoubtedly something morbid in such moanings against the existing state of things as are put into the mouth of Bénédict, yet an Englishman may be apt to forget how much he is supported by the consciousness that he forms part of a system of government which he is proud of, and how powerfully the alienation of honest minds from a *régime* like that of Louis Philippe must have tended to produce inaction and apathy. George Sand came to Paris with a sense of personal injury, and an aversion to the constitution of society,

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which, for some reason or other, she evidently thought pressed hardly on her. When she arrived there, she fell in with many writings, and many persons, of a socialistic character; and it was very natural that she should readily accept a scheme which satisfied her imagination, stimulated her enthusiasm, and gave an expression at once to her personal dissatisfaction and to the dissatisfaction pervading the society around her. It also appealed to a very different class of her sympathies—to her love of the country and of the dwellers in the country. She delights in telling us that the poor and the uneducated are often much wiser and nobler than the rich; and she has twice drawn, in the Jean Jappeloup of *Le Péché de M. Antoine*, and the Patience of *Mauprat*, the character of such a peasant—a thoughtful, benevolent, eccentric man, the terror of the selfish rich, the darling of the socialist heroines, and the champion of the surrounding poor. When she is guided, not by her feelings, but by her experience, and speaks of the real peasants she had known in Berry, she very honestly describes them as cunning, superstitious, and pig-headed. But she could not be happy without her ideal peasant also; and as it cannot be denied that there are exceptional peasants, she does but magnify and clothe with a sentimental glory virtues that either exist, or might very possibly do so.

George Sand talks so much of art and of artists, she alludes to works of art so repeatedly and so enthusiastically, and she has made so many of her novels turn on the adventures of persons who have sought a livelihood in some kind of artistic occupation, that we might easily imagine a love and knowledge of what we technically term 'art' to be a prominent part in her intellectual culture. But when we examine what she has written, we find that what she really cares for in art is a certain mode of living which she conceives artists at liberty to enjoy, and that her appreciation of the works of great masters is very slight, her judgment very untrustworthy, and her acquaintance with the principles and history of art very superficial. She has given us a most highly-wrought and seductive account of the labours of the *Maîtres mosaïstes;* she has brought before us their noble patience, their honest enthusiasm, their disinterested carefulness of execution; but of any thing like intelligent criticism on their productions there is not a trace. The compositions of these *Maîtres mosaïstes* still exist in Venice, and they are indisputably of a very poor and second-rate order of merit. But the quality of their performance is a matter of utter indifference to George Sand; her only interest is in their biography. When she gives an account of the works of a really great artist, as, for instance, when in her *Lettres d'un Voyageur* she speaks of Canova, the writing is as

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graceful as her writing always is; but the criticism is of the most commonplace kind. Her admiration of what excellence she has seen in architecture, sculpture, and painting, is genuine; but it is uninstructed. She is an imaginative observer, but not a connoisseur.

Artists, not art, have been her real study; and for many years of her life, as we learn from her autobiography, artists have been her constant companions. She delights in them, because she believes that they are more independent of society than any other set of people: they live, or are supposed to live, in their own world, with their own rules of conduct and their own code of morality. George Sand admires excessively what she calls their *vie bohémienne et insouciante*. She also likes them because women are brought into a greater equality in their world than elsewhere. In the theatre, a prima donna is a very great person. The equality of the sexes seems restored if the female contralto can snub the male bass. All this goes straight to George Sand's heart, and we may be sure she manages to idealise the most ordinary of these facts. She furnishes, for instance, Consuelo with excellent reasons for going on the stage; the gist of which is, that in Druidical times the attractions of the theatre and the altar were united in the solemnities of religious processions, and that women were then priestesses. In these degenerate days, if a woman wishes to assume a religious character she has to become a nun, and is then buried alive; so her only way of retaining any thing of her sibylline privileges is to look to the other half of the vocation of a Druidess, and get a satisfactory engagement as an opera-singer. But it would be unfair to say that George Sand passes over the higher side of an artist's life. She has drawn in *Consuelo* a very beautiful picture of an artist who loves what is highest in her own branch of art, and whose purity of mind is allied to, and strengthened by, her refinement of taste. In the *Maîtres mosaïstes* also she has exhibited an impressive type of the conscientious, laborious, far-seeing workman. But it is to the lower side of this life that she generally looks. Her whole conception of an artist's life, so far as it is founded on fact at all, relates entirely to the secondary class of artists. The great artists of each generation do not lead a *vie bohémienne et insouciante;* or if they do, their work suffers proportionately. But it is quite true that there is a society of more unpretending artists who have a sort of world of their own, and whose life, if regarded in its hours of gaiety and prosperity, may be said to possess that careless happiness which is popularly ascribed to a gipsy existence.

George Sand idealises this lower artist-life in one way; for

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she represents it in its brightest hours and most lucky vein. In *La dernière Aldini* she has recounted the adventures of a typical artist, an opera-singer, who had the good fortune to win the affection of a countess, and also, fifteen years afterwards, to fascinate her daughter, the last scion of a noble race; but who had the courage and wisdom to resist the advances of both the ladies. On the other hand, the prosaic truth is sometimes told very plainly, and, we may perhaps say, coarsely. The artist is occasionally represented as neither very fortunate nor very virtuous. Lucrezia Floriani, a heroine of the noblest turn of mind, and as fine a modern Druidess as could be desired, has four children by three different fathers, who have all treated her badly. The accessories of the life are idealised more perhaps than the life itself; and much of the idealisation arises from art and artist-life being associated in George Sand's mind with recollections of Venice. She went there at a critical period of her life, after she had written *Indiana*, *Valentine*, and *Lélia*, and therefore after she had the consciousness of recognised power to stimulate her, but before her mind was fully set and formed. Her imagination was much excited by a manner of life wholly new to her, and by a class of associations with which she previously had no acquaintance. Two influences more especially appear to have worked on her mind. There were the great buildings, the historical monuments, the famous works of art, in which Venice abounds; and there was the life of the common people, with their vivacity, their Italian morals, and their vagabond gaiety. *Consuelo* shows how her observation of the Venetian populace coloured her theory of artist-life, and the poetical feeling which from so many sides attaches itself to Venice threw a halo over all that she considered to be artistic. In the portion of her writings relating to Venice there is the same combination of qualities that is observable throughout her works. There is the acuteness and common sense which guided her daily experience, and taught her to portray the early loves of Angoleto and Consuelo,—a picture of humble Venetian life at once so faithful to local truth and to the general truth of human nature; there is the vagueness of eloquent rhapsody, proceeding, however, from feelings which, if uncontrolled, are genuine; and lastly, there is a real creative and poetical power, of which perhaps the little tale of *L'Orco* is the most perfect expression.

But if George Sand's love of art is neither very great nor very real, her love of nature is profound and genuine. Not only does she invest scenery with a sentimental colouring which, when not in excess, has an undoubted beauty, but she shows an intimate familiarity with country pleasures, and more espe-

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cially a native sympathy with the animated life that makes the dead rocks and trees inhabited and alive. In the first chapter of her autobiography, she tells us how dearly she has cherished through life a series of feathered pets, and how strange is the dominion which, as we have already said, she finds herself able to exercise over them. One of the first anecdotes she records of her childhood is the gift of a live pigeon, which seemed to her an inestimable treasure. And in her latest novel, *La Daniella*, she describes at that extraordinary length, to which most of her descriptions are spun out, the solace which the hero derived, when shut up in a lonely castle, from watching the butterflies play, and feeding a goat that strayed about the building. She has also told us with what enthusiastic joy she used to roam on foot or on horseback over the wilds of Berry, when she first returned to Nohant after her return from the convent; and transferring her recollections to one of the best of her heroines, she has worked up in Edmée a charming picture of a young light-hearted girl revelling in the first unchecked communion with nature, stimulated by fresh air and exercise, and excited by the spectacle of a varied scenery into the first sallies of meditative romance.

How deeply she has been penetrated by what she has observed and known of human life in rural districts, is shown by her having made it the basis of a style of fiction perfectly new. She has written idyls true to life, masterly in art, and yet interesting. She began the series with *Jeanne*, a fanciful tale, of which the strange superstitions of the peasantry of the centre of France form the groundwork. The heroine is, however, an exceptional peasant, a Joan of Arc undeveloped; not to be tempted into marriage, and abiding with a simplicity, half sublime and half idiotic, by the terms of a strange vow, which, deceived by the trick of some idle travellers into thinking she has had an intimation from Heaven, she has made, to be chaste, poor, and humble. "Jeanne was," says the authoress, "one of those pure types such as are still found in the country, which are so admirable and so mysterious that they seem made for a golden age. Such types are not sufficiently known. In painting they have been represented; but poets have always disfigured them by wishing to idealise or change them, forgetting that their essence and their originality consist in its being impossible to do more than guess what they are." In *Jeanne* such a character is very skilfully worked out; but it would be difficult to believe that the heroine is not idealised, and, at any rate, she is avowedly exceptional. In the later novels of the series, *La Mare au Diable*, *La petite Fadette*, and *François le Champi*, her aim has been to leave the exceptional for the ordinary, to seek for idyllic beauties in the extreme of pastoral simplicity, and to make her bu-

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colic happiness keep within the limits of what would be possible in every hamlet. She depends for her effect upon analysing and exhibiting the play of the more innocent emotions. The love of a girl for a neighbour's little child in *La Mare au Diable*, the mutual love of twins in *La petite Fadette*, and maternal affection in *François le Champi*, supply materials sufficiently piquant for the quiet pathos of an idyl. George Sand seems to get strength by touching the soil. Her tales of country life, and especially *La Mare au Diable*, are the most perfect, though not perhaps the most interesting, that she has written. They are free from all that provokes censure in her other writings—from theories, from declamation, from indelicacy. They move as with a quiet flow that is irresistibly fascinating, and are full of beauties of language to which it is impossible to do justice.

If we place side by side *Lélia* and *La Mare au Diable*, the novels most typical of her earlier and her later stages, and compare the audacity, the pruriency, the strong personal feeling manifested in the former with the sweet purity and artistic tranquillity of the latter, we may see that during the period which elapsed between the two the authoress must herself have greatly changed. The spring of impetuous passion passes away, and the autumn of matured power and chastened wishes arrives. But although the change may be great and indisputable, yet it would be quite untrue to speak of George Sand as appearing under two phases wholly distinct. There was always a mixture of purity with impurity, of sense with nonsense, of honest desire to be right with the most distorted conceptions of right and wrong, which was traceable throughout her earlier works; and the old fire of a mind struggling, suffering, doubting, hoping, loving, and hating, burns and shines through the quietude of her later tales. View her from whatever side we may, and judge of her by whatever of her novels we may chance to light on, we shall always leave her with mingled feelings of admiration and regret. But if we look at her works as a whole, and read several of them in succession, her character, we think, will rise in our estimation, although the works themselves lose interest by their prolixity, their want of plot, and their surfeiting fullness of vague theorising being thus forced on our notice. We catch through them glimpses of a woman with many faults,—haste, rashness, morbid sentimentalism, and a proneness to indulge in a secondhand philosophy often caught up from men inferior to herself,—but still in the main truthful; loving in a blind and capricious way what is good; touched to the heart by the misfortunes of others; indignant at the sophistries and the success of polished vice and conventional virtue. If in the midst of the display of her great intellectual gifts she sometimes startles us by moral errors, she

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never shocks us by moral depravity. The more we try her by a foreign standard, and the better we appreciate the circumstances under which she wrote, and the influences to which she was exposed, the more gently and sparingly we shall censure her.

Art. III.—COLONEL MURE AND THE ATTIC HISTORIANS.

A Critical History of the Language and Literature of Ancient Greece. By William Mure of Caldwell. Vol. V. London, 1857.

Colonel Mure's History of the Language and Literature of Ancient Greece may well be accepted as a companion piece to Mr. Grote's history of its political and military progress. There is a wide difference, amounting, indeed, to contrast, in the mode of treatment pursued by the two writers. The starting-point of each is widely different; what is primary with the one is secondary with the other; and the wide difference of opinions, tastes, and general turn of mind between the two authors leads to an infinite number of collisions on individual points. Yet, by the student of Hellenic antiquity, the two works must be considered as making up one whole. Each fills up a void left by the other in the general picture of the most wonderful nation which has ever appeared on earth. While each author continually treads upon the ground of the other, each has a ground which is indisputably his own. Within the limits of his own territory each is preëminently master; each has his own proper department in which his strength lies; whenever either displays weakness, it is commonly in the act of trespassing upon the dominions of the other. Mr. Grote and Colonel Mure are alike conspicuous for independence of thought and decision of expression; qualities which in both cases are pushed to the verge of a love of controversy and paradox. But the one is a political historian, the other is a literary critic. The great qualities of the one are depth and vigour; those of the other, elegance and acuteness. It is no wonder, then, that two such writers, each admirable in his own way, commonly meet only to differ when they get on the debatable ground which lies between them. Nor is it wonderful that either of them should occasionally stumble when he wanders too far into the territories of his neighbour. And as we may fairly regard Mr. Grote's scheme and purpose as, on the whole, a higher one than Colonel Mure's, it is not surprising if, on this debatable ground, Mr. Grote has, to our mind at least, commonly the advantage. In research, in conscientiousness, in love of their subject, the two writers are fairly on a par;

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each has his own distinguishing excellences, appropriate to his own special subject. But if we are, like Zeus, to weigh in the balance two writers, to each of whom Hellenic learning is so deeply indebted, we can feel no surprise at finding the more massive and capacious intellect of Mr. Grote occupying the weightier scale.

Colonel Mure's great strength lies in the poets. The old Homeric controversy, over and over again as it has been debated, acquires a new life and interest in his hands. This part of his work is a triumph, not only of British learning, but of British common sense, over the vagaries which are too commonly in vogue among continental scholars. It is not too much to say, that both in Colonel Mure and in Mr. Grote birth and residence in a free country, familiarity with the public life of a free state, the possession of a seat in the British Parliament, have done much to foster the manly and practical turn of mind which, under different shapes, distinguishes them both. Colonel Mure is well versed in the literature of Germany, and, we believe, passed his own academic years in a German University. But it would be difficult to find any thing more thoroughly English, in the best sense, than his whole commentary on the Homeric poems. Mr. Grote did much to overthrow the extreme form of the Wolfian theory; Colonel Mure has, we think, pretty effectually destroyed it in all its parts. Points of controversy, fairly open to dispute, still remain between them. Do the Iliad and the Odyssey proceed from the same hand? Is the Iliad, as we have it, an expansion, whether by the original author or by some one else, of an earlier Achilleid? How early were the poems committed to writing? These, and various others, are important questions, on which Mr. Grote and Colonel Mure decide different ways. But they really become mere points of detail when contrasted with a theory which can see no epic unity of design in either of those immortal poems. The points on which they differ may well be discussed for some time to come; but we really trust that their combined judgment has for ever scattered to the winds the notion that the Iliad and Odyssey are mere baskets of fragments gathered up in comparatively recent times by the hands of Solon or Peisistratos.

It is, we think, in his treatment of the Homeric poems that Colonel Mure displays his greatest strength. But for freshness and originality, the portion of his work which stands out most conspicuous is that in which he deals with the poets, most of them unfortunately only fragmentary, who fill up the space between Homer and Pindar. Here he has the ground almost wholly to himself. No other scholar, certainly no other English scholar, has ever produced so full and vivid a picture of Archilochos, Alkaios, and Sappho. Colonel Mure's dealings with their precious fragments remind one of those of Professor Owen or Professor

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Willis. As the one can reconstruct an extinct animal from a single bone, and the other a destroyed building from a fragment of architectural detail, so Colonel Mure can set before us the full proportions, intellectual and moral, of an extinct poet, out of a few lines which have hitherto afforded matter only for grammatical or philological inquiry. And in all three, alike in the zoologist, the antiquary, and the critic, we can admire the operation of combined tact, experience, and good sense. In all three cases the results are of a nature which few but their authors would have previously looked for, and which yet, when once stated, command immediate assent, and are never rejected as fanciful or untrustworthy. To these poets Colonel Mure has rendered every service but one. It is wonderful that, with his knowledge of the language, his fine taste and acuteness, his appreciation of the minutest characteristics of the several authors, he still remains altogether incapable or unwilling to translate a piece of Greek verse or prose into appropriate, or even into accurate English.*

* We shall hereafter come across some examples of this strange deficiency as regards the authors with whom we are at present more immediately concerned. But lest our words should seem too strong, we cannot forbear quoting an instance from an earlier part of Colonel Mure's work. In vol. iii. p. 251, he quotes a lovely fragment of Stesichoros, to the beauty of which he yields all the admiration it deserves :

> Ἀέλιος δ' Ὑπεριονίδας δέπας ἐσκατέβαινε
> χρύσεον, ὄφρα δι' ὠκεανοῖο περάσας
> ἀφίκοιθ' ἱερᾶς ποτὶ βένθεα νυκτὸς ἐρεμνᾶς·
> ποτὶ ματέρα, κουριδίαν τ' ἄλοχον,
> παῖδάς τε φίλους· ὁ δ' ἐς ἅλσος ἔβα
> δάφναισι κατάσκιον
> ποσσὶ πάϊς Διός.

This Colonel Mure renders :

> Hyperion now his lofty car ascends,
> And o'er the trackless wave of Ocean bends
> His radiant course, to where night's sacred shades
> Heaven's light absorb; there, in his laurel glades,
> His mother, his fond spouse, and children dear,
> His daily toil with their sweet converse cheer.

Now, first of all, in this version the beautiful simplicity of the original is altogether lost. Stesichoros says nothing about "the trackless wave of Ocean," about "radiant course," or about "heaven's light" being "absorbed" by "night's sacred shades." Moreover, the last line is entirely Colonel Mure's own composition. But these are comparatively light matters. First, Ἀέλιος Ὑπεριονίδας is no more to be translated "Hyperion," than Πηληϊάδεω Ἀχιλῆος is to be translated "Peleus." Then δέπας does not mean a "car," and ἐσκαταβαίνω does not mean to "ascend;" nor is the matter mended by putting in a note that "the author, for the sake of his own verse, has taken the liberty of substituting *car* for *cup*." In fact, Stesichoros' "fantastic allegory relative to the sun's evening course in the heaven," entirely disappears in Colonel Mure's version. Then again, the last clause, which introduces a second character on the scene, vanishes under the translator's hands. Colonel Mure makes "Hyperion" go to the laurel glades in a "car." In Stesichoros the person who goes there goes neither in a cup nor in a car, but on foot (ποσσί). Moreover, the person who goes in either fashion is neither Hyperion

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In the present volume, which is devoted to the Attic historians, that is, mainly Thucydides and Xenophon, Colonel Mure necessarily invades Mr. Grote's domain more frequently and more extensively than in the earlier parts of his work. He is here considerably less in his element than when dealing with Homer or Archilochos. His own forte, as we have implied, lies in strictly literary criticism; hence, in dealing with the poets, where manner is at least as important as matter, he is thoroughly at home. But a criticism purely literary would be a very inadequate way of dealing with a great historian, above all with Thucydides, the great father of historical and political science. Colonel Mure is necessarily driven to deal at some length with political and historical matters, and though even on these points he gives us much that is valuable, we can discern a marked inferiority alike to Mr. Grote's treatment of the same themes, and to his own treatment of more congenial subjects. It is in his thorough grasp of all political matters that Mr. Grote's greatness is preëminent. In Colonel Mure there is a sort of looseness and carelessness of thought and expression upon such subjects, which shows itself in more ways than one.* Both Mr. Grote and Colonel Mure are most honourably distinguished for the combination of profound learning with the character of practical men of the world. But the immediate world of each of the two men is by no means the same. Mr. Grote's true sphere, the source of illustration to which his thoughts habitually turn, is political life in its various forms. Colonel Mure has studied life with no less acuteness, but not so much in its political as in its social aspect. From this latter source he has drawn

nor a son of Hyperion, but a son of Zeus (*πάϊς Διός*), no other, in short, than Herakles himself. Colonel Mure has altogether eliminated not only the fiction of the golden cup in which the sun-god floated back from west to east after his day's toil, but also the fact that Herakles was introduced in the poem at all. See Keightley's *Mythology*, p. 54, who gives a version, less elegant doubtless, but considerably more accurate, than that of Colonel Mure:

> "Helios Hyperionides
> Into the golden cup went down;
> That, having through the Ocean passed,
> He to the depths of sacred gloomy night might come,
> Unto his mother and his wedded wife,
> And his dear children: but the grove with laurel shaded
> The son of Zeus went into."

This is perfectly literal, except that Mr. Keightley also seems scandalised at a son of Zeus going "on foot." Herakles, even by his own pillars, was not a Spanish hidalgo.

* A thoroughly accurate thinker on Greek politics would hardly, as Colonel Mure constantly does, apply the words "confederation," "federal," &c. to the state of things existing between the several Grecian cities; he would not repeatedly speak of the "council" at Athens, when he means, not the senate, but the public assembly: perhaps he would not forestall ideas of a later age by speaking of the Persian "emperor."

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much to illustrate the attributes of our common human nature as displayed among Greek philosophers and poets.* Colonel Mure, in short, has studied the Greek writers in the character of an accomplished gentleman, Mr. Grote in that of a professed politician. Few members of either class make so full and practical a use of their studies; but the diversity of the quarter from which each has commenced them is manifest throughout their writings.

Our readers will therefore not be surprised to learn that Colonel Mure's account of Thucydides is by no means one of the most successful portions of his work. Herodotus, of whom he treated in his preceding volume, is far more in his line; for Herodotus, though he wrote in prose, was a great poet. Of the two chief Attic historians, Colonel Mure is far more successful with Xenophon than with Thucydides. In fact, it is no disrespect to say that Thucydides is too much for him. Much may be learned from various portions of Colonel Mure's criticisms; wherever tact and acuteness are enough, he is still the Colonel Mure of the Homeric controversy. But the real greatness of the κτῆμα ἐς ἀεί, one of the most astonishing of all the productions of the human intellect, can hardly be fully grasped by one who is obliged to regard it primarily from a purely literary point of view.

It is, indeed, a marvellous thought, that Herodotus and Thucydides were contemporary writers, perhaps not so widely removed in age as is commonly the case between father and son. As Colonel Mure himself observes, an interval of centuries would seem to have elapsed between them. The question of their comparative merit can hardly arise; the two are totally different in kind. It would be about as easy to compare an old Greek, a writer of the middle ages, and a writer of our own time. Herodotus is a Greek of the fifth century B.C. His archaic tastes, indeed, make him rather a Greek of a century

* Some of Colonel Mure's remarks drawn from this source are singularly acute and appropriate. Take, for instance, his comments on the excessive, apparently almost pharisaical, denunciations of contemporary vice by the historian Theopompos (vol. v. pp. 514, 515). "His vituperative attacks were chiefly directed against the luxury, sensuality, and social profligacy of the times, and of his more remarkable contemporaries, whose excesses he denounced with a vehemence, and described with a minuteness of detail, to which, even as exemplified in his remains, it would be difficult to find a parallel in any existing work of Greek manners. This very excess of virtuous irritation, and fondness for its display, may perhaps suggest a doubt how far it is to be taken as a manifestation of unmixed horror for the conduct stigmatised. In dealing with one who dealt so severely with others, it may not be uncharitable to surmise, that his zeal may be made up, in part at least, of a certain spirit of negative morality, or even of morbid sympathy with the conduct described; the same which in unconstrained social intercourse, often leads men to converse freely, and in a spirit of levity, on scenes at which they would feel ashamed of being present, and practices in which they are themselves incapable of participating."

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earlier. Xenophon is a Greek of the succeeding age; a far less favourable specimen, we need hardly add, than Herodotus. But Thucydides belongs to no age or country; he is the historian of our common humanity, the teacher of abstract political wisdom. Herodotus is hardly a political writer at all; his political comments are indeed, when they occur, invariably true and generous; but they are put forth with an amiable simplicity which approaches to the nature of a truism. When he infers from the growth of Athens after the expulsion of her tyrants, that "freedom is a noble thing,"* the comment reads like that of an intelligent child, or like the reflection of an Oriental awakening to the realities of European life. Xenophon writes from the worst inspiration of local and temporary party-spirit. He writes history, not to record facts or to deduce lessons, but, at whatever cost of truth and fairness, to exalt Agesilaos and to vilify the Thebans. But Thucydides, living in an age when the political life of man had barely occupied two centuries, seems to have derived from that brief period the lessons of whole millenniums. From the narrow field which lay before his eyes he could deduce a political teaching applicable to every age, race, and country. There is scarcely a problem of the science of government which the statesman may not find, if not solved, at any rate handled, in the pages of this universal master. The political experience of Thucydides could have exhibited to him only two sets of phenomena—the small city-commonwealth and the vast barbaric monarchy. But we feel that he would have been equally at home under any other state of things. If we could conceive Herodotus or Xenophon suddenly set down in the feudal France or Germany of a past age, in the constitutional England or the federal America of our own time, every thing would doubtless bear in their eyes the air of an insoluble problem. But we can imagine Thucydides at once detecting real analogy through apparent diversity, and recognising phenomena so different from any thing within his own experience as merely fresh exemplifications of the general principles which he had deduced from another state of things. No truth seems more difficult of acceptance than the doctrine that history is really one whole; that "ancient," "modern," "mediæval," mark convenient halting-places, and nothing more; that man's political nature is essentially the same under every variety of outward circumstances. But no testimony more overwhelmingly confirms its truth than the fact that the political wisdom of all ages was thus forestalled by the citizen of a small republic living twenty-three centuries ago.

Neither Herodotus nor Thucydides were men of their own age.

* ἡ ἰσηγορίη ὡς ἔστι χρῆμα σπουδαῖον. Herod. v. 78.

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The mind of Herodotus evidently lived in past times. The stern truth of chronology tells us that he was contemporary with Perikles, perhaps with Alkibiades. But no one realises the fact while reading his enchanting chronicle. While so engaged, we fully believe him to have been an eye-witness of Marathon and Salamis. We are indeed hardly clear whether he may not have looked on at the return of Peisistratos, or even have been invisibly present in the sleeping-chamber of Kandaules. Nothing connects him with his own age, except a few brief, sparing, sometimes doubtful, references to events later than his main subject. The genial traveller of Halikarnassos loved to gather together, to set in dramatic order, to garnish with an occasional religious or moral sentiment, the antiquities and legends of every age and country except the Greece of the Peloponnesian war. His own age, we may believe, he laboured to forget; a more dignified form of affection for the past than that which displays itself in querulous longings after what is gone, and petulant sarcasms upon what is present. He is the liberal, well-informed antiquary and scholar, who lives out of his own age; not the disappointed politician, who lives in it only to carp at every thing around or beyond him.

In Xenophon, on the other hand, notwithstanding much that is personally attractive and estimable, we see, as a political writer, only the man of a particular time and place in the smallest and most malignant form of that character. Herodotus lived in the past, Thucydides lived for the future; Xenophon reflects only the petty passions of the moment. He writes not like a historian, whether antiquarian or political, but like a petulant journalist who has to decry the troublesome greatness of an opposite party. Yet even his writings may indirectly guide to the same lesson as those of Thucydides. One teaches us that much of our modern wisdom might be reached by a powerful intellect while human thought was yet in its infancy. The other shows that if old Greece could forestall modern political science, it could also forestall the pettiest forms of modern political animosity. Thucydides, without Xenophon, might make us place the ideal Greek historian at a superhuman height above us. Xenophon, without Thucydides, might lead us to degrade him to the level of a very inferior modern pamphleteer. But the two combined unite to teach the same lesson, that man is essentially the same every where; that an old Greek was a being of like passions with a modern Englishman, each being alike capable of exhibiting, under the necessary modifications, the highest and the lowest phases of our common nature.

In fact, no one can thoroughly appreciate Thucydides who does not make use of Xenophon as a foil. Without comparing

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the two, we might be led to suppose that Thucydidean dignity and impartiality was an easy commonplace quality, not entitling its possessor to any particular commendation. When we turn to the Hellenics, we at once see how great were the temptations to a contrary course which surrounded a Greek writing contemporary history. How many opportunities must have occurred, and have been rejected, of colouring, omitting, exaggerating. How easy to have passed by the good or the bad deeds of one or the other party. How hard a task to keep the bitter revengeful spirit of the exile from appearing in every page. Thucydides, after all, was a man. He could not deal with perfect fairness between himself and a bitter personal and political enemy; but what does the utmost that can be made out against him amount to? That he once pronounces a judgment which his own narrative does not bear out: in short that, though he never ceased to be a truthful witness, he had not attained that superhuman height of virtue which enables a man to be a perfectly fair judge in his own cause. Think of this one flaw, and compare it with the moral state of the man who could describe the Theban revolution without mentioning the name of Pelopidas; who, when recording at large the history of his own times, could dilate at impertinent length on the pettiest proceedings of his Spartan hero, and deliberately omit all mention of the deliverance of Messenia, and the foundation of Megalopolis. Thucydides himself was not absolutely perfect; but perhaps no other actor in important events ever related them with so great an amount of impartiality. In Xenophon we have to condemn not merely weakness and passion to an unpardonable degree, but sheer want of common honesty, deliberate violation of the first moral laws of the historian's calling.

But the greatness of Thucydides is, after all, of a somewhat cold and unattractive character. He does not, like many other writers, draw us near to himself personally. What reader of Herodotus does not long for a personal conversation with the genial and delightful old traveller, who had been every where, and seen every thing; who could tell you the founder of every city, and the architect of every temple; who could recite oracles and legends from the beginnings of things to his own day; and who would season all with a simple moral and political commentary, not the less acceptable for being a little commonplace? What would one not give for an opportunity of asking why it was, after all, that the Scythians blinded their slaves, or of finding out, in some unguarded moment, in honour of what deity the Egyptians submitted themselves to the discipline? Xenophon, again, would evidently not have been the less agreeable a companion on account of his unpatriotic heresies and his historical unfairness. If he was a bitter enemy and an unscrupulous partisan,

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his very faults arose from carrying into excess the amiable character of a zealous friend. The pupil of Socrates was of necessity unfair to the government by which he was condemned; the follower of Agesilaos could not mete out common justice to those pestilent Thebans by whom all his policy was brought to nought. But Thucydides excites no feelings of the kind. We might have highly esteemed the privilege of sitting at his feet as a lecturer; but we should hardly have been very desirous of his company in our lighter moments. Genial simplicity, hearty and unconscious humour are, after all, more attractive than the stern perfection of wisdom; a little superstition, and a little party-spirit, if they render a man less admirable, do not always make him less agreeable. Impartiality is a rare and divine quality; but a little human weakness sometimes commends itself more to frail mortals. There is something lofty in the position of a man who records the worst deeds of Athenian and Lacedæmonian alike, as a simple matter of business, without a word of concealment, palliation, or reprobation for either. But we feel quite sure that Herodotus would have told us that the massacre of Platææ and the massacre of Melos were each of them a *πρῆγμα οὐχ ὅσιον*. We suspect that Xenophon would have been so ashamed of the evil deed of the side on which his own feelings might be enlisted, that he would not have recorded both crimes in his history. But we get a little puzzled as to the moral condition of the man who elaborately dissects the characters of Themistokles and Perikles as intellectual and political subjects, without a word of moral praise or dispraise of either. Our perplexity is increased when we find the historian honestly recording the assassinations in which Antiphon was at least an accomplice, and yet pronouncing this same Antiphon to have been inferior to none of his contemporaries,—Konon and Kallikratidas included,—not only in ability but in virtue.* Herodotus would have lifted up his hands in pious horror; Xenophon would either have shirked so disagreeable a subject, or have at least discovered some ingenious sophism in palliation of the offence. Then, again, human nature does crave for something like religion, and does not always kick at a little superstition. We decidedly do not think the worse of Herodotus, Xenophon, Pausanias, and Arrian for believing in oracles, visions, and the whole art and mystery of divination. It is perhaps very admirable, but it is not altogether amiable, in Thucydides to have got so far in advance of his age as to make it tolerably certain that he believed in nothing of the kind, and to leave it by no means clear whether he believed in any gods at all. Finally, we cannot forget, possibly even a contemporary

* *ἀρετῇ οὐδενὸς ὕστερος*, Thuc. viii. c. 68. See Dr. Arnold's note on the passage.

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Greek could not forget, how easy, how pleasant, it is to read Herodotus and Xenophon, how very difficult it often is to read Thucydides. We admire, but we cannot bring ourselves to love, the man who has clothed the words of wisdom with a veil so difficult to uplift. We are sometimes tempted to prefer a teaching less profound in substance, but more conformable to the ordinary laws of human or Hellenic grammar. There is no denying that a speech of Thucydides is far more profitable than one of Xenophon, or even than one of Herodotus. But there are moments of weakness in which one prefers pleasure to profit,—the *ἡδύ* to the *χρήσιμον*,—and in which even the repeated exhortations of Perikles to prefer deeds to words make us for a moment prefer the *ἀγώνισμα ἐς τὸ παραχρῆμα* even to the *κτῆμα ἐς ἀεί*.

In fact, this wonderful intellectual superiority of Thucydides to his own age, and indeed to the mass of men in any age, while it makes his history the eternal treasure-house of political wisdom, makes him, in some incidental points, less instructive than a very inferior writer might have been, as the immediate chronicler of his own particular age. Colonel Mure truly remarks, that the Greek historians did not commonly look on the internal politics of the several states as coming within their province. A knowledge of them is taken for granted in a well-informed Greek reader. The historian, for the most part, deals only with the cities in their international, or what might more properly, as Mr. Grote suggests, be called their *interpolitical* aspect. It is only when internal revolutions bear on foreign affairs that they are recorded at any length. Thus Thucydides recounts the Athenian revolutions of the year 411 in full detail, because the part taken in them by the fleet at Samos brings them within the immediate sphere of his military narrative. But in his Summary he does not devote a line to the constitutional changes introduced by Aristeides, Ephialtes, and Perikles, though he records military and diplomatic events certainly not of greater importance. Kleon, Nikias, Alkibiades, are only introduced when they begin to have an influence on foreign affairs. Of the assaults on Perikles by Kleon, of the demagogues who appeared for a brief space in the interval between the death of the one and the confirmed influence of the other, Thucydides tells us not a word. Still less, as Colonel Mure observes, does he vouchsafe any direct information as to the literary, artistic, and philosophic being of Athens in her greatest splendour. We should never have learned from him that Æschylus, Euripides, Pheidias, or Anaxagoras ever existed. From Thucydides alone we should never have found out that the Sophokles who figures as an admiral in the Samian war was at least not less illustrious as the author of the Œdipus and the Electra. Had Thucydides lived to recount the tale of Arginousai,

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we may well doubt whether the name of Sokrates would have occurred in his report of the great debate on the amendment of Euryptolemos. One might have expected that the adversary of Kleon would have looked with some sympathy on the author of the Knights; but the name of Aristophanes nowhere occurs in the history of the Peloponnesian war. Even in dealing with Perikles, his great artistic works appear only in the melancholy position of items in a budget. Possibly, to be sure, Sir Cornewall Lewis may look with no other eye on the new houses of parliament and the designs for the public offices. Even the pictures of the heroes of his narrative are in a manner imperfect, because they appear solely as political and military entities. We see in all his greatness the Perikles who guided the democracy through the horrors of war and pestilence. But we hear nothing of the lover of Aspasia, of the founder of the Parthenon, nothing even of the reformer who levelled the last relics of oligarchy, and substituted the popular tribunal for the venerable senate on the Hill of Ares.

On all these points we should doubtless have learned much more from either the earlier or the later historian. Had Herodotus deigned to record the events of his own age, his very love of genial gossip would have led him to describe a great deal on which Thucydides preserves a dead silence, and which we have to pick up secondhand from Plutarch and other inferior writers. Herodotus may, as Mr. Grote has shown, not have understood the full depth and meaning of the democratic changes of Kleisthenes. But he has at least recorded their outward forms, while Thucydides has not done even thus much by the further changes which brought the work of Kleisthenes to completion. We can hardly fancy that the antiquary who was so curious about the shrines of the Samian Hera and the Egyptian Ammon could have been altogether blind to the structure reared under his own eye to the Athena of the Akropolis. He who has recorded the innovations made by Kleisthenes of Sikyon in the choric ritual of his own city, could hardly have listened unconcerned to the strains which told the glories of Kolonos, or those which hurled the overwhelming burst of satire upon the head of the devoted Paphlagonian. Still less can we fancy the prose narrator of the fight of Salamis listening, without at least a generous rivalry, to the tale of defeat as told in the palace of Susa, or to the picture of the glories of Persia under the sway of the, in his own tale, less divine and invincible Darius. Thucydides either cared for none of these things, or unluckily thought them "beneath the dignity of history." If the old Halikarnassian could but have been brought to deal with things of his own time, we feel sure that his less exalted standard would have admitted an enchanting pic-

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ture of the social and artistic as well as the political aspect of Athens in the days of her glory.

And as with Herodotus, so, in another way, with Xenophon. The smaller historian has appropriately allotted to him the smaller hero. But Xenophon gives us a far more vivid picture of Agesilaos than Thucydides gives us of Perikles. In the one we simply admire the statesman, in the other we are brought into daily intercourse with the man. And again the tendency to personal gossip incidentally helps us to valuable political information. We doubt whether Thucydides would have enlightened us as to the singular and discreditable means by which Sphodrias escaped the punishment of his unprovoked and treacherous inroad into Attica. Xenophon, in blind zeal for his hero, lets us behind the curtain, and thereby shows us what strange causes might affect the course of justice amid the secret workings of an oligarchy, and how much personal influence lay within the reach of a king who retained hardly a shadow of constitutional power. Again, while we reverence the set speeches of Thucydides for the deep teaching which they contain, we cannot but feel that the shorter and livelier addresses and rejoinders preserved or invented by Xenophon give us a truer picture of the real tone of a debate in a Greek assembly. And though a critical judgment may condemn, with Colonel Mure, his profusion of small dialogue and petty personal anecdote, we cannot at this distance of time regret any thing which helps to give us a more perfect picture of the manner and tone of feeling of an age from the hand of a contemporary and an actor.

In the above rapid sketch of the most striking characteristics of the three leading Greek historians, we should find it difficult to say how much has and how much has not been suggested to our minds by the criticisms of Colonel Mure. On the whole, as we have implied, he strikes us as not doing full justice to Thucydides. Yet we do not feel obliged to follow the example of a certain Mr. Shilleto of Cambridge, an old enemy of Mr. Grote's, and suggest, with analogous impertinence, an alternative between *Thucydides and Mure*. Colonel Mure, though not a Cambridge man, would, we imagine, be recognised, even by Mr. Shilleto, as a respectable Greek scholar, and we believe that he votes on the Conservative side of the House. He is therefore not liable to the same degree of contempt as one who, whatever his learning and depth of thought, must still plead guilty to the unpardonable offences of being at once a Radical politician and not invariably sound in his Greek particles. To those who have been offended with the ignorance and self-sufficiency of Mr. Shilleto's attack on Mr. Grote, there is a certain satisfaction in finding Colonel Mure arraigning Thucydides on far wider grounds than

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Mr. Grote has done. He completely endorses Mr. Grote's arguments on the only points in which the Cambridge verbalist could detect an apparent difference between the ancient and the modern historian. Any one who sees in Thucydides a great historian, and not a mere subject for a verbal lecture in Attic Greek, will perceive at once that the veracity of Thucydides is nowhere called in question by Mr. Grote. All that Mr. Grote assumes is, that he has allowed personal feelings to colour his inferences from facts, while it is not even suggested that he has reported the facts inaccurately. Because we owe so much to Thucydides, people commonly leap to the conclusion that his banishment by the Athenian people must have been unjust. Mr. Grote ventured for the first time to think that his own narrative of his command at Amphipolis and Eion affords no ground for arraigning the judgment of his countrymen. Kleon, again, was a personal and political enemy of Thucydides. He is well nigh the only person in speaking of whom the historian deserts his usual unimpassioned dignity, so as seldom to mention him without some disparaging expression. Mr. Grote was bold enough to hint that the historian's prejudice had coloured, not indeed his narrative, but his commentary; and that his own statement of the case did not fully bear out his unfavourable judgment. When we consider how Mr. Grote has been assailed for these two vigorous exercises of independent thought, it is certainly not a little satisfactory to find Colonel Mure corroborating his views on the first point most completely, and on the second to a considerable extent. We should of course never think for a moment of placing Colonel Mure on the level of Mr. Shilleto; but he certainly seems to take a pleasure in differing from Mr. Grote wherever he can. His testimony in his favour is therefore of the greater value. Colonel Mure tells us that he examined the question of Thucydides' command in Thrace entirely for himself, and did not refer to the commentaries either of Bishop Thirlwall or Mr. Grote till he had completed his own. He thus appears as a totally independent witness, confirming Mr. Grote's view on every essential point. The case, in fact, is perfectly plain. When Amphipolis was threatened, the Athenian commander ought to have been nowhere but at Amphipolis; least of all at Thasos, which the land-force of Brasidas did not and could not threaten. He is at the very least called on to show cause why he was any where else, and such cause he nowhere attempts to show. Colonel Mure goes a step farther than Mr. Grote, and hints very broadly what the real cause was. Thucydides, as he himself tells us, was a mining proprietor in that part of the world. Colonel Mure ventures to say:

"May not this very fact, his extensive interest as a proprietor in

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that extremity of his province, furnish an explanation of his preference of Thasus to Amphipolis or Eion as his head-quarter? The centre of the Thracian mining district, where his own possessions were situated, was Scaptesylë, on the coast immediately opposite Thasus; and the principal town and port of that island was also the chief emporium of the mineral trade of Thrace. In the absence, therefore, of all other apparent motive for his being stationary in the extreme* north of his province, while Brasidas was conquering the principal cities of its south and centre, it is not very uncharitable to suppose that the fault laid to his charge, and not without reason, was his having been more occupied with his own affairs than with his official duties, at a time when the latter had an imperative claim on his undivided attention". (p. 40.)

Now as to Kleon. Every scholar will remember how strenuously Mr. Grote has laboured to effect something like a vindication of that much-reviled personage. After all, Mr. Grote leaves much in his character open to blame; but it may be called a vindication of the demagogue as compared with the estimation in which he has been held by every previous writer. Colonel Mure's dealings with this point are somewhat curious. In p. 44 he classes Mr. Grote among "admirers or apologists of the Athenian democracy," who "have endeavoured to vindicate Cleon at the expense of Thucydides." The question, he tells us, "resolves itself pretty much into a comparative estimate of the character of Cleon for political discretion and military genius, and that of Thucydides for historical truthfulness." "The theory of Cleon's vindicators" implies that Thucydides was "guilty of deliberate misrepresentation;" it gives "him credit not only for dishonesty, but for a disregard of his own fair fame, scarcely conceivable even in a dishonest man moderately gifted with common sense." Now this is really too much in the Shilletonian vein to be worthy of a writer like Colonel Mure. Mr. Grote does nothing whatever of what is here attributed to him. He nowhere accuses Thucydides of misrepresentation or dishonesty. He fully accepts his narrative, both as to the scene in the Assembly, and

* We must confess that we do not understand Colonel Mure's geography. How is Thasos the "extreme north of his province" more than Amphipolis? Does Colonel Mure suppose that Amphipolis lies "south" of Thasos? He says so directly in the preceding page. "It (Thasos) lay as far from Amphipolis *to the north*, as the scene of the Spartan warrior's earliest successes from the same city to the south." Now Akanthos, the city previously won by Brasidas, certainly lies as nearly as possible due south of Amphipolis. The island of Thasos lies, not north, but south-east. The island, as a whole, is decidedly south of Amphipolis; the city of Thasos, in the extreme north of the island, is very nearly on the same parallel as Amphipolis, but still a little south of it. We are afraid Colonel Mure is rather careless of these points. In p. 133 he speaks of "the *Thracian* potentate Arrhibæus." He was a Macedonian of Lynkestis (*Thuc.* iv. 124), on the side of Macedonia farthest from Thrace.

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as to the campaign at Pylos. He simply thinks that, for once, personal enmity has betrayed Thucydides into a comment which his own statement does not bear out. Thucydides says that a certain scheme was "insane," which his own narrative shows to have been quite feasible. Mr. Grote refuses to believe either the satires of Aristophanes or the invectives of Thucydides, because he holds that the facts, as reported by Thucydides himself, do not justify them. Aristophanes represents Kleon as stealing away the well-earned prize from Demosthenes. Certainly no one would find this out from the fourth book of Thucydides. Aristophanes represents Kleon as winning his influence over the people by the basest and most cringing flattery. Thucydides puts into his mouth a speech, on the affair of Mitylene, which advocates indeed a detestable line of policy, but which, of all speeches in the world, is the least like that of a flatterer of the people. In fact, it is a bitter invective against the people. Nothing that Demosthenes did say, nothing that Perikles can have said, could surpass the boldness of the censures passed on his own auditors. The exact amount of historic reality attaching to the Thucydidean orations is very doubtful, and probably differs much in individual cases. But we may be quite sure that Thucydides would not put into the mouth of Kleon a speech more austere and dignified than became his character. Colonel Mure appeals to the unanimous testimony of antiquity against Kleon. But that unanimous testimony reduces itself into the history of Thucydides and the comedy of the Knights. All that later writers can do, is to repeat the judgment of Kleon's contemporary adversaries. Now it is not, as Colonel Mure says, by a "purely speculative argument" that Mr. Grote endeavours to reverse that judgment. It is by an appeal to the facts of the case as one of his adversaries has recorded them.

After all this, we are indeed surprised to find the following remarks in a later stage of Colonel Mure's work:

"The remarks suggested by the historian's character of Cleon have been partly anticipated in a previous page. It is the only one in his treatment of which he has shown a disposition to enlarge on defects. In other cases he dwells rather on the bright than the dark side of the picture. His best vindication from the charge of having in this single instance been actuated by malicious motives to swerve from the truth, is the fact already noticed, that the defects stigmatised are the same, both in kind and degree, which with singular unanimity have been ascribed to Cleon by all other authorities. Another evidence of impartiality is the circumstance, that while those authorities represent the whole career of the demagogue as one unmitigated course of folly or mischief, Thucydides gives him credit for a conduct in some of his undertakings not very easy to reconcile with the incapacity displayed in others. The apparent inconsistency implies at least a disposition

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to award him such merit as he really possessed. In his campaign of Amphipolis, Cleon certainly figures in a contemptible light, both as a soldier and a general. But his other military operations are not represented as open to censure. Thucydides, indeed, withholds from him the merit of having made good his 'insane promise' to capture the Spartan garrison of Sphacteria. He describes Demosthenes as having already matured his measures for the success of that enterprise, and as the director-in-chief of their execution. But there is no hint of Cleon, as the honorary commander-in-chief on the occasion, having shown any want of capacity or courage. In the early part of his ensuing Thracian campaign, his operations are represented not only as successful, but as well planned and vigorously executed. He even, on one important occasion, outmanœuvred the formidable Brasidas, by whom he was afterwards defeated; and, by a curious coincidence, much in the mode in which Thucydides himself had been discomfited not long before by the same able adversary" (pp. 146, 7).

After reading the above, one might almost think that Colonel Mure had suddenly become a convert to the theory of Mr. Grote. Kleon has ceased to be utterly contemptible; indeed, Colonel Mure gives him credit for a much greater amount of military conduct than Mr. Grote ventures to claim for him. He has become alive to the curious fact that Kleon is the one person whom Thucydides picks out for censure. But he will not believe that the censure is ill-founded, because "all other authorities" confirm it with "singular unanimity." We do not know who the "other authorities" are, except Aristophanes. But in his very next sentence Colonel Mure practically sets aside their judgment as not borne out by the facts. What more could Mr. Grote desire?

After all, what is the accusation against Thucydides? Simply, as we have already said, that, though he has nowhere misstated facts, he has in one instance allowed political or personal pique to warp his judgment. All honour to the contemporary historian against whom this is the heaviest charge! Think of the temptations, not merely to a single false judgment, but to constant misrepresentation of fact, which beset every political chronicler; above all, those which beset a Greek of the Peloponnesian War. Think, in a word, what Xenophon was—what Thucydides might have been, and was not. We may well admit that Thucydides was prejudiced against Kleon, and that he himself failed of his duty at Amphipolis, without derogating one jot from the value and impartiality of his immortal history.

We have now to make some farther comments on Colonel Mure's treatment of Thucydides, and especially to point out some respects in which he seems to us to have unduly derogated from his merits.

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We think that Colonel Mure has, in the first chapter of his present volume, made out a good case in favour of his position, that Thucydides was not only well acquainted with the history of Herodotus, but that he also took for granted a similar acquaintance with it on the part of his readers. He not only, in some places, seems directly to aim at real or supposed inaccuracies on the part of the earlier writer, but he seems in others silently to make his own work a complement to that of his predecessor. Where the two narratives coincide, Colonel Mure has shown that Thucydides passes by those parts of the tale which had been fully narrated by Herodotus, and confines his own functions to continuing or to filling up deficiencies. This seems to us to militate very strongly against the late date which Colonel Mure, in opposition to Mr. Grote, is disposed to assign to the composition of the history of Herodotus. It really seems to us to tell far more strongly one way than any difficulties about the Egyptian king Amyrtaios tell the other. According to Colonel Mure, Herodotus wrote his history so late as to allude therein to events which took place so near the close of the Peloponnesian War as 408 B.C. Had so short an interval elapsed between the composition of the two histories, that of Herodotus could hardly have become so generally known to the Greek public at large, that Thucydides could safely assume a familiarity with it on the part of his readers. In those days of uncial manuscripts, without publishers, circulating-libraries, or reviews, a book could not make its way in the world quite so fast as the writings of Lord Macaulay or Dr. Livingstone. Colonel Mure himself has argued that the work of Herodotus was especially slow in obtaining popularity. This might indeed agree with Colonel Mure's view as to what he looks upon as one or two ill-natured allusions on the part of Thucydides; but it seems quite inconsistent with the idea that he silently adapted his work to act as a continuation to that of Herodotus. Colonel Mure has, in his former volume, very powerfully attacked, perhaps he has altogether upset, the common legend of Herodotus' recitation of his history at the Olympic Games; but we do not think that he has upset, but rather that he has powerfully confirmed, the opinion that Herodotus published his history by some process or other, at any rate during an early stage of the Peloponnesian War.

Colonel Mure attacks Thucydides, we think with some injustice, on the ground of his episode about the Peisistratidai in the sixth book. We can easily agree with him that the Thucydidean episodes are not very happily brought in. The fact is, that in a discursive composition like that of Herodotus, all sorts of episodes, and any number of them, are perfectly appropriate. But in the more formal production of Thucydides, the few which

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occur are certainly felt to be excrescences. We may also allow that Thucydides had some special weakness, whether personal, political, or literary, for dealing with this special subject and with the popular errors relating to it. But Colonel Mure's particular objections to the matter and argument of this particular episode seem to us quite wanting in force. His remarks are as follows:

"In noticing the charge against Alcibiades, of being concerned in the mutilation of the Hermæ, Thucydides accounts in the following terms for the intense excitement which prevailed in Athens on that occasion: 'For the Athenians, knowing by tradition the harshness which had marked the tyranny of Pisistratus and his sons towards its close, and also that its abolition was not the act of the people or of Harmodius, but of the Lacedæmonians, had been ever since, on occasions of this kind, peculiarly open to suspicion and alarm.' Then follows, in closer illustration of the cause of this feeling, the episode in question, narrating the transactions preceding the extinction of the Pisistratian dynasty; and in particular, how the murder of Hipparchus by the hand of Harmodius had been committed during the Panathenaic festival, the ceremonies of which had been turned to account by the conspirators in disarming suspicion and effecting their purpose. After following out the results of their act of tyrannicide to the deposition of Hippias, the historian resumes his former narrative, by the subjoined application of the case of Harmodius and the Panathenaïca to that of Alcibiades and the Hermæ: 'The remembrance of which things having been deeply imprinted at the time, and constantly renewed by tradition in the minds of the Athenians, rendered them keenly alive to any tampering with their sacred ceremonial, and rigorous in calling to account those suspected of such practices, which were inseparably associated in their thoughts with plots to establish oligarchal or tyrannical governments'"(p. 131).

As usual—we are sorry to say it, but truth will out—Colonel Mure cannot, or will not, translate his Greek. He here, as it seems to us, first misconceives the general bearing of the whole passage, and then mistranslates particular clauses into agreement with the general misconception. Colonel Mure supposes Thucydides to be talking of the special fear of the Athenians of any tampering with their religious ceremonial. What he is really speaking of is the general dread of tyranny which they felt or were said to feel, and which is keenly satirised by Aristophanes. With this feeling a strong sensitiveness about their religious ceremonial was united by a connection of ideas strange to us, but which Mr. Grote has fully explained. In the Attic mind any thing savouring of false doctrine, heresy, and schism, was held to be quite sufficient evidence of sedition, privy conspiracy, and rebellion. The blasphemer or profane person would alienate

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the favour of the gods, and so jeopard the prosperity of the state. Hence the inference that men who overthrew Hermai and polluted mysteries were going about to establish oligarchy or despotism. But Thucydides is not commenting on this peculiar vein of combined religious and political sentiment; he assumes it, while enlarging on the general dread of tyranny. Hence Colonel Mure's question, "what analogy is there between the case of the tyrannicides and that of Alkibiades?" falls to the ground. Thucydides, or the Demos of whom he speaks, was not trying to set up any analogy between Alkibiades (if it was Alkibiades) and the tyrannicides, but between Alkibiades and the tyrants. And the reference to the fact that the tyrants were really expelled by the Lacedæmonians is very far from having, as Colonel Mure implies, nothing to do with the matter. The general line of argument in the popular mind is this: "These men commit sacrilege; therefore (by the process of reasoning explained above) they want to set up a tyranny. But we will have no tyranny. Tyrants are very terrible persons, and very hard to get rid of. The Peisistratidai were very oppressive, and we could not get rid of them without Lacedæmonian help. What will happen, if we have a tyranny now, when the Lacedæmonians are against us?" This is the general argument; only Thucydides confuses it by going out of his way to correct certain errors of detail in the popular conception of the event. A modern writer would have thrown such a digression into a note or an appendix. Thucydides was obliged either to leave it alone or to intrude it upon his text. In the text it is certainly very much out of its place; but it produces no such "palpable inconsistency" as Colonel Mure supposes. There is not even that previous inconsistency which he is half disposed to "allow to pass." "The popular Athenian public" supposed that Hipparchos was actually in possession of the tyranny, and that Harmodios and Aristogeiton were actuated by patriotic motives. "More critical inquirers" believed that Hipparchos was only brother to the reigning tyrant, and that his death was owing to private enmity. But Thucydides does not represent the "popular Athenian public" as ignorant of the fact that the tyranny was ultimately suppressed by Lacedæmonian agency. His argument is perfectly sound and consistent, only he has unluckily confused it by an irrelevant digression. If he is in any way blameworthy, it is for the palpably inconclusive argument by which he attempts to establish the seniority of Hippias over Hipparchos.* The probability is, that Thucydides, from family connection or some other cause, had preserved a more accurate tradition of these events than that generally current at

* vi. 55.

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Athens. He thought, however, that his mere *ipse dixit* might not carry sufficient weight against popular belief. He therefore felt bound to strengthen his case by some sort of argument or other; but he could unluckily find none better than those which he has inserted, and which are among the few weak things in his history.

And now for a word on Colonel Mure's translation. That certainly favours his own view, that the point of connection is the "tampering of religious ceremonial" alike by the tyrannicides and by the Hermokopids. But not so the text of Thucydides. Colonel Mure says that the Athenians "had ever been, *on occasions of this kind*, peculiarly open to suspicion and alarm." "Occasions of this kind" doubtless means "occasions of tampering with religious ceremonial." But Thucydides, like Aristophanes, goes much farther, and accuses them, truly or falsely, of being open to suspicion and alarm, not only on occasions of this kind, but on *all* occasions: *ἐφοβεῖτο ἀεὶ καὶ πάντα ὑπόπτως ἐλάμβανε.** Similarly the second passage given in inverted commas by Colonel Mure in no way represents the corresponding passage of Thucydides. It stands thus:

ὧν ἐνθυμούμενος ὁ δῆμος ὁ τῶν Ἀθηναίων, καὶ μιμνησκόμενος ὅσα ἀκοῇ περὶ αὐτῶν ἠπίστατο, χαλεπὸς ἦν τότε καὶ ὑπόπτης ἐς τοὺς περὶ τῶν μυστικῶν τὴν αἰτίαν λαβόντας, καὶ πάντα αὐτοῖς ἐδόκει ἐπὶ ξυνωμοσίᾳ ὀλιγαρχικῇ καὶ τυραννικῇ πεπρᾶχθαι.†

How Colonel Mure can get his English out of the above piece of Greek, we are quite at a loss to conjecture.

Nor are these by any means the only, though they are perhaps the most important, instances in which Colonel Mure altogether fails to reproduce either the substance or the manner of Thucydides in the passages which he selects for translation. Thus, with regard to Peisistratus and his sons in this very episode, Thucydides says that the latter *τὴν πόλιν αὐτῶν καλῶς διεκόσμησαν*,‡ as Herodotus, in the parallel passage,§ had spoken of their father as one who *ἐπὶ τοῖς κατεστεῶσι ἔνεμε τὴν πόλιν, κοσμέων καλῶς τε καὶ εὖ*. Colonel Mure,‖ in both places, translates *διεκόσμησαν* and *κοσμέων* by "*adorned the city beautifully.*" Surely the verb has nothing to do with the unfinished temple of Olympian Zeus, but with the general character of the Peisistratid government. Surely it means, as Liddell and Scott support us in holding that it means, not that they *adorned the city beautifully*, but that they *ruled the city well*. And when he is not thus positively inaccurate, his translations never re-

* vi, 53. † vi. 60. ‡ vi. 54. § i. 59. ‖ v. 31.

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produce in the least degree the style and spirit of the author. Yet it is more especially important that they should do so in a work like the present, in which they are cited directly as literary specimens, and not merely for the sake of the information which they contain. Colonel Mure is particularly careless about those little technicalities of the age, which it is every where desirable to retain. When a modern writer, dealing with a mediæval chronicler, translates "Rex *Francorum*" by "King *of France*;" when he talks of an emperor of *Germany*, or converts the Ῥωμαῖοι of a Byzantine author into *Greeks*; he is destroying so many touches which express the diplomacy of the age. Colonel Mure is guilty of nearly the same fault when he translates* the *Μηδισμός* of Thucydides by "*traitorous intercourse with the Persian king.*" Herodotus and Xenophon, both of them oriental antiquaries, correctly call the dominant Asiatic tribe *Persians*; Thucydides retains the common phrase of the general Greek public, and speaks of the *Medes*. A little lower† Thucydides speaks of *Πύδναν τὴν Ἀλεξάνδρου*;—Colonel Mure obliterates this characteristic designation, by translating "the Macedonian port of Pydna." Probably the Athenians of the age of Themistokles talked of Alexander and his country much as we now talk of Scindiah and Holkar, or in the same way that "Baldwines land" is the common designation of Flanders in the Saxon Chronicle. Two chapters on, we find in Thucydides the phrase, *Μαγνησίᾳ τῇ Ἀσιανῇ*;—Colonel Mure renders it "Magnesia in *Asia Minor*." Now here is a twofold error. First of all, Asia *Minor* is a designation not in use for ages after the time of Thucydides; secondly, this rendering obliterates the accurate geographical precision of the historian. Colonel Mure can hardly need to be told that there are two cities equally answering to *his* description of "Magnesia in Asia Minor," only one of which answers to that of Thucydides, *Μαγνησία ἡ Ἀσιανή*. Thucydides means Magnesia in *Asia*, in the very narrowest sense of that last word, the district near Ephesos. Colonel Mure's description would equally suit the more northern city of Magnesia by Sipylos, from which Thucydides wishes to distinguish it.

There are numerous other points in which Colonel Mure, as it seems to us, misunderstands or fails to appreciate either Thucydides or his subject. He is the first writer that we know of who has tried to disparage either the funeral oration of Perikles, or the narrative of the battles in the harbour of Syracuse. Colonel Mure makes himself quite merry‡ over the latter, and patches up his case by translating *ξυναπονεύοντες*§ by the undignified phrases of "bobbing" or "ducking"! As for the fune-

* v. 155. † Thuc. i. 137. ‡ pp. 176, 177. § Thuc. vii. 71.

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ral oration, our sense of Nemesis receives some satisfaction when we find that Colonel Mure, after attacking the opposition between "deeds" and "words" in the oration as a mere vagary of Thucydides, is obliged, in his "Additions and Corrections" to confess that, after all, it is probably really Periklean.

We have dwelt so long upon Colonel Mure's treatment of Thucydides, that we have but little space to give to his criticisms on the historical works of Xenophon. But, if we had more, we could do little else than affix a strong stamp of our general approval. The thorough unfairness, and, if the *suppressio veri* constitutes falsehood, the thorough falsehood of the Xenophontean narrative have never been better set forth than by Colonel Mure. But we must confess that we do not perceive in his Hellenics that vein of Attic patriotism which Colonel Mure recognises, especially in the earlier books. The cold and heartless way in which he records the subjugation of his own country is a strange contrast to the hearty sympathy which he shows for Laconia invaded by Epaminondas. And though we cannot enter upon the question, we adhere to Mr. Grote's view as to the banishment of Xenophon. Colonel Mure makes him out to have been banished while in Asia, without any apparent cause. Mr. Grote holds, and the historian's own text to our mind best confirms his view, that he was not banished till he had been guilty of manifest treason, till he had returned with Agesilaos and fought against his country at Koroneia. But Colonel Mure has opened an important field for consideration with regard to the trustworthiness of the Anabasis. He pointedly asks whether, as Xenophon is universally condemned as unfair in the Hellenics, where he sacrifices truth to the exaltation of his friend, he may not equally in the Anabasis have sacrificed truth to the exaltation of himself? And it is certainly a singular fact that Diodorus, in his succinct narrative of the Return, mentions several other Greek captains by name, but never once mentions Xenophon. Now Diodorus, though extremely stupid, is thoroughly honest, and he had before him many authors whom we have not. If the general testimony of his authorities assigned to Xenophon that prominent place in the Return which he occupies in his own narrative, it seems utterly impossible that his name could have escaped insertion in the Universal History of the laborious Sicilian.

We differ from Colonel Mure on many points both critical and historical, and we think that in this particular volume he has undertaken a subject for which he is less qualified than for some others. In so vast a field as Hellenic literature, no one man can be equally at home in every corner. But even where we think Colonel Mure least successful, there is always much

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to be learned from his suggestive and invariably independent criticisms. His present volume is a valuable contribution to our knowledge of the Greek historians; even though we think he has failed to do full justice to the greatest among them. We shall be delighted to meet him again on the neutral ground of lyric and dramatic poetry, as a commentator on Pindar and Æschylus and Aristophanes, possibly as the reviver of Korinna and Phrynichos, of Eupolis and Kratinos.

Art. IV.—HASHISH.

The Chemistry of Common Life. By J. F. W. Johnston. 1856. 8vo.

Pictures of Palestine, Asia Minor, Sicily, and Spain; or, the Lands of the Saracen. By Bayard Taylor. London, 1855. 8vo.

Thèse pour le Doctorat en Médecine: Du Haschisch, son Histoire, ses Effets physiologiques et thérapeutiques. Par J. M. E. Berthault. Paris, 1854. 4to.

The Elements of Materia Medica and Therapeutics. By J. Pereira. Fourth Edition. London, 1855. 8vo.

The Travels of Marco Polo. Edited by H. Murray. New York, 1845. 8vo.

Du Haschisch, et de l'Aliénation mentale. Par J. Moreau. Paris, 1845. 8vo.

Goethe says,

> "They are not shadows which produce a dream:
> I know they are eternal, for they *are*."

The phenomena of the human mind, in transient and abnormal states, derive a startling interest from the reflection, that under certain conditions these states may possibly become normal and permanent. At all events, dreams, insanities, opium-visions, moments of poetic and religious ecstasy, and so forth, are revelations of the *capacity* of the soul for degrees of pain, bliss, and spiritual activity, which life in its ordinary course gives no conception of; and as such, these exaltations and perturbations of the spirit have a significance which no one, who is not wholly absorbed in secular interests, will be disposed to disregard. An apprehension of this significance has, with some nations, surrounded the madman with a divine awe; and has at all times, and with all people, produced a curiosity in the observation of such phenomena, which the ridicule of a material philosophy has not been able to subdue. There are few persons who have not received, in dreams, in moments of religious contemplation, or during some

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passing gust of unaccountable emotion, such revelations of what they are capable of, for good or evil, as, if they are wise, will be treasured up in their memory as the pearls of their experience. But the higher or deeper these revelations are, the more difficult does it become to retain any effectual impression of them. The poet says of such experiences:

"What's that, which, ere I ask'd, was gone—
So joyful and intense a spark,
That, whilst o'er head the wonder shone,
The day, before but dull, grew dark?
I do not know; but this I know,
That, had the splendour liv'd a year,
The truth that I some heavenly show
Did see could not be now more clear.
This know I too: might mortal breath
Express the passion then inspired,
Evil would die a natural death,
And nothing transient be desired;
And error from the world would pass,
And leave the senses pure and strong
As sunbeams. But the best, alas,
Has neither memory nor tongue."

Very nearly resembling these, for the most part unaccountable and indescribable moods of the spirit, are the states of mind which are sometimes produced in persons of highly intellectual and imaginative constitution, like Coleridge and De Quincey, by the use of narcotics. The states so produced seem generally to have been of a lower, and therefore more communicable, nature than those which arise involuntarily; and we have several brilliantly written records of the "happiness which may be bought for a penny, and carried in the waistcoat-pocket; the portable ecstasies that may be had corked-up in a pint bottle; and the peace of mind that can be sent down in gallons by the mail-coach." The interest attaching to these states, though inferior, is, however, of the same class and kind; and no one can read the accounts of Coleridge, De Quincey, Bayard Taylor, Dr. Madden, Dr. Moreau, M. Berthault, and others, without an increased sense of the mysteries and capabilities of his spiritual being.

The temperament which is susceptible of exaltation by narcotics into a rapturous or vision-beholding condition, seems happily to be rare in northern climates. A predisposing warmth and activity of imagination—a common quality with eastern races, but a rare one with us—is absolutely necessary to enable a man to become an "opium-eater" to any purpose. The ordinary effect of the more powerful narcotics upon an Englishman, when they do not make him simply very ill, "is," says Dr. Christison, in his *Treatise on Poisons*, "merely to remove torpor and sluggishness, and to make him, in the eyes of his friends, an

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active and conversable man." The reaction of narcotics upon the nerves, when largely used, is, however, so immediate and disagreeable a penalty, that the English are in no danger whatever of becoming a nation of opium or hashish debauchees; and we feel no compunction in placing before them an account of some of those exceptional cases in which the results have been sufficiently delightful to constitute a temptation to one of the most ruinous species of debauchery.

The statistics of narcotics, and the phenomena attending the use of them in the climates to which they seem to be more particularly suited, deserve more attention as an element of "general knowledge" than they have received. Those who would be fully informed upon the subject, will find it very well treated of in Nos. 8 and 9 of Johnston's *Chemistry of Common Life*. The five great narcotics, which are articles of national consumption in one part of the world or another, are—tobacco, opium, hemp, betel, and coca. Tobacco is the one universal narcotic; the others are consumed by the human race in the following proportions: opium by four hundred millions, hemp (*i. e.* hashish) by between two and three hundred millions, betel by one hundred millions, and coca by ten millions. Besides these, Siberia has its narcotic fungus; the Polynesian Islands their ava; New Granada and the Himmalayas their thorn-apples; the Florida Indians their emetic-holly; Northern Europe and America their ledums and sweet gale, &c. "No nation so ancient," says Johnston, "but has had its narcotic soother from the most distant times; none so remote or isolated, but has found within its own borders a pain-allayer and narcotic care-dispeller. . . . . No other crops, except corn, and perhaps cotton, represent more commercial capital, or are the subjects of a more extended and unfailing traffic, and the source of more commercial wealth."

Besides the various effects which are common to all the principal narcotics, each has characteristics of its own. Hashish produces real catalepsy, and exaggerates rather than perverts the reports of the senses as to external objects; the thorn-apple, on the other hand, causes truly spectral illusions, and enables the Indian to converse with the spirits of his ancestors. The Siberian fungus gives insensibility to pain without interfering with consciousness. The common puff-ball stops all muscular action, but leaves the perceptive powers untouched. Cocculus indicus makes the body drunk, without affecting the mind. Coca has the wonderful power of sustaining muscular strength in the absence of food, and of preventing the wasting of the tissues of the body during the greatest and most prolonged exertion. The effects of the different narcotics are not only peculiar, but often opposed. Opium and hashish, common in many of their effects,

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are opposite in this, that the former diminishes sensibility to external impressions, whereas the latter almost infinitely increases it. Betel is even an antidote to opium, as tea is to alcohol. Tobacco suspends mental activity; opium and hashish increase it a thousand-fold.

Psychologically, opium and hashish are by far the most interesting of the narcotics; and of these two, hashish, though the less known, indubitably bears the palm. They have, however, many qualities in common. We seem to be reading of the Eastern "hashishins" in Lord Macartney's description of the Japanese opium-eaters. "They acquire an artificial courage; and when suffering from misfortune and disappointment, they not only stab the objects of their hate, but sally forth to attack in like manner every person they meet, till self-preservation renders it necessary to destroy them." The term "running a-muck" is said to be derived from the cry, "Amok, amok!" meaning "Kill, kill," with which they accompany their fantastic crusade. On one occasion a Japanese was "running a-muck" in Batavia, and "had killed several people, when he was met by a soldier, who ran him through with his pike. But such was the desperation of the infuriated man, that he pressed himself forward on the pike, until he got near enough to stab his adversary with a dagger, when both expired together." While such is not uncommonly the effect of opium, as of hashish, in the East and in tropical climates, the ordinary influence of both these drugs in northern countries is described by De Quincey in the contrast he draws between the effects of opium and alcohol: "Wine robs a man of his self-possession; opium greatly invigorates it: wine unsettles and clouds the judgment, and gives a preternatural brightness and a vivid exaltation to the contempts and the admirations, the loves and the hatreds, of the drinker; opium, on the contrary, communicates serenity and equipoise to all the faculties, active or passive; and with respect to the temper and moral feelings in general, it gives simply that sort of vital warmth which is approved by the judgment, and which would probably always accompany a bodily constitution of primeval or antediluvian health." Dr. Madden's description of his feelings under the influence of opium exactly corresponds to the effect of a dose of hashish just insufficient to produce the *fantasia*: "My faculties appeared enlarged; every thing I looked at seemed increased in volume; I had no longer the same pleasure when I closed my eyes which I had when they were open; it appeared to me as if it was only external objects which were acted on by the imagination, and magnified into images of pleasure. . . . . In walking, I was hardly sensible of my feet touching the ground; it seemed as if I slid along the street, impelled by some invisible

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agent, and that my blood was composed of some ethereal fluid, which rendered my body lighter than air. . . . . The most extraordinary visions of delight filled my brain all night. In the morning I rose pale and dispirited; my head ached; my body was so debilitated, that I was obliged to remain on the sofa all day." When, however, hashish is taken in large doses, it produces effects more extraordinary than those of any other drug of its class; and, as being the most singular and the least known of the narcotics, it deserves a special notice.

The narcotic principle of hemp is very imperfectly developed in northern climates, although the plant rivals wheat and the potato in its power of self-adaptation to almost every soil and temperature. The narcotic quality resides in the sap; it is a resin. The odour of a hemp-field, and the giddiness and headache which attack persons remaining long in it, prove the existence of this resin in the northern plant; but it is only in the East that it exists in such quantities as to render its extraction practicable. In India, Persia, and Egypt, however, the resin spontaneously exudes from all parts of the herb in sufficient quantities to be gathered by the hand. In Central India men with leather aprons rush about among the hemp-plants, which deposit their balsam upon that primitive garment. This even is dispensed with sometimes, and the Coolies receive the precious gum upon their naked skins. The "churrus" of Herat, which is one of the most powerful species of the narcotic, is obtained by pressing the hemp in cloths. The resin is not always separated from its parent plant, which is in some places gathered when in flower, dried, and sold in bundles. In this state it is the *gunjah* of Calcutta. The larger leaves and seed-pods are denominated *bang*. The tops and tender shoots, and the pistils of the flowers, are *hashish par excellence;* and this is the form in which it is usually smoked. The name *hashish* also belongs to an extract from the *gunjah*, obtained by boiling it with butter. The *gunjah*,—that is to say, the entire plant,—when boiled in alcohol, yields as much as one-fifth of its weight of pure resin. In the East the hashish is made up into various kinds of sweetmeats.

In one form or another, hashish seems to have been known to Eastern nations from very early times. The following is the passage of Herodotus which is alluded to by most of those who have written about the resin of hemp:

"They who have been engaged in the performance of these [funeral] rites [of the Scythians], afterwards use the following mode of purgation. After thoroughly washing the head, and then drying it, they do thus with regard to the body: they place in the ground three stakes inclining towards each other; round these they bind pieces of wool as thickly

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as possible; and finally, into the space betwixt the stakes they throw red-hot stones. They have among them a species of hemp resembling flax, except that it is both thicker and larger. . . . . The Scythians take the seed of this hemp; and placing it beneath the woollen fleeces, ... they throw it upon the red-hot stones, when immediately a perfumed vapour ascends stronger than from any Grecian stove. This to the Scythians is in the place of a bath; and it excites from them cries of exultation."

Dioscorides and Galen allude to certain properties of hemp as a pain-allayer. M. Virey has endeavoured to show that the

> "Nepenthes, which the wife of Thone
> In Egypt gave to Jove-born Helena,"

must have been no other than hashish. This drug seems always to have been known to the Egyptians; who of old argued, according to Diodorus Siculus, that Homer must have lived in their country, from his possession of the secret known to the women of Egyptian Thebes. Pliny mentions hemp as adverse to virile power. In the *Arabian Nights* hashish is mentioned under the name of *beng*. But the chief historical interest of the drug is in connection with the strange and formidable sect of the Ishmaelites, who, in the time of the Crusades, spread throughout and beyond the Mussulman world a terror out of all proportion to their numbers. By means of this narcotic, the chief of the sect, the "Old Man of the Mountain," obtained over his followers an influence more absolute than has ever, before or since, been possessed by one man over others. Henry Count of Champagne visited the leader of the sect, who took him to the top of a high tower, on the battlements of which were stationed men in white robes. "I doubt," said the Old Man, "whether you have any subjects so obedient as mine;" and, making a sign to two of the sentinels upon the tower, they precipitated themselves from it, and were dashed to pieces. Summoned by the envoy of a powerful enemy to submit, the sheik called a soldier, and ordered him to kill himself, which he forthwith did. "Tell your master," said the Ishmaelite, "that I have sixty thousand men who would do the same." Marco Polo's romantic and picturesque account of the discipline by which this terrible sect of the "Assassins" was created and maintained seems to be true in its main features:

"You shall hear all about the Old Man of the Mountain, as I Marco Polo heard related by many persons. He was called in their language Alaodin; and had caused to be formed in a valley between two mountains the largest and most beautiful garden that ever was seen. There grew all the finest fruits in the world; and it was adorned with the most beautiful houses and palaces, the interior being richly

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gilded, and furnished with finely-coloured pictures of birds and beasts, and the most striking objects. It contained several conduits, through which flowed water, wine, honey, and milk. Here were ladies and damsels, unequalled in beauty and the skill with which they sang and played on instruments of every description. Now the Old Man made his people believe that this garden was Paradise; and he formed it there because Mohammed had given the Saracens to believe that those who went into that place would meet great numbers of beautiful women, and find rivers of water, wine, milk, and honey: hence the visitors were led to think that this was really Paradise. Into this garden he admitted no man, except those whom he wished to make Assassins. The entry to the spot was commanded by a castle so strong, that he did not fear any power in the world. He kept in his court all the youths of the country between twelve and twenty years of age; and when he thought proper, selected a number who had been well instructed in the description of Paradise. He gave them a beverage which threw them into a deep sleep, then carried them into the garden and made them be awakened. When any one of them opened his eyes, saw this delightful spot, and heard the delicious music and songs, he really believed himself in the state of blessedness. When again, however, he was asleep, he was brought out into the castle; when he awoke in great wonder, and felt deep regret at having left that delightful abode. He then went humbly to the Old Man, worshipping him as a prophet. . . . . The chief then named to him a great lord whom he wished him to kill. The youth cheerfully obeyed; and if in the act he was taken and put to death, he suffered with exultation, believing that he was to go into the happy place. . . . . Thus scarcely any one could escape being slain, when the Old Man of the Mountain desired it."

Marco Polo's account is corroborated by Arabian writers; and the historian Von Hanmer does not dispute its probable veracity. Sylvestre de Sacy has demonstrated that the word 'assassin' is a corruption of *hashishin*, and has provided us with much curious information on the subject of hashish. The following account of the discovery of the herb—or rather one of its discoveries, for we have seen that it was known to the ancients—is taken by M. Sylvestre de Sacy from the Arabic:

"In the year 658 [of the Hegira], I asked the Scheik Djafar Schirazi, the son of Mohammed, and monk of the order of Haïder, how the properties of this drug came to be discovered; and how, after being confined to the Fakirs, its use became general. This was his answer: 'Haïder, the chief of all the scheiks, practised many exercises of devotion and mortification. He took but little nourishment, carried his detachment from every thing belonging to the world to a surprising extreme, and was of the most extraordinary piety. . . . . He himself lived alone in a corner of his convent, and there passed more than ten years without going out or seeing any one but myself. One very hot day the scheik went out alone into the country; and when he returned, we remarked an air of joy and cheerfulness on his countenance

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very different from its usual appearance. He allowed his Fakir companions to visit him, and began conversing with them. When we saw the scheik thus humanised. . . . we asked him the cause of so surprising a circumstance. . . . . He replied, ... "I noticed that every plant was in a state of perfect calm, without experiencing the least agitation, by reason of the extreme heat, and the absence of the slightest breath of wind; but, passing by a certain plant, I observed that it waved gracefully with a gentle swaying, as if inebriated by the fumes of wine. I began plucking the leaves of this plant and eating them; and they have produced in me the gaiety you have noticed."'"

The poet Mohammed Dimaschki, the son of Ali, also attributes the discovery to the Sheik Haïder, in an ode of which these are specimen passages:

"Leave wine, and take instead the cup of Haïder, which exhales the smell of amber. Never has wine evoked the delight which is produced by this beneficent cup: close your ears, then, to the madman who would dissuade you from the draught. . . . . Never has the priest of a Christian sacrifice mingled the juice of it in his profane goblet."

Another poet, Ahmed Halebi, likewise attributes the discovery to Haïder; and celebrates particularly one of the properties for which the herb is famous in the East, in verses which M. S. de Sacy thus renders into French:

"Telle jeune beauté a la taille légère, que j'avais toujours vue prête à prendre la fuite, dont jamais le visage ne s'était offert à mes regards qu'avec les traits farouches d'une fierté cruelle.

Je l'ai rencontrée un jour avec un visage riant, une humeur douce et facile, et toutes les grâces d'une société pleine de douceur et de charmes.

. . . . . Je lui ai témoigné ma reconnaissance de ce qu'à tant de rebuts avait enfin succédé un accueil favorable.

Tu n'en es pas redevable, m'a-t-elle répondu, au caractère que j'ai reçu de la nature. Rends grâces à celui qui t'a concilié mes faveurs, au vin de l'indigent:

C'est le haschischa, l'herbe de la joie . . .

Veux-tu te rendre maître à la chasse d'une jeune et timide gazelle? aie soin qu'elle paisse le feuillage du chauvre."

As a set-off against the praises of hashish by the Arabic poets, let us hear what an Arabic physician says: "Let us turn aside from the erroneous paths of men. The truth is, that there is nothing more injurious to the human constitution than this herb." Alaeddin, son of Nefis, also bears witness: "I have had ample experience; and I have seen that the use of this drug produces low inclinations, and debases the soul. The faculties of those who take it are degraded more and more; so that at last, so to say, they have none of the attributes of humanity left." Makrizi (translated by M. de Sacy) tells us, that for a long

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period it was considered disgraceful to eat hashish; and that laws were made against the use of it, one of which was, that the offender should have all his teeth extracted. "But at last, in the year 815, this cursed drug began to be publicly used, . . . and the most refined persons were not ashamed of making presents of it to one another. The consequence was, that vileness of sentiment and manners became general; shame and modesty vanished from among men; they learned to boast of their vices; and nothing of manhood remained but the form."

Let us now set before our readers such authentic personal experiences as we have been able to collect from books and otherwise. These accounts of the "pleasures of hashish" carry their antidote with them; and few, we imagine, will be disposed to become "assassins" under penalties so unpleasant as we shall set before them.

M. Moreau, who has gone more fully into the subject of the effects of hashish upon the human system than any other writer, concludes that there is not only an analogy, but an identity, between the mental conditions of insanity and *fantasia* produced by this narcotic. Even the general exhilaration, which is the result of a moderate dose of hashish, closely resembles that which is very frequently the precursor of a paroxysm of madness. This exhilaration is thus described by M. Moreau:

"It is real *happiness* which is produced by hashish; an enjoyment entirely moral, and by no means sensual, as might be imagined. . . . For the hashish-eater is happy, not like the gourmand, or the famished man when satisfying his appetite, or the voluptuary in the gratification of his desires; but like one who hears news that fill him with joy, or like the miser counting his stores, or the successful gambler, or the ambitious man in the moment of attainment."

In a more advanced stage of the intoxication

"We become the sport of impressions of every kind. The course of our ideas may be broken by the slightest cause. We are turned, so to speak, by every wind. By a word or a gesture, our thoughts may be successively directed to a multitude of different subjects with a rapidity and lucidity truly marvellous. The mind becomes possessed with a feeling of pride corresponding to the exaltation of its faculties. Those who make use of hashish in the East, when they wish to give themselves up to the *fantasia*, withdraw themselves carefully from every thing that could give a melancholy direction to their delirium. They take all the means which the dissolute manners of the East place at their disposal; . . . and they find themselves almost transported to the Paradise of the Prophet."

Under the influence of hashish, M. Moreau has frequently found distance immensely exaggerated, every thing appearing to

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the eye as it does through the wrong end of an opera-glass. Such are frequently the illusions of true insanity. But in nothing are the hashish-visions and lunacy so curiously identified as in the consciousness and partial power of will which commonly characterises both. For a time the power of hashish may be yielded to or not, at the choice of the will; and it is only in extreme intoxication that the visions are wholly uncontrollable. "The marked correspondence," says a writer in the *British and Foreign Medical Review*, "between the phenomena of insanity and those which are induced by the introduction of such substances into the blood, must not be overlooked in any attempt to arrive at the true pathology of the former condition, or to bring it within the domain of the therapeutic art."

M. Berthault, in his *Thesis for the Doctor's Degree*, gives the best summary of the physical and psychical effects of hashish which we have met with; he also adds some interesting experiences of his own as to the *fantasia*. One day he had swallowed a large dose; and while under the effect of it, the band of a regiment of dragoons suddenly began to play beneath his windows. Never, he tells us, had he known what music was till then. His perceptive powers were so much intensified, that he became able to distinguish the part taken by each instrument in the band as well as the best leader of an orchestra could have done. He experienced, in a remarkable degree, that extraordinary *materialisation* of ideas, which seems to be one of the most constant effects of the drug when taken in large quantities. The elements of the harmonies heard by him assumed the form of ribbons of a thousand changing colours, intertwisting, waving, and knotting themselves in a manner apparently the most capricious: "untwisting all the chains that tie the hidden soul of harmony," says Milton; and what occurs to the poet as the best figure under which to represent his idea, with the hashish-eater assumes reality. The experience of Theodore Gaultier, the artist, when under the effects of hashish, was curiously the converse of that of M. Berthault. Colours to him represented themselves as sounds, which produced very sensible vibrations and undulations of the air. M. Berthault's hallucination of the ribbons after a while changed; but only to become more material and tangible. Each note became a flower; and there were as many different kinds of flowers as notes; and these formed wreaths and garlands, in which the harmony of the colours represented that of the sounds. The flowers soon gave place to precious stones of various kinds; which rose in fountains, fell again in cascades, and streamed away in all directions. The next phase of the vision will at once suggest Coleridge's *Kubla Khan*, which, our readers will remember, was written under a similar inspiration. The band began to play a

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waltz: with the change of the measure the vision entirely changed; M. Berthault found himself in a multitude of saloons gorgeously decorated and illuminated. All these apartments merged into one, surmounted by an enormous dome, which was built of coloured crystals, and supported by a thousand columns. This dome dissolved, and beyond its vanishing walls appeared another far more glorious. This gave way to a third, more splendid still; and this again to a congeries of domes one upon the other, and each more gorgeous than any of its predecessors. At the same time there appeared the vision of an innumerable assemblage executing a frantic waltz, and rolling itself like a serpent from hall to hall.

From a great number of experiments made on himself and others, M. Berthault concludes that the most constant effect of hashish is a great exaggeration of the perceptions of the senses or the emotions of the mind, *whatever these may be* at the time. Sorrow, according to his experience, is not dissipated by hashish, as its eastern panegyrists say, but intensified. The slightest feeling of personal irritation or resentment becomes a deadly revenge; the gentlest affection is transformed to the most passionate love; ordinary fear is changed into overwhelming terror; courage to headlong rashness, and so forth. Of all means of illustrating the powers of hashish, there is nothing, he says, like music. He professes to have repeatedly witnessed persons carried through the most opposite conditions of mind, in a space of time incredibly short, by variations of music played to them during their hallucination. He further remarks, that persons in this condition can be *guided* in their visions by a looker-on; a condition reminding us strongly of that strange state of mind produced by the manipulations of the "electro-biologist." With the following curious extract we take our leave of M. Berthault:

"Plusieurs de mes amis m'ont raconté que dans les Dombes, à l'époque où l'on recolte le chanvre (hemp), les femmes chargées de cette besogne entrent parfois dans les accès de fureur, attaquent les passants, et, semblables à des Bacchantes, se livrent à des débauches; . . . . elles emploient, dit-on, la violence contre ceux qui voudraient les résister; on les a même vues parfois se livrer à des actes d'une barbarie et d'une cruauté digne des temps anciens."

The following account we give from a private source. The friend who sends it to us is a man of highly nervous temperament:

"My experience of the effects of hashish is as follows. I have taken it six or seven times in the solid form, as pills, and about as many times as alcoholic extract. The latter seems to act more powerfully than the former, the quantities being alike. Five drops of the alcoholic extract, taken on a lump of sugar after tea, produce a very appreciable and

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agreeable exhilaration, resembling, more than any thing else I know, the effect upon the spirits of the first real spring day in the year. The circulation of the blood seems to be increased, the beats of the heart become perceptible, and a peculiarly *genial* condition of moral and physical being is induced, which does not at all resemble the improved state of feeling that arises from the seasonable use of wine, tea, or coffee. I have taken five or ten drops every evening for several days, without any apparent reaction upon the nervous system. A dose of fifteen drops increased the pulsations of the heart so as to produce a feeling of anxiety and restlessness; though, taken five or six hours before going to bed, it kept me awake half the night, and when I went to sleep caused a succession of very vivid and distressing dreams. The following day my nerves were sensibly the worse; any sudden noise or movement startled and annoyed me, and I felt *blasé* and indisposed to exertion, mental or bodily. A similar dose on another occasion produced similar effects. I have twice tried to produce the *fantasia* by taking large doses, but have failed each time; and the effects upon my nerves have been so evidently injurious, that I have not thought it prudent to repeat the experiment with a larger quantity. On one occasion I swallowed five hashish-pills (each an ordinary dose); and went straight to bed, in order to avoid betraying the effects, which I expected would follow, to others. I experienced no exaltation or derangement of mind whatever, but found that my senses were rendered extraordinarily acute. The ticking of my watch sounded louder than that of a kitchen-clock; and the slight noises one hears at night, from changes of temperature in the timbers of the house, &c., were quite startling. The nearest approach to the hashish-visions I experienced was on looking at the picture of a lady, which hung near me; the countenance, to the best of my faculty of seeing, really did smile and laugh and vary its expression from moment to moment, and the figure became rounded and living and seemed to stir in its frame; and now and then the face, which was a very beautiful one, assumed a ghastly or ludicrous expression. After a while I put the light out, and tried to get to sleep; but could not, on account, as it seemed, of the strong palpitations of my heart. I had no true sleep the whole night; but only a condition of doze, disturbed by unpleasant and half-conscious dreams. The next day, and for two or three days after that, my nerves were miserably unstrung. I was incapable of thinking two consecutive thoughts; I was quite untouched by ordinary causes of interest and pleasure; my temper was irritable in the extreme, and altogether I felt as I had felt only once before, when several weeks of severe illness had prostrated my mental and physical strength, and left my nerves relaxed and incapable of any but disagreeable impressions. On another occasion I took a still larger dose, *i. e.* sixty drops of the alcoholic extract; but still failed to evoke the spirit of hashish. I experienced, indeed, something of that extraordinary exaggeration of the idea of time which most hashish-eaters have described: actions and movements which could not have occupied seconds, seemed to occupy minutes; but besides this nothing wonderful happened. The subsequent nervous effect,—I cannot call it reaction, when there had been so little action,—was as unpleasant as before; and

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I can thoroughly comprehend how a course of hashish-eating must end in the degrading deterioration of the mental and moral character described by eastern travellers and others. The following day, in the presence of a very slight danger,—one which would not have in the least degree affected me at another time,—I felt cowed, incapable, and terrified. I have resolved not to repeat an experiment which has twice proved so disagreeable. As to the very small doses, they seem to be harmless and agreeable in their effect, under one condition, that while their action lasts, the mind and body remain inactive. Any exertion of thought, even so much as in writing a letter, destroys the agreeable effect, and changes it to a feeling of impatience and feverishness."

Mr. Bayard Taylor has placed on record the results of two experiments on the effects of hashish. The first was while he was in a boat upon the Nile. He took the narcotic in a mild form and moderate quantity, and describes his sensations as being "physically, of exquisite lightness and airiness; mentally, of a wonderfully keen perception of the ludicrous in the most simple and familiar objects." While the fit lasted, he was perfectly able to observe and reflect upon his feelings. "I noted with careful attention the fine sensations which spread through the whole tissue of my nervous fibre, each thrill helping to divest my frame of its earthly and material nature, until my substance appeared to me no grosser than the vapours of the atmosphere. The objects by which I was surrounded assumed a strange and whimsical expression. My pipe, the oars which my boatmen plied, the turban worn by the captain, the water-jars and culinary implements, became in themselves so inexpressibly absurd and comical, that I was provoked into a long fit of laughter. The hallucination died away as gradually as it came, leaving me overcome with a soft and pleasant drowsiness, from which I sank into a deep refreshing sleep." This experiment, Mr. Bayard Taylor tells us, only excited his curiosity, and prompted him for once to throw himself wholly under the influence of the drug. Being at Damascus with an English gentleman and his wife and a brother American, he determined upon a repetition of the narcotic dose in an intenser form; and the two other gentlemen of the party agreed to join him in the trial. A dragoman, on being commissioned to procure the drug, demanded, in the *lingua franca* of the East, whether he should purchase hashish "*per ridere, o per dormire.*" "Oh, *per ridere*, of course," was the answer. It seems that it is the custom with the Syrians "to take a small portion immediately before the evening meal, as it is thus diffused through the stomach, and acts more gradually, as well as more gently, upon the system." The Englishman objected to Mr. Taylor's proposal to take it, following the Syrian example, at dinner; and it was agreed that it should be

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in the evening, when the parties under its influence might be more in private, and retire, if they pleased, to their separate apartments. Not knowing the proper quantity to take, and finding that a teaspoonful of the preparation had no immediate effect, an additional dose was swallowed by each of the three, and its effect hastened by a cup of hot tea. It appeared afterwards, that they had taken at least six times the proper quantity. We have to thank this accident for by very much the most curious and amusing account we have read of the effects of this extraordinary drug:

"I was seated alone nearly in the middle of the room, talking with my friends, who were lounging upon a sofa placed in a sort of alcove at the further end, when the same fine nervous thrill of which I have spoken suddenly shot through me. But this time it was accompanied by a burning sensation at the pit of the stomach; and instead of growing upon me with the gradual pace of healthy slumber, and resolving me, as before, into air, it came with the intensity of a pang, and shot throbbing along the nerves to the extremities of my body. The sense of limitation, of the confinement of our senses within the bounds of our own flesh and blood, instantly fell away. The walls of my frame were burst outward and tumbled into ruin; and, without thinking what form I wore,—losing sight even of all idea of form,—I felt that I existed throughout a vast extent of space. The blood, pulsed from my heart, sped through uncounted leagues before it reached my extremities; the air drawn into my lungs expanded into seas of limpid ether, and the arch of my skull was broader than the vault of heaven. Within the concave that held my brain were the fathomless deeps of blue; clouds floated there, and the winds of heaven rolled them together, and there shone the sun. It was—though I thought not of that at the time—like a revelation of the mystery of omnipresence. It is difficult to describe this sensation, or the rapidity with which it mastered me. In the state of mental exaltation in which I was then plunged, all sensations, as they rose, suggested more or less coherent images. They presented themselves to me in a double form: one physical, and therefore to a certain extent tangible; the other spiritual, and revealing itself in a succession of splendid metaphors. The physical feeling of extended being was accompanied by the image of an exploding meteor, not subsiding into darkness, but continuing to shoot from its centre or nucleus—which corresponded to the burning spot at the pit of my stomach—incessant adumbrations (?) of light, that finally lost themselves in the infinity of space. . . . . My curiosity was now in a way of being satisfied; the spirit (demon shall I not rather say?) of hashish had entire possession of me. I was cast upon this flood of his illusions, and drifted helplessly whithersoever they might choose to bear me. The thrills which ran through my nervous system became more rapid and fierce, accompanied by sensations that steeped my whole being in unutterable rapture. I was encompassed by a sea of light, through which played the pure harmonious colours that are born of

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light. While endeavouring, in broken expressions, to describe my feelings to my friends, who sat looking upon me incredulously, not yet having been affected by the drug, I suddenly found myself at the foot of the great pyramid of Cheops. The tapering courses of yellow limestone gleamed like gold in the sun; and the pile rose so high, that it seemed to lean for support upon the blue arch of the sky. I wished to ascend it; and the wish alone placed me immediately upon its apex. . . . . I cast my eyes downward, and to my astonishment saw that it was built, not of limestone, but of huge square plugs of Cavendish tobacco. . . . . I writhed in my chair in an agony of laughter, which was only relieved by the vision melting away like a dissolving view; till another and more wonderful vision arose. . . . . I despair of representing its exceeding glory. I was moving over the desert, not upon the rocking dromedary, but seated in a barque made of mother-of-pearl, and studded with jewels of surpassing lustre. The sand was of grains of gold; the air was radiant, though no sun was to be seen; I inhaled the most delicious perfumes; and harmonies, such as Beethoven may have heard in dreams, but never wrote, floated around me. The atmosphere itself was light, odour, music; and each and all sublimated beyond any thing the sober senses are capable of receiving. Before me, for a thousand leagues, as it seemed, stretched a vista of rainbows. . . . . By thousands and tens of thousands they flew past me, as my dazzling barge sped down the magnificent arcade. . . . . I revelled in a sensuous elysium, which was perfect, because no sense was left ungratified. But, beyond all, my mind was filled with a boundless feeling of triumph. My journey was that of a conqueror, ... victorious over the grandest as well as the subtlest forces of nature. The spirits of light, colour, odour, sound, and motion were my slaves; and I was master of the universe. . . . . Those finer senses, which occupy a middle ground between our animal and intellectual appetites, were suddenly developed to a pitch beyond what I had ever dreamed, and gratified to the fullest extent of their preternatural capacity. Mahomet's paradise . . . . . would have been a poor and mean terminus for my arcade of rainbows. Yet in the character of this paradise, in the gorgeous fancies of the Arabian nights, in the glow and luxury of all oriental poetry, I now recognise more or less of the agency of hashish. The fullness of my rapture expanded the sense of time; and though the whole vision was probably not more than five minutes in passing, years seemed to have elapsed."

Hashish-eaters agree in this curious experience of the exaggeration of the idea of time. M. Moreau, an habitual swallower of this narcotic, states that one evening, in traversing the passage of the Opera under its influence, the time occupied in taking a few steps seemed to be hours, and the passage interminable. But to return to Mr. Taylor's visions:

"By and by the rainbows, the barque, &c. vanished; and, still bathed in light and perfume, I found myself in a land of green and flowery lawns. . . . . The people who came from the hills, with bril-

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liant garments that shone in the sun, besought me to give them the blessing of water. Their hands were full of branches of the coral-honeysuckle, in bloom. These I took; and breaking off the flowers one by one, set them in the earth. The slender trumpet-like tubes immediately became shafts of masonry; the lip of the flower changed into a circular mouth of rose-coloured marble; and the people lowered their pitchers, and drew them up again, filled to the brim and dripping with honey."

Strange to say, all the time these visions were going on, Mr. Taylor was perfectly conscious that he was seated in an apartment of Antonio's hotel in Damascus, and that his dreams were all simply the result of having taken hashish.

"Metaphysicians," he remarks, "say that the mind is incapable of performing two operations at the same time, and may attempt to explain this phenomenon by supposing a rapid and incessant vibration of the perceptions between the two states. This explanation, however, is not satisfactory to me; for not more clearly does a skilful musician with the same breath blow two distinct musical notes from a bugle than I was conscious of two distinct conditions of being in the same moment. Yet, singular as it may seem, neither conflicted with the other. My enjoyment of the visions was complete and absolute, and undisturbed by the faintest doubt of their reality; while, in some other chamber of my brain, Reason sat coolly watching them, and heaping the liveliest ridicule on their fantastic features."

It will occur to many of our readers, that the only phenomenon that resembles the above, in a normal mental state, is that of what is commonly and expressively called poetic inspiration, in which the most lively and passionate realisation of a series of events and images goes on simultaneously with the conscious exercise of the cold skill of the artistic intellect.

"The drug, which had been retarded in its operation on account of having been taken after a meal, now began to make itself more powerfully felt. The visions were more grotesque than ever, but less agreeable; and there was a painful tension throughout my nervous system. . . . . I was a mass of transparent jelly, and a confectioner poured me into a twisted mould. I threw my chair aside, and writhed and tortured myself for some time to force my loose substance into the mould. At last, when I had so far succeeded that only one foot remained outside, it was lifted off, and another mould, of still more crooked and intricate shape, substituted. I have no doubt that the contortions through which I went to accomplish the end of my gelatinous destiny would have been extremely ludicrous to a spectator, but to me they were painful and disagreeable. The sober half of me went into fits of laughter over them. . . . . I had laughed until my eyes overflowed profusely. Every drop that fell immediately became a large loaf of bread, and tumbled upon the shop-board of a baker at Damascus. The more I laughed, the faster the loaves fell, until such a pile was raised

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about the baker that I could hardly see the top of his head. 'The man will be suffocated,' I cried; 'but if he were to die, I cannot stop.' My perceptions now became more dim and confused. I felt that I was in the grasp of some giant force, and in the glimmering of my fading reason grew earnestly alarmed; for the terrible stress under which my frame laboured increased every minute. A fierce and furious heat radiated from my stomach throughout my system; my mouth and throat were as dry and hard as if made of brass; and my tongue, it seemed to me, was a bar of rusty iron."

In this condition Mr. Taylor remained for some time, deriving no alleviation from great draughts of water, "heaving sighs that seemed to shatter his whole being;" and yet, at this crisis of his insanity, he was fully able to remark that "there was a scream of the wildest laughter, and my countryman sprang upon the floor, exclaiming, 'Ye gods, I am a locomotive!' This was his ruling hallucination; and for the space of two or three hours he continued to pace to and fro, with a measured stride, exhaling his breath in violent jets; and, when he spoke, dividing his words into syllables, each of which he brought out with a jerk; at the same time turning his hands at his sides, as if they were the cranks of imaginary wheels." The Englishman, on finding the drug begin to act, characteristically retired to his apartment, and could never be prevailed upon to relate the results. Midnight arrived, though every minute appeared centuries, and the terrific trance still continued:

"By this time I had passed through the paradise of hashish, and was plunged into its fiercest hell. . . . . The excited blood rushed through my frame with a sound like the roaring of mighty waters. It was projected into my eyes until I could no longer see; it beat thickly in my ears; and so throbbed in my heart, that I feared the ribs would give way under its blows. I tore open my vest, placed my hand over the spot, and tried to count the pulsations; but there were two hearts; one beating at the rate of a thousand beats a minute, and the other with a slow dull motion. My throat, I thought, was filled to the brim with blood, and streams of blood were pouring from my ears. . . . . I fled from the room, and walked over the flat terraced roof of the house. My body seemed to shrink and grow rigid, and my face to become wild, lean, and haggard. . . . . Involuntarily I raised my hand to feel the leanness and sharpness of my face. O horror! the flesh had fallen from my bones, and it was a skeleton-head I carried on my shoulders. With one bound I sprang to the parapet, and looked down into the silent courtyard, then filled with the shadows thrown into it by the rising moon. Shall I cast myself down headlong? was the question I proposed to myself; but though the horror of the skeleton delusion was worse than the fear of death, there was an invisible hand at my breast which pushed me away from the brink. I made my way back to the room in a state of the keenest suffering. My companion

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was still a locomotive, rushing to and fro, and jerking out his syllables with the disjointed accent peculiar to a steam-engine. His mouth had turned to brass, like mine, and his hand raised the pitcher to his lips in the attempt to moisten it; but, before he had taken a mouthful, set the pitcher down again with a yell of laughter, crying out, 'How can I take water into my boiler, while I am letting off steam?'"

Mr. Taylor tells us that he was too far gone to fall into the absurdity of this. He felt himself sinking deeper and deeper into unutterable agony and despair. There was nothing resembling ordinary pain; but a distress, from tension of nerve, which could not be described, because unlike any previous experience, and which was far worse than any pain. The remnant of the will was gradually disappearing, without any corresponding diminution of consciousness; and a dreadful fear arose that what he was now suffering was real and permanent insanity. Indeed, it appears from a fact mentioned by Dr. Madden in his *Travels in Turkey, &c.*, that this fear was not so groundless as Mr. Taylor afterwards came to regard it. Dr. Madden assures us that out of thirteen male inmates of a Turkish madhouse, no fewer than four had gone mad from over-doses of hashish. The rest of this profoundly interesting and vividly-expressed description, which we have reluctantly abridged, must be given in Mr. Taylor's words:

"The thought of death, which also haunted me, was far less bitter than this dread. I knew that in the struggle which was going on in my frame, I was borne fearfully near the dark gulf; and the thought that, at such a time, both reason and will were leaving my brain, filled me with an agony, the depth and blackness of which I should vainly attempt to portray. I threw myself on my bed, the excited blood still roaring wildly in my ears, my heart throbbing with a force that seemed to be rapidly wearing away my life, my throat dry as a potsherd, and my stiffened tongue cleaving to the roof of my mouth. My companion was approaching the same condition; but as the effect of the drug upon him had been less violent, so his stage of suffering was more clamorous. He cried out to me that he was dying, and reproached me vehemently because I lay there silent, motionless, and apparently careless of his danger. 'Why will he disturb me?' I thought. 'He thinks he is dying, but what is death to madness? Let him die; a thousand deaths were more easily borne than the pangs I suffer.' While I was sufficiently conscious to hear his exclamations, they only provoked my keen anger; but after a time, my senses became clouded, and I sank into a stupor. As near as I can judge, this must have been three o'clock in the morning, rather more than five hours after the hashish began to take effect. I lay thus all the following day and night, in a state of blank oblivion, broken only by a single wandering gleam of consciousness. I recollect hearing François' voice. He told me afterwards that I rose, attempted to dress myself, drank two cups of coffee, and then fell back into the

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same death-like stupor; but of all this I did not retain the least knowledge. On the morning of the second day, *after a sleep of thirty hours*, I awoke again to the world, with a system utterly prostrate and unstrung, and a brain clouded with the lingering images of my visions. I knew where I was, and what had happened to me; but all that I saw still remained unreal and shadowy. There was no taste in what I ate, no refreshment in what I drank; and it required a painful effort to comprehend what was said to me, and return a coherent answer. Will and reason had come back, but they still sat unsteadily on their thrones. My friend, who was much further advanced in his recovery, accompanied me to the adjoining bath, which I hoped would assist in restoring me. It was with great difficulty that I preserved the outward appearance of consciousness. In spite of myself, a veil now and then fell over my mind; and after wandering for years, as it seemed, in some distant world, I awoke with a shock to find myself in the steamy halls of the bath, with a brown Syrian polishing my limbs. . . . A glass of very acid sherbet was presented to me; and after drinking it, I experienced instant relief. Still the spell was not wholly broken, and for two or three days I continued subject to frequent involuntary fits of absence, which made me insensible for the time to all that was passing around me. I walked the streets of Damascus with a strange consciousness that I was in some other place at the same time, and with a constant effort to reunite my divided perceptions. Previous to the experiment, we had decided on making a bargain for the journey to Palmyra. . . . . But all the charm which lay in the name of Palmyra, and the romantic interest of the trip, was gone. I was without courage and without energy, and nothing remained for me but to leave Damascus.

Yet, fearful as my rash experiment proved to me, I did not regret having made it. It revealed to me deeps of rapture and of suffering which my natural faculties never could have sounded. It has taught me the majesty of human reason and of human will, even in the weakest; and the awful peril of tampering with that which assails their integrity."

The action of hashish, like that of opium, is very different with different persons. We have heard of several attempts to excite the fantasia proving utter failures; indeed, failure seems to be far more frequent than success. Probably the experience of M. de Saulcy and his friends, recorded in his *Journey round the Dead Sea*, would be that of at least nine English, or French, hashish-eaters out of ten. "The experiment," says this traveller, "to which we had recourse for an amusement, proved so extremely disagreeable, that I may say with certainty that none of us is likely to wish to try it again. Hashish is an abominable poison, . . . which we had the folly to take in excessive doses one New-Year's day. We expected a delightful evening; but were nearly killed through our imprudence. I, who had taken the largest dose, remained insensible for above twenty-four hours;

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after which I woke to find myself completely shattered in nerves, and subject to nervous spasms and incoherent dreams, which seemed to last hundreds of years."

It is to be observed, that almost all the foregoing experiments were made with doses far greater than are usually taken by habitual hashish-eaters in the East. According to Dr. O'Shaughnessy, half-a-grain is considered a sufficient quantity to be taken at a time in India. There is no proof that, when taken with moderation, and with the purpose only of causing the gentle exhilaration produced by a prudent use of wine or tea, the one would be more damaging than the others. The testimonies of Dr. Burnes, Dr. Macpherson, and Dr. Eatwell (quoted by Johnston), concerning the amount of effect produced by opium in countries where it is habitually taken, might probably stand good for hashish also. Dr. Burnes, long resident at the court of Scinde, writes, that "in general the natives do not suffer much from the use of opium. It does not seem to destroy the powers of the body, or to enervate the mind, to the degree that might be imagined." Dr. Macpherson observes of the Chinese, that "although the habit of smoking opium is universal among rich and poor, yet they are a powerful, muscular, and athletic people; and the lower orders more intelligent, and far superior in mental acquirements, to those of corresponding rank in our own country." Dr. Eatwell writes:

"The question to be determined is, not what are the effects of opium used in excess, but what are its effects on the moral and physical constitution of the mass of individuals who use it habitually, and in moderation, either as a stimulant to sustain the frame under fatigue, or as a restorative and sedative after labour, bodily or mental? Having passed three years in China, I can affirm thus far, that the effects of the abuse of the drug do not come very frequently under observation; and that when cases do occur, the habit is frequently found to have been induced by the presence of some painful chronic disease, to escape from the sufferings of which the patient has fled to this resource. . . . There are doubtless many who indulge in the habit to a pernicious extent, led by the same morbid influences which induce men to become drunkards in even the most civilised countries; but these cases do not, at all events, come before the public eye. As regards the effects of the habitual use of the drug on the mass of the people, I must affirm that no injurious results are visible. . . . I conclude, therefore, that proofs are wanting to show that the moderate use of opium produces more pernicious effects upon the constitution than the moderate use of spirituous liquors; whilst, at the same time, it is certain that the consequences of the former are less appalling in their effects upon the victim, and less disastrous to society at large, than the consequences of the abuse of the latter." *Pharmaceutical Journal*, vol. xi.

Hashish is now in considerable use as a medicament, under

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the name of *Cannabis indica;* and its therapeutic application seems destined to be much extended, particularly in connection with nervous derangements, as its properties become better understood. Indeed, the above statements with reference to the comparative innocuousness of moderate opium-eating, and the facts, that hashish is habitually used by between two and three hundred millions, and that it is, if any thing, less injurious than opium, and much more generally palatable, suggest the possibility of its one day becoming an article of extensive consumption among us. Its effects, when moderately taken, greatly resemble those of tea; and it is a curious fact, that the effects of tea, in excessive strength, are not unlike those of hashish. Most persons have their nervous system unstrung and shattered for a time by excess in the beverage "which cheers but not inebriates," and such seems to be the effect on most persons of too much hashish; but furthermore, insensibility and hallucination are produceable by tea as well as hashish. The friend who supplied us with his hashish-experiences also supplies us with the following account of the result of an excess in tea-drinking. The resemblance to some of the most peculiar effects of hashish in large doses will strike all who have read the foregoing pages:

"Being under an unusual stress of work, which demanded great activity of brain, I had recourse, as usual, to tea for excitement. For several days successively I took a basin of very strong tea four or five times a-day. One night, as I was sitting alone with my mother and writing, I felt a sudden dizziness overcome me immediately after a draught of tea stronger than any I had taken yet, and requested my mother to get me a glass of sherry from the sideboard. Consciousness of surrounding objects left me, and I fell into a dream, which I can only describe by saying that it was indescribably terrific. It seemed to last for ages, and I awoke with the horror of a soul which had been an eternity in hell. My mother was standing before me with the sherry. I asked her how long I had been insensible. She asked me what I meant; she had just returned with the sherry, not having been absent half-a-minute."

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Art. V.—BEN JONSON.

Poetical Works of Ben Jonson. Edited by Robert Bell. London: John W. Parker and Son, 1856.

The Works of Ben Jonson. With Notes, &c. By W. Gifford, Esq. 1816.

The American lady who insists upon merging the existence of Shakespeare in the philosophy of Bacon is not entirely without excuse for her infatuation. Shakespeare *is* an impalpable sort of being. Among the men of his own time, he shows like tradition does by the side of history. He was born at Stratford-on-Avon. Did he poach some deer? He went to London. Perhaps he was a link-boy; undoubtedly he was a player. He used to be witty at the Mermaid. He married a wife. He died, and is buried. He disliked the idea of his bones being disturbed, or somebody else disliked it for him. There is a bust of him; we wonder if it is like. He wrote a vast number of personal sonnets, which tell us nothing of his own life;—of many of the best of them we cannot say whether they are addressed to man or woman. We want to know how his name is spelled, and find he spelled it different ways himself. The most persevering bloodhounds of biography have been on his trail for a hundred years—every clue has been unravelled, every hint exhausted; and the result has been a few minute details which in every other case would have been considered unworthy the chronicling. Many ingenious suppositions have been vented; but the sum of the matter is, we know nothing about him. Of what the man himself was, "in his habit as he lived," we can form no idea beyond a certain faint lustre about him of cheerful companionship and gentle equanimity. Of the sort of temperament and genius he must have possessed his works give us a sufficient idea; but as to the actual human character, as displayed in life, we are utterly in the dark. Far different is the case with Jonson. Shakespeare is the name of a number of plays. Ben Jonson is the name of a man in the flesh—a burly man, who wrote *The Fox* and *Drink to me only with thine eyes.*

It is of the very essence of the two men's genius that they should be thus distinguished. The one was like a mountain—large, strong, deep-rooted—which all the world's changes leave unmoved in its massive independence: the other was like the light—diffused, all-penetrating, setting forth all shapes, displaying all hues, a vesture of interpretation to the world;

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really ever the same in itself, yet so adapting itself to every new condition as to seem to melt into the nature of things with which it comes in contact. The mountain fixes our attention on itself. By the light we see all things; but what it is itself, we neither see nor know. The one was Ajax, mighty in his strength; the other Proteus, powerful in his changes. Shakespeare lived in the world, and absorbed without effort all the knowledge that came across him; Jonson conquered knowledge by persevering and strenuous effort. He was learned and observant; Shakespeare was wise and penetrating. The one retires behind the screen of his works; the other thrusts forward his own individuality on every possible occasion—in prologues, in epilogues, in dialogues; he is his own critic, and his own approver; he is the hero of one of his own plays, and trumpets to the world his enmities and his friendships—his merits, his vices, his repentances, his wrongs, his sufferings, his needs, down to the very deformities of body that years bring with them—his stooping shoulders, his "mountain belly," and his "hundreds of gray hairs."

Yet, contrasted as he stands with the greatest genius of all times, Jonson justly claims something of a fellowship in greatness. He was a large man altogether, massive and somewhat unshapely both in mind and body; "solid but slow in his performances;" of a bold spirit and jovial temperament. His countenance, harsh and rugged—"rocky," as he himself calls it—was the index of an intellect which, though not remarkable for depth either of insight or thought, was strong, aggressive, and capacious; and its stores, laboriously compiled, were in the grasp of a tenacious memory. Some men owe their preëminence to fineness of intellect and delicacy of organisation—characteristics not inconsistent with strength and pliancy, and which are the attributes of the highest genius; but there are others, who work out effects scarcely inferior by heavier blows with a blunter tool. The power of unremitting labour, the strength of unfailing self-reliance, the independence of callousness, are among the advantages such men possess. Jonson was a man of coarse fibre; so was Cromwell, so was Milton, so was Samuel Johnson, so was Clive, so, in a still greater degree, was Luther.

Jonson began life near the bottom; for though his grandfather was a gentleman and came from Carlisle, his father lost his estate by forfeiture under Queen Mary, and died early; and his mother married again in a lower rank. Her second husband was a bricklayer, and her son, after having been educated at Westminster School, was destined to his stepfather's craft. It is told he worked in the building of Lincoln's Inn,

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with a trowel in his hand and a book in his pocket. But he was of those men who shoulder their way through the world as a giant does through a crowd. He left his hod and trowel to serve in the army in Flanders; whence he soon returned to London, to throw himself on the support of a life of literary adventure. There he found means to prosecute his studies, and to live—precariously enough at first, no doubt—as a playwright, and probably partly also as an actor. From these humble beginnings, he raised himself to a higher social standing than any dramatic poet of his day. In King James's time he was a frequenter of the court, and tells us that for twenty years he had

> "Eaten with the beauties and the wits
> And braveries of court, and felt their fits
> Of love and hate."

His convivial talents were great, and no doubt recommended him not less than his learning and genius. He was intimate with many of the nobility; and though his connection with them probably partook in great measure of the relation of client to patron, there were some young men both of genius and noble birth—among whom he who was afterwards known as Lord Falkland may be instanced—who viewed him with affection and veneration as their literary father. The great writers of his time were his familiar associates. Shakespeare, Sir Walter Raleigh, Donne, and Beaumont ranked among his nearest friends; Selden loved him, and asked his judgment on his *Titles of Honour;* and he speaks of Lord Bacon as if he had personally known him. He was Master of Arts in both the Universities "by their favour, not his study." Altogether it is clear that in his prime he stood in the very first rank of the men of letters of his day. If not the greatest, he was esteemed the most perfect play-writer of the time; but high as was his reputation, it was supported rather by the opinion of the judges than by the applause of the people. He insisted so strenuously and passionately that he was master of the true rules of art, and wrote nothing which was not excellent and admirable, if the hearers could but learn to understand, that the world in general seems to have been content to believe him rather than enter on the arduous task of contradicting him. Still the belief was rather a cold one. The learned critics admitted his plays to be miracles of art; but, with two or three exceptions, the people did not very much care to see them acted. Nor is this to be wondered at, when we consider how different his compositions were from all they had hitherto been accustomed to admire. He stood alone in his own times, as indeed he stands alone in the whole history of English literature.

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The mass of the plays of his time were remarkable for their utter disregard of scenic proprieties: they made no regard of place and time. The French code of dramatic unities had not as yet been deduced from the ancient models. Each man, under the sole limitation of a few general rules of practice, followed the bent of his own taste, and the suggestions of his own knowledge. Plays consisted for the most part of alternating scenes of passion and humour, carelessly connected and huddled into some sort of plot, and mingled with dances and scenic display to catch the eyes of the spectators. Shakespeare was by nature a law unto himself; his plays are symmetrical and harmonious not from study or the observance of ascertained rules, but from the insensible moulding of a genius whose native sense of symmetry and harmony transcended all that art had hitherto attained to. But setting Shakespeare aside, nothing can be more unsatisfactory than the headlong conduct and distorted proportion of the minor Elizabethan plays. Exceptions there are, no doubt; but we are speaking of the broad features which distinguished them. As we have said, to express passion is their aim; and passion has received at their hands a more vivid, natural, and often terrible utterance, than from any other literature. Its milder and every-day manifestations have been recorded in the language of tenderness and beauty; and its wildest vagaries, its profoundest horrors, its most fierce and its most unnatural delinquencies, have been dragged from their native darkness and thrust naked upon the scene. The poetry of these plays shines in fitful gleams of splendour; human nature is at times laid bare by some strange and startling revelation of masterly insight, and at times burlesqued by some ridiculous caricature; the humour, much of which is lost upon us, often degenerates into the purest folly and buffoonery. In the midst of the men rioting in this unrestrained liberty appeared Jonson, with an intellect naturally orderly, and trained by a long course of attentive and self-imposed study. Thoroughly conversant with the dramatic productions of the ancients, and the critical rules connected with them, he made them his models and his tests of excellence. But he was much too great to imitate them without discrimination. He adapted them in the most skilful manner to modern conditions, and shows himself at once deeply versed in the ancient forms and modes of expression, and thoroughly and personally acquainted with the manners of his own times. Instead of loosely linking scenes of passion, he makes it the glory of his art to build up well-proportioned plays, and to manifest skill and judgment in arrangement of scene, and choice of fable, action, and language. His plays may be said, with very

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little exaggeration, to be absolutely destitute both of passion and feeling; but they contain powerful pictures of vice, and most witty pillorying of the prevailing absurdities in conduct and manners—the

"Folly and brainsick humours of the times."

In the advertisement to the reader prefixed to *The Alchymist*, he sets forth very clearly, and somewhat more modestly than is his wont, the relation in which he conceives himself to stand towards his contemporaries:

"TO THE READER.

If thou beest more, thou art an understander, and then I trust thee. If thou art one that takest up, and but a Pretender, beware of what hands thou receivest thy commodity: for thou wert never more fair in the way to be cosened than in this age, in Poetry, especially in Plays: wherein, now the concupiscence of dances and of antics so reigneth, as to run away from Nature, and be afraid of her, is the only part of art that tickles the spectators. But how out of purpose, and place, do I name art? When the professors are grown so obstinate contemners of it, and presumers on their own naturals, as they are deriders of all diligence that way, and, by simple mocking at the terms when they understand not the things, think to get off wittily with their ignorance. Nay, they are esteemed the more learned, and sufficient for this, by the many, through their excellent vice of judgment. For they commend writers, as they do fencers or wrestlers; who, if they come in robustuously, and put for it with a great deal of violence, are received for the braver fellows; when many times their own rudeness is the cause of their disgrace, and a little touch of their adversary gives all that boisterous force the foil. I deny not but that these men, who always seek to do more than enough, may sometime happen on something that is good and great, but very seldom; and when it comes it doth not recompense the rest of their ill. It sticks out, perhaps, and is more eminent, because all is sordid and vile about it: as lights are more discerned in a thick darkness, than a faint shadow. I speak not this out of a hope to do good to any man against his will; for I know, if it were put to the question of theirs and mine, the worst would find more suffrages: because the most favour common errors. But I give thee this warning, that there is a great difference between those that, to gain the opinion of copy,* utter all they can, however unfitly; and those that use election and a mean. For it is only the disease of the unskilful, to think rude things greater than polished; or scattered more numerous than composed."

The new style did not at once gain favour; but Jonson was not the sort of man to have any hesitation where the fault lay. He was always "the first best judge in his own cause." No man ever believed more implicitly in himself, or insisted

* *i. e. copia*,—to gain credit for fertility.

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more pertinaciously that others should do so too. He extravagantly over-estimated the orderly, classical, sensible side of art, to which both his nature and his studies drew him; and being here clearly unapproached, he measured his relations to other men by his own rule, and set himself far above them. He was wont in his pleasant hours to call himself "the poet." He told Drummond "he was better versed, and knew more in Greek and Latin than all the poets in England, and quintessence their brains." So far was he from submitting his plays to the judgment of the public, that he exactly reversed the process, and regarded an unhesitating approbation of what he had written as the test of intellect in his audience. A competent critic was one who praised him. If you did not like what he wrote, it was a proof you did not comprehend him, and were therefore not capable of judging him. To hiss him off the stage, was to be below the beasts in understanding. Censure did not humble him or affect him otherwise than as an irritation, because he had a genuine heartfelt contempt for the capacity of any person who thought he wrote amiss.

A few extracts from his prologues will show that we have not overstated his own self-estimate, or his scorn for popular criticism. In the prologue to *The Alchymist* he boldly asks for mere justice:

> "Fortune, that favours fools, these two short hours
> We wish away, both for your sake and ours,
> Judging spectators; and desire i' th' place
> To th' author justice."

For the *Staple of News* (a very indifferent play) he makes a much bolder claim:

> "Great noble wits, be good unto yourselves,
> And make a difference 'twixt poetic elves
> And poets; all that dabble in the ink,
> And defile quills, are not those few can think,
> Conceive, express, and steer the souls of men,
> As with a rudder, round, thus, with their pen.
> He must be one that can instruct your youth,
> And keep your acme in the state of truth;
> Must enterprise this work. Mark but his ways,
> What flight he makes; how new; and then he says,
> If that not like you that he sends to-night,
> 'Tis you have left to judge—not he to write."

Both the dedication to the Earl of Pembroke and the address prefixed to the tragedy of *Catiline* are worth quoting as specimens of the eye with which the author regarded his own work, and the temper in which he approached the public:

"My Lord,—In so thick and dark an ignorance, as now almost covers the age, I crave leave to stand near your light, and by that to be

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read. Posterity may pay your benefit the honour and thanks, when it shall know that you dare, in these jig-given times, to countenance a legitimate poem. I call it so against all noise of opinion; from whose crude and airy reports I appeal to the great and singular faculty of judgment in your lordship, able to vindicate truth from error. It is the first of this race, that ever I dedicated to any person; and had I not thought it the best, it should have been taught a less ambition. Now it approacheth your censure cheerfully, and with the same assurance that innocency would appear before a magistrate.

Your Lordship's most faithful honourer,

BEN JONSON.

TO THE READER IN ORDINARY.

The Muses forbid that I should restrain your meddling, whom I see already busy with the title, and tricking over the leaves: it is your own. I departed with my right when I let it first abroad; and now, so secure an interpreter I am of my chance, that neither praise nor dispraise from you can affect me. Though you commend the two first acts, with the people, because they are the worst, and dislike the oration of Cicero, in regard you read some pieces of it at school, and understand them not yet: I shall find the way to forgive you. Be any thing you will be at your own charge. Would I had deserved but half so well of it in translation, as that ought to deserve of you in judgment, if you have any. I know you will pretend, whosoever you are, to have that, and more: but all pretensions are not just claims. The commendation of good things may fall within a many, the approbation but in a few; for the most commend out of affection, self-tickling, uneasiness, or imitation: but men judge only out of knowledge. That is the trying faculty: and to those works that will bear a judge, nothing is more dangerous than a foolish praise. You will say, I shall not have yours therefore; but rather the contrary, all vexation of censure. If I were not above such molestations now, I had great cause to think unworthily of my studies, or they had so of me. But I leave you to your exercise. Begin.

TO THE READER EXTRAORDINARY.

You I would understand to be the better man, though places in court go otherwise: to you I submit myself and work. Farewell.

BEN JONSON."

Often he invents critics of his own to stand on the stage, and to rebuke and inform those in the body of the theatre. Thus in many of his plays he introduces a special set of personages, who appear in the intervals of the acts, and discuss what has gone before. These either wisely applaud, or are brought to condign ridicule for their censures. They form a sort of modern chorus, not uncommon in the plays of the time, and used generally for the explication of the story; but by Jonson devoted to his own vindication and glorification.

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In *The Magnetic Lady* we have an "induction" continued in this manner through the play. The stage is occupied by Master *Probee* and Master *Damplay*, who are represented as a sort of delegates from the people, and are met by a boy of the house, who engages to stand for the poet, and tells the others he will venture the play, so they will undertake for the hearers "that they shall know a good play when they hear it, and will have the conscience and ingenuity [ingenuousness] beside to confess it." The poet, he says, "careless of all vulgar censure, as not depending on common approbation, is confident it shall super-please judicious spectators." The boy is learned in the forms of comedy, and a thorough-going advocate of the cause intrusted to him. When poor Master Damplay—who exists only to be confuted, and is created only for the humiliating confession that "the boy is shrewd and has him every where"—when he ignorantly objects to the first act, that there is "nothing done in it, or concluded," he is instantly extinguished by his young antagonist. "A fine piece of logic!" cries he; "do you look, Master Damplay, for conclusions in a protasis? I thought the law of comedy had reserved them to the catastrophe; and that the epitasis, as we are taught, and the catastasis, had been intervening parts to have been expected. But you would have it all come together, it seems; the clock should strike five at once with the acts." So the learned young gentleman goes on with his confutations of all adverse criticism. Master Damplay, in spite of his angry claim to take out his two-shillings admittance-money in censure, is contemptuously bidden to limit himself to so much, and not talk twenty-shillings worth; his ignorance is exposed, his remonstrances peremptorily silenced, and himself condemned to a miserable minority. "Good Master Damplay, be yourself still without a second; few here are of your opinion to-day, I hope; to-morrow I am sure there will be none, when they have ruminated this." So in *The Staple of News* we have gossips, Mirth, Tattle, Censure, and Expectation, "four gentlewomen ladylike attired," who appear in the same way, and are made to minister to the author's credit by the folly of their criticisms; and for this purpose they vent such a mass of dull old women's twaddle as must have tried the most patient audience, whatever their opinion of the play itself. At other times criticisms are interspersed in the body of the play, which, under a certain veil of generality, are in reality special vindications of the author's skill and judgment. He never believed he deserved censure; but his temper would not allow him to bear even undeserved strictures with equanimity. He chafes under any arraignment, however contemptible, and is goaded to fury by

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the hooting of the despised and ignorant multitude. Neither the universal applause of his great plays, nor the well-merited condemnation of his bad ones, softened this impatience of spirit, which grew stronger as he grew older, and was strengthened probably by the remembrance of old successes, and the secret conviction that his powers were impaired. It is in his later plays more especially that he uses his prologues to anticipate judgment, and assert a scornful independence of the spectators in the theatre or the readers in private. As an angry opponent says,

> "Calling us fools and rogues, unlettered men,
> Poor narrow souls that cannot judge of Ben."

The arrogance of temper and impatience of control which display themselves in his writings, cast their shadow also over his private relations and personal character. In 1618, about the time of his greatest reputation, he made a journey to Scotland, walking the whole way there and back on foot. During his stay, he passed some days with Mr. William Drummond of Hawthornden, the poet, who made a note of his conversations, which, long known in an abbreviated form, has of late years been discovered and published *in extenso*. It is certain that he made no very favourable impression on his Scotch entertainer. They seem to have parted, indeed, with mutual professions of friendship; and some letters passed between them, full of somewhat overdue protestations on Jonson's side, but cold and guarded enough on Drummond's; and their intimacy seems soon to have died out. Indeed, we can well understand how this huge roistering poet from London, in his wayworn shoes and slovenly garments,—for Jonson we know was no great student of appearances,—must have jarred on the nerves of the retired and musing sonneteer of Hawthornden. Moreover, Drummond's wine seems to have been good, and that was a temptation Jonson never could withstand, and in his cups he spoke the worser part of the *veritas* which was in him, as men's wont is; and worst of all, he criticised his host's poems in a curt and somewhat contemptuous manner, telling him they were all good, in a manner which showed he valued none of them at sixpence. So we have no doubt Drummond was heartily glad when his boisterous visitor, with his magisterial opinions, his boastings, his broad jests, his unruly temper, and his drunkenness, was fairly off the premises, and on his way back from Leith to Darnton (wherever that may be), in the same shoes he had brought with him. And when he was quite gone, the half Italian half canny Scotchman set down his private impressions of him in a few pithy words which have since come to day (though it does not appear he ever meant them

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to do so), and have stuck like a barbed arrow in the rear of his departing guest ever since:

"He [Jonson] is a great lover and praiser of himself; a contemner and scorner of others; given rather to lose a friend than a jest; jealous of every word and action of those about him (especially after drink, which is one of the elements in which he liveth); a dissembler of ill parts which reign in him; a bragger of some good that he wanteth; thinketh nothing good but what either he himself or some of his friends and countrymen hath said or done: he is passionately kind and angry; careless either to gain or keep; vindicative, but if he be well answered, at himself. For any religion, as being versed in both. Interpreteth best sayings and doings oft to the worst. Oppressed with fantasie, which hath ever mastered his reason; a general disease in many poets. His inventions are smooth and easy; but above all, he excelleth in a translation."

This is a harsh judgment. Still there can be no doubt it represents with a good deal of truth one side of Jonson's character; that, however, was the least estimable side, and Drummond not a very catholic judge. There is always this great fact in Jonson's favour, that he was best esteemed by the greatest men of his day, and that his friends were numerous and warm—at least in his best days; for he seems to have died lonely and neglected, his old associates having passed away with passed years, and with them his own powers of engaging new ones. Jonson thrust himself and his own opinions into his works, and may more fairly than most men be judged by them; and no one who reads them but must be struck, in spite of the snarling satire which defaces so many of them, with the presence of a uniform manliness and often nobleness of tone, a scorn of false pretensions to merit either in himself or others, a largeness and fullness of nature, and a spirit which did well and thoroughly what it thought fit should be done, and despised the pettinesses and frivolities of life. That he flattered egregiously, is not a matter of much moment, in times when flattery was a business, and as current a coin in intercourse with the great as our "Dear Sir," and "Yours very sincerely," are in our modern letters; and he often mingles too with his flattery a freer and higher tone of admonition than is common among his contemporaries. Such is to be found in the lines to Lady Digby's sons, and elsewhere; but nowhere in a juster, nobler strain than in the conclusion of the epistle to his friend Master Colby, to persuade him to the wars:

> "Go, quit them all! And take along with thee
> Thy true friend's wishes, Colby, which shall be
> That thine be just and honest, that thy deeds
> Not wound thy conscience, when thy body bleeds:

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That thou dost all things more for truth than glory,
And never, but for doing wrong, be sorry;
That by commanding first thyself, thou mak'st
Thy person fit for any charge thou tak'st;
That fortune never make thee to complain,
But what she gives, thou dar'st give her again;
That whatsoever face thy fate puts on,
Thou shrink or start not, but be always one:
That thou think nothing great but what is good,
And from that thought strive to be understood.
So, 'live or dead, thou wilt preserve a fame
Still precious with the odour of thy name.
And last, blaspheme not: we did never hear
Man thought the valianter 'cause he durst swear;
No more than we should think a lord had had
More honour in him 'cause we've known him mad.
These take; and now, go seek thy peace in war—
Who falls for love of God, shall rise a star."

The sentence, "For any religion, as being versed in both," which occurs in Drummond's estimate, refers to his having for some years professed the Catholic tenets, taking them "on trust" from a priest, as he himself says, while lying in prison on a charge of homicide. "After he was reconciled to the Church," he told Drummond, "and left off to be a recusant, at his first communion, in token of true reconciliation, he drank out all the full cup of wine."

To be considered in connection with this description by Drummond, are the notes preserved of Jonson's actual conversation during his stay at Hawthornden. Brief and desultory as they are, they are full of interest. From them are derived our most authentic accounts of his early career, as furnished by himself. They afford also a very valuable and curious specimen of his table-talk, and an abstract of his criticisms on the men of his times. His "jests and apothegms" are mostly dull, and, to modern ears at least, pointless.* His criticisms are outspoken, and often splenetic enough; but he gives good praise too, and it is not fair to judge him by these hasty censures. By nature it is clear enough he was jealous, and apt to take umbrage at small offences; proud, and yet more vain than proud; but when he sat down deliberately to record his judgment, his better nature and good sense prevailed. Something too hasty and violent he is both in censure and in praise; yet, in an impartial observation of all he has left behind him, it cannot be denied that, on the whole, he is candid and generous in his appreciation of his contemporaries. It was the fashion at one time to represent him as the most

* The following may serve as a specimen of one of the best—jest and apothegm combined: "One who fired [lighted] a tobacco-pipe with a ballad, the next day having a sore head, swore he had a great singing in his head, and he thought it was the ballad. A poet should detest a ballad-maker."

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brutal and malignant of men, and especially to denounce him as an envious caviller against the superior genius of Shakespeare. Gifford, who exalts Jonson as preposterously as Malone and others have depreciated him, disproved this calumny very effectively, and made, after his wont, many ferocious assaults on those who had set it on foot. Jonson himself always asserted most strongly the absence of all personality in his plays, and accused those who gave a personal direction to his satire of making "that a libel which he meant a play;" but it is clear he was not always so innocent and amiable as he claimed to be, and there are one or two expressions which may possibly have been meant as a gird at Shakespeare; yet these are very slight innuendoes at the worst, and Jonson has left no doubtful record both in verse and prose of the settled estimation in which he held his great contemporary. His praises of others are in many cases lavish, and not quite sincere. He himself complains of the custom of the day of furnishing men's books with panegyrical verses, characterising it as a

> "Vicious humanity,
> Than which there is not unto study a more
> Pernicious enemy;"

and confesses that he has

> "too oft preferred
> Men past their terms, and praised some men too much."

But it is not difficult to discern when his heart goes with his pen; and if it does so any where, it is in his lines to Selden and in those to Shakespeare, which, though familiar enough to most readers, may be cited as one of the best specimens of these sort of verses, which occupy so large a space in Jonson's minor poems. He told Drummond that Shakespeare wanted art, and so he did in Jonson's narrow sense of the word; but when he came to write of him, the Muse whispered him the truth that Shakespeare needed no art beyond the reflection of his own harmonised mind in his poetry:

> "Triumph, my Britain, thou hast one to show
> To whom all scenes of Europe homage owe.
> He was not of an age, but for all time!
> And all the Muses still were in their prime
> When, like Apollo, he came forth to warm
> Our ears, or like a Mercury to charm!
> Nature herself was proud of his designs,
> And joyed to wear the dressing of his lines;
> Which were so richly spun and woven so fit
> As, since, she will vouchsafe no other wit.
> The merry Greek, tart Aristophanes,
> Neat Terence, witty Plautus, now not please;
> But antiquated and deserted lie,
> As they were not of Nature's family.

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Yet must I not give Nature all. Thy art,
My gentle Shakespeare must enjoy a part:
For though the Poet's matter nature be,
His art must give it fashion, and that he,
Who casts to write a living line, must sweat
(Such as thine are) and strike the second heat
Upon the Muse's anvil; turn the same,
And himself with it, that he thinks to frame;
Or for the laurel he may gain a scorn;
For a good poet's made as well as born.
And such wert thou. Look how the father's face
Lives in his issue; even so the race
Of Shakespeare's mind and manners brightly shines
In his well-turned and true-filed lines;
In each of which he seems to shake a lance,
As brandished at the eyes of ignorance.
Sweet swan of Avon, what a sight it were
To see thee in our water yet appear,
And make those flights upon the banks of Thames
That so did take Eliza, and our James!
But stay, I see thee in the hemisphere,
Advanced and made a constellation there.
Shine forth, thou star of poets! and with rage
Or influence, chide or cheer the drooping stage;
Which, since thy flight from hence, hath mourned like night
And despairs day, but for thy volume's light."

And in his Discoveries he speaks of him in a style which, if more guarded and critical than his verses, shows clearly that at least he was not disposed wilfully to underrate his friend:

"I remember the players have often mentioned it as an honour to Shakespeare that in his writing (whatsoever he penned) he never blotted out a line. My answer hath been, Would he had blotted a thousand! Which they thought a malevolent speech. I had not told posterity this but for their ignorance, who chose to justify that circumstance to commend their friend by, wherein he most faulted; and to justify mine own candour: for I loved the man, and do honour his memory, on this side idolatry, as much as any. He was (indeed) honest, and of an open and free nature; had an excellent phantasy, brave notions, and gentle expressions, wherein he flowed with that facility, that sometimes it was necessary he should be stopped: *Sufflaminandus erat*, as Augustus said of Haterius. His wit was in his own power; would the rule of it had been so too! Many times he fell into those things could not escape laughter: as when he said in the person of Cæsar, one speaking to him: 'Cæsar, thou dost me wrong.' He replied: 'Cæsar did never wrong but with just cause,' and such-like; which were ridiculous. But he redeemed his vices with his virtues. There was ever more in him to be praised than to be pardoned."

Jonson was sudden and fierce in his resentments, both with hand and pen. In early life he killed an antagonist in a duel with swords, one Gabriel a player, and lay long in prison in consequence; and he told Drummond that he beat Marston, and

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took his pistols from him. The verses on Inigo Jones, with whom he quarrelled after having been long a fellow-labourer in the *Court Masques*, are as scurrile railing as was ever vented, and his works contain abundant proof that he was neither nice nor sparing in invective. But his quarrels do not seem to have been long-lived. He was reconciled to both Dekker and Marston, his greatest literary foes; and he withdrew his attack on Inigo Jones in the fear of its injuring his own interests at court; a result, however, which he was not successful in warding off. His employment both in the court and in the city was withdrawn; and he seems to have spent some of the last years of his life in penury and misery, confined to his house in Westminster by painful and complicated disease. A brief ray of pity from the Earl of Newcastle and the king gilded his final hours. He died on the 6th of August 1637, and lies buried in Westminster Abbey, under his terse and well-known epitaph, "O rare Ben Jonson."

No question has ever been raised as to which are Jonson's masterpieces:

> "The Fox, the Alchymist, and Silent Woman,
> Done by Ben Jonson, and outdone by no man."

These stand quite apart from all his other efforts,—from the freer but less matured and less characteristic efforts of his earlier years, such as *The Case is altered*, and *Every Man in his Humour*,—from his two great but unwieldy tragedies, and from his later comedies, marked by various degrees of decadence. The infinite superiority of these three as a class is apparent; but there has been some difference of opinion as to their relative excellence. For ourselves, we should feel disposed to reverse the order in which the popular distich above has arranged them. Gifford gave the palm to *The Alchymist;* but *The Fox* has always had a certain prescriptive claim to the first place. It perhaps displays in greater force than any other all the most marked peculiarities of its author's genius; but if it shine, as it unquestionably does, with his excellences, it bears at the same time more deeply than the other two the stamp of his defects. It is a vast effort of wit and invention; but the effort is too overt. It is planned with consummate art, and conducted with exquisite skill; but the rigorous conditions of art under which it is written are not sufficiently disguised. It wants breadth, grace, and freedom. We feel shut in by fences of conventional criticism and walls of learning. Jonson wanted, above all things, discursiveness and flexibility of imagination; and *The Fox* is far more narrow and rigid than either *The Silent Woman* or *The Alchymist*. The monotony of rhythm and mode of expression,

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which gives a laboured and strained air to all his plays written in verse, and makes us ever sensible of an artificial atmosphere, is here more than usually prominent. The plays of Shakespeare spring like branching trees from the ground, and the fresh winds and sparkling light play through their foliage: but Jonson's are inner rooms, like the theatre in which they were to be acted; the air is heavy, and the lights are oil. In Shakespeare, every character has a separate language, and every play a separate cast of metre. In Jonson, the fools, the knaves, the scholars, the courtiers, the gentlemen, the women,—those who are most elevated, of whom there are few, and those who are most debased, of whom there are many,—all speak in the same set form, the same *style*, to borrow a word usually employed only of composition in writing. It is as if they had all learned to speak from one schoolmaster, with a very distinctive manner of his own. It is not that their language and ideas are indistinguishable, —it is not of this we are now speaking; but that there is a certain system of collocating words, a cast of utterance common to them all. It is the same sort of thing that strikes one in reading plays in a foreign language not perfectly familiar to us; the same which all, except the very greatest scholars, and perhaps they too, if they would confess it, feel in reading Aristophanes, or Plautus, or Terence. It arises in these cases mainly, no doubt, from a want of susceptibility to niceties of difference which do exist, if we could perceive them; but in Jonson these differences are in a great degree really absent. His familiarity with the classical drama, which, as we have said, must always seem to a modern more homogeneous in expression than it really is, no doubt tended to blind him to his own deficiency in this respect. He wants, indeed, all those minor arts of distinguishing his persons which suggest themselves intuitively to many inferior minds, and make indeed with them, part of the character conceived. But Jonson ran every thing through the filter of his own preconceived ideas of propriety of expression. You must read him very attentively to see how true and marked his distinctions really are; for though not deep, they are both marked and true, and in a hasty first perusal you may sometimes be confused as to who is speaking. But this is a blemish much more prominent in the closet than on the stage. A certain limitedness lies deep in the whole nature of Jonson. You cannot say absolutely his mind is a narrow one, in some respects it seems broad and comprehensive; but it is one of those minds with rigid palpable boundaries, within which you are always sensible of being confined. This is peculiarly true of his imagination; there is always a certain prisoned air about it.

Its highest characteristic is its great constructive power.

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His best plots are strikingly good; clear, even when complex; well knit, skilfully developed. In many of them—as in *The Fox*, and still more in *The Silent Woman*—the *dénouement* lies absolutely hidden up to the very last scene, and is then made with singular sharpness and clearness; the knot seems cut by a razor rather than disentangled. The unities are observed with great but not slavish strictness; for Jonson, though an ardent admirer of the ancients, had nothing of the spirit of subservience either in his art or in his life. He departs as he sees occasion from the rules sanctioned by authority and ancient practice, and many of his plays are models of careful and ingenious construction. Each scene supports the next, every speech forwards the action; and the folds of the plot are complicated without confusion, and smoothed in the end without force. His constructive skill specially adapted him for writing masques; and in these the rich and varied scope afforded for scenic display, and the ingenuity and fertility of mind employed in the devices, contrast strongly with the poverty of the poetical part; for it is impossible to deny that Jonson's harvest of poetry is won from a land naturally poor in this direction, and enriched by high cultivation. His mind was powerful and energetic, and rich in the resources accumulated by a vast memory and an unflagging industry. He came to poetry as to a great and worthy task, and bending his faculties to it with all the force of which they were capable, he achieved great things; but his work bears the marks of his toil. Every stone in his stately and finished edifices is marked with the hammer. The special imagination of the poet—as distinguished from that which either conceives without creation, or uses other arts to interpret its creations—is an imagination inseparably bound up with language, possessed by the infinite beauty and the deepest subtlest meanings of words, skilled in their finest sympathies, powerful to make them yield a meaning which another could never have extracted from them. It is a faculty that no study can give, though it may of course strengthen it; it is to the poet what an eye for colours, and a power to combine them, is to the painter—what an ear for harmony is to the composer. It is of the essence of the poet's art, so that in the highest exercise of that art there is no such thing as the rendering of an idea in appropriate language; but the conception and the words in which it is conveyed are a simultaneous creation, and the idea springs forth full-grown in its panoply of radiant utterance. Hence the highest poetry *cannot* be translated. You may do two things: you may, as precisely as the two languages will admit, furnish the naked idea and the equivalent words; or you may write a new poem, completely mas-

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tering the whole meaning and poetry of the original, and reproducing it in its true poetic form in your own language: but in neither case can you convey to one ignorant of the translated language precisely the same emotions and suggestions that would have been roused in him by a perusal of the original. You cannot sunder spirit and flesh. But Ben Jonson always wrote on the assumption that you could. It would be too much to say he *never* struck out at one flash a line or a phrase in which the expression was the solely appropriate and indissoluble garment of the meaning; but such lines are most rare in him. In this respect,—and it is a most essential one,—he stands far below others of that great dramatic age who in many other respects—in judgment, in vigour, in art, in knowledge—must yield him due precedence;—far below (to put Shakespeare, Fletcher, and Beaumont aside) Ford; below Heywood, Marston, Middleton, and Webster; far, far below Marlowe, and even Massinger, who, great as he is, is not among the first in the possession of the special poetic faculty. Jonson never forces language till it cracks with the strain imposed on it, in striving to convey something which language scarcely can convey. He never would have spoken of

> "Heaven's cherubim horsed
> Upon the sightless couriers of the wind."

He thought that to make Cæsar say,

> "Cæsar did never wrong but with just cause,"*

was absolute nonsense; and so it would be in any other man's mouth; but in Cæsar's mouth, can any thing more fully express the sweeping self-centred ambition, the inordinate self-reliance of the mind, than this sort of assumption that a thing which from any other would be a wrong, or even in its own nature was so, yet, coming from him, the relations in which it stood were so mighty, so distinct from all others, as to be capable of giving it an impress of right? Can any thing be conceived more imperious than the haughty claim which lies hidden in the words, that Cæsar's needs had power to change the moral aspects of things? This way of conveying meanings by suggestion rather than expression was intolerable to Jonson; there is nothing he treats with more contempt than the absence of a specific meaning definitely expressed. His own

* This line is not to be found in Shakespeare's printed works; but Jonson's stricture is pretty good evidence Shakespeare once used it. It is scarcely possible the only phrase at all like it now to be found in *Julius Cæsar*, could have been utterly misquoted by one whose memory was so good as Jonson's. Probably he heard the line he quotes at the theatre; and very possibly too it was altered on his remonstrance: for a poet may write what is good, and find himself unable to defend it.

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style, both in verse and prose, is often harsh and cumbrous; but he never wrote without knowing with exactness what he meant to say; and though occasionally there may be some obscurity, from a pedantic or involved form of expression, there is a certain unmistakable meaning always there. For what he esteemed correctness, he thought no sacrifice too great. It was his habit to write his poetry by first setting down his ideas in prose, and then translating them into verse. It is impossible to believe he always followed this course, because he has written a little, though very little, genuine poetry; but the mass of his writings very well bear out his statement to Drummond, that this was his mode of writing. He learned it, he said, from his master Camden. Jonson's language is copious, nervous, exact, discriminating, but it is very seldom felicitous; and his metaphors, which are a part of the poet's language, run in the same track—they are very rarely indeed of the essence of his matter. His will enters largely into his imagination; he gives it a narrow field, and compels it to exhaust it. Hence he seeks effect by the cumulation of ideas and epithets. His studied poetical outbursts, among which may be specially indicated the speeches of Volpone and Sir Epicure Mammon, are all in the nature of minute and highly worked description. This is work in which knowledge and learning tell. Hence, too, his comic genius is a genius of caricature and exaggeration. He takes a character or a situation, and confining himself strictly to it, exhausts with a wonderful skill and perseverance all the elements of satire and ridicule that can be found in it. Shakespeare is always playing on the edge of his subject, and pursuing it along the infinite threads which unite it with other things. Jonson is always concentrated on the very matter in hand, which he cuts off from its connections and considers apart, turns it round and inside out, and drains to the very dregs all its elements of humour.

"He hath consumed a whole night," so he told Drummond, "in lying looking to his great toe, about which he hath seen Tartars and Turks, Romans and Carthaginians, fight in his imagination." This is vastly characteristic. Observe the *point-d'appui* which he takes in his great toe, and how he deals with definite warriors about whom he knows something. Having this tangible groundwork, there is no limit to the changes he can ring, or the extremes his fancy can reconcile; on that little space he can marshal his armies with varied adventures the whole night. There is something very remarkable in this patient occupation of the imagination with one theme, which is observable in all Jonson's writings. Out of how few and narrow elements is *The Fox* constructed. Volpone, a rich Vene-

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tian, feigns sickness, and at last death; and he and his parasite Mosca play with the hopes of those who, building on being remembered in his will, visit him in his supposed last hours with costly presents. The *Hœredipetæ* are Voltore, Corvino, Corbaccio, the Vulture, the Crow, and the Raven; and though well distinguished, have all a close family relationship as birds of prey; and the whole comic gist of the play turns on the mode in which they debase themselves in their pursuit of the inheritance, and are beguiled and brought to shame. Celia and Bonario inspire us with no interest, and Sir Politick Would-be and his wife are mere excrescences, who weary us with their laborious display of far-fetched absurdities. The termination of the play is peculiar and characteristic. Jonson in many respects lived after the free ideas of his time; but his plays stand apart from those of most of his contemporaries, in the absence of that utter licentiousness not only of language but of idea, and that wilful disregard of all moral distinctions, which so often marks them. Jonson has not the purity of Shakespeare, he is often far from cleanly in his mirth; but his plays are generally arranged on the assumption of the existence of abiding moral truths, and the propriety of their observance. He is severe, if not to himself, at least to others; and in *The Fox* he feels no compunction in sentencing the witty Mosca, who has amused us so gaily through five acts, to finish his life in the galleys, and in committing the profuse magnifico Volpone to prison and irons. Indeed, judgment so justly and so sternly overtakes all the principal occupants of the scene, as to convince us that we have throughout been amused with things which are not the legitimate subjects of laughter. And Jonson often thus errs, in wringing his comedy out of the baser vices and out of degraded natures. This latter defect casts its stain over all the inexhaustible wit, exquisite comic humour, and laughable caricature of *The Alchymist;* one's gorge rises at being confined for five acts without relief to the society of such utter scoundrels, knaves, and fools as are here brought together. If all *Henry the Fourth* were made out of Dame Quickly, Doll Tearsheet, Poins, Bardolph, and Pistol, even with Sir John and the Prince to bear them through, we should tire of their society. But that is nothing to what we have here: there a certain airiness gives grace to the real wickedness,—it is not vice we see, but only the humorous side of vice: but in Jonson, the depravity itself is insisted upon; the coarse body of the thing is painted; its real native deformity not only undisguised, but elaborately set out; and human nature in its depths mocked with jests so cruel and heartless,—the redeeming elements of good yet there so remorselessly thrust out of

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sight,—that the whole savours somewhat of dancing over a graveyard, and a certain savour of corruption and clank of dead bones mingles in the orgie.

Subtle, an old cheating alchymist and fortune-teller; Face, a cunning bold rogue; and Doll Common, whose name indicates her profession,—get possession of a house in London deserted on account of the plague, and confederate together to cheat all they can bring into their toils. Dapper, a lawyer's clerk, comes to them for a spirit to secure him luck at play; Drugger, a tobacco-man, wants charms to secure him custom; Sir Epicure Mammon, a nobler victim, is deluded into the conviction that he is on the point of grasping the philosopher's stone, and indulges in gorgeous dreams of luxury and magnificence; Tribulation Wholesome wants gold made for the uses of the fanatical brethren. The way in which these and others are tricked and made fools of by the confederates, and the infinite ingenuity with which the detection that seems constantly at hand is staved off, make the staple of the play; which ends in the general confusion and rout of all concerned, and the return of the surprised owner to his desecrated house.

Jonson is himself in his descriptions of alchemy; he seems, with his usual industry and love of exact reality, to have mastered the whole pretended science, as the first step towards destroying it by ridicule. His elaborate display of terms of art; his vivification, mortification, and cohobation; his *ultimum supplicium auri*, *lapis philosophicus*, and *lac virginis;* his lato, azoch, zernich, chibrit, and heautarit, with a thousand others,—seem more wearisome to us than they did to hearers of his own time, when the false arts of gold-making and star-gazing were as much, or perhaps even more, in vogue than table-turning and spirit-rapping now are among ourselves. The whole thing is conducted with wonderful spirit, and must be still better on the stage than in the closet. The variety of comic situation; the mock-solemnity of Subtle; Face's imperturbable impudence, witty speech, and inexhaustible readiness of device, and the contrasted humours, vain hopes, and deserved disappointments of the various dupes,—make up a play which one can never sufficiently admire and laugh at, and which yet one can never entirely conquer one's repugnance for. It is like playing at mud-pies in the kennel on a magnificent scale.

The Silent Woman is far pleasanter; lighter, freer, more humane. Its being in prose, instead of Jonson's usual prosaic verse, gives it a great advantage. It is the prototype of such comedies as *She stoops to conquer*, or *The School for Scandal*, but on a scale far more massive and elaborate than any thing the later stage can show; and it probably exceeds in real comic

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vis any English play except those of Shakespeare. *The Fox* and *Alchymist*, though the materials, of the latter at least, are purely English, have yet something in their cast and conduct which makes them read like Terence, a thousand times enriched and elaborated. *The Silent Woman*, on the contrary, though, curiously enough, founded on a hint from a Greek sophist, and full of classical quotations interwoven into the matter of it, is thoroughly modern and native. The scene is laid in London. Morose is an elderly gentleman with an insane susceptibility to noise. He has taken refuge from street outcries in a passage without thoroughfare, barricades his door with a feather-bed nailed outside, and admits the society of nobody but Cutbeard, a silent barber, and servants who answer him only by mute signs. He is on the look-out for a dumb wife, with the object of disinheriting his nephew Sir Eugenie Dauphine; who, on his side, has found a young lady in his interests, whom, with the confederacy of a friend and the silent barber, who is a traitor to his master, he proposes to pass off on his uncle. The conversation of the young gallants is easy, spirited, and witty, and gives us perhaps the best insight we have into the manners and intercourse of the young men of fashion of the day. These are contrasted with two ridiculous would-be leaders of *ton*,—Sir John Daw, who is a professed poet and man of learning, and an arrant gull, as his name indicates; and Sir Amorous La-Foole, a mass of fashionable affectation and shallowness, proud in his descent from the most ancient and widely-distributed family of the Fooles. We are introduced, too, to a college of fine ladies,—Haughty, Centaure, and Davis,—something like, and yet very different from, the *Précieuses Ridicules* of Molière. Sir John Daw is a professed servant of Dauphine's *protégée* the Silent Lady, and La-Foole has arranged a fine dinner at which she is to be introduced to the ladies of the college. Truewit, who is not at first in the plot of his friend Dauphine, hearing that Morose contemplates matrimony, thinks to do his friend a clever service; and in the disguise of a post, gains admittance to Morose's house, where, enforcing his admonition with the music of a large horn, he thunders into his ears an eloquent denunciation of marriage, and leaves the unfortunate old gentleman nearly dead. "Come, have me to my chamber," says he, in a state of melancholy prostration, when his tormentor leaves him; "but first shut the door." "O Cutbeard, Cutbeard, Cutbeard! here has been a cut-throat with me; help me into my bed, and give me physic with thy counsel." Truewit boasts to Dauphine that he has effectually frightened his uncle out of matrimony, and is overwhelmed by the reproaches of his friend for having destroyed his cherished scheme. This is

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interrupted by Cutbeard, who comes to say that all is for the best; for Morose is so enraged at the intrusion, which he supposes to have been managed by Dauphine, that he is determined to marry the Silent Lady that very day, and has sent Cutbeard for her and a parson. The Silent Woman's interview with Morose is admirable. He admires her beauty and modesty, his only difficulty is that she can scarcely be made to speak at all, and when she does, it is so low he has to make her say every thing twice over. She refers all things to his superior wisdom; and Morose is in an ecstasy of happiness at having found a partner who exceeds in reticence and taciturnity his fondest hopes, and he triumphs in anticipation over the disappointed expectations of his nephew. He, on his side, secure in the marriage, is determined to invade his uncle with the noisiest possible celebration of his nuptials. He and his friends arrange to divert La-Foole's grand party into Morose's house; and a certain Captain Otter, famous for his alternate servile submission to his wife in her presence, and his bold and passionate execration of her in her absence, and for his ridiculous humours in drinking from his three favourite cups, which he calls his bear, his bull, and his horse, is to be of the party. To give a further zest to the jest, and to accumulate horrors on the head of poor Morose, they hire all the musicians they can get, especially trumpets and drums. Cutbeard obeys his master's injunctions, and supplies him with a parson well suited to his humour; "one that has catched a cold, sir, and can scarce be heard six inches off; as if he spoke out of a bulrush that were not picked, or his throat were full of pith:" and the next scene opens immediately after the performance of the ceremony which has united Morose and Epicœne. There are few things in the whole range of the comic drama equal to this situation, when Morose finds, to his inexpressible consternation, that the lady to whom he has just been bound by indissoluble ties has a concealed tongue and temper of her own; and when, to add to his misery, he is invaded by the whole company of gentlemen, collegians, fools, and musicians. Fortunately part of it is decent enough to bear quotation.

"SCENE II.

A room in Morose's *House.*

Enter MOROSE, EPICŒNE, Parson, *and* CUTBEARD.

Mor. Sir, there's an angel for yourself, and a brace of angels for your cold. Muse not at this manage of my bounty. It is fit we should thank fortune, double to nature, for any benefit she confers upon us; besides, it is your imperfection, but my solace.

Par. [*speaks as having a cold.*] I thank your worship; so it is mine, now.

Mor. What says he, Cutbeard?

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Cut. He says, *præsto*, sir, whensoever your worship needs him, he can be ready with the like. He got this cold with sitting up late, and singing catches with cloth-workers.

Mor. No more. I thank him.

Par. God keep your worship, and give you much joy with your fair spouse!—uh, uh, uh!

Mor. O, O! stay, Cutbeard! let him give me five shillings of my money back. As it is bounty to reward benefits, so it is equity to mulct injuries. I will have it. What says he?

Cler. He cannot change it, sir.

Mor. It must be changed.

Cut. Cough again. [*Aside to Parson.*

Mor. What says he?

Cut. He will cough out the rest, sir.

Par. Uh, uh, uh!

Mor. Away, away with him! stop his mouth! away! I forgive it.—
[*Exit Cut. thrusting out the Par.*

Epi. Fie, master Morose, that you will use this violence to a man of the church.

Mor. How!

Epi. It does not become your gravity, or breeding, as you pretend in court, to have offered this outrage on a waterman, or any more boisterous creature, much less on a man of his civil coat.

Mor. You can speak, then!

Epi. Yes, sir.

Mor. Speak out, I mean.

Epi. Ay, sir. Why, did you think you had married a statue, or a motion only? one of the French puppets, with the eyes turned with a wire? or some innocent out of the hospital, that would stand with her hands thus, and a plaise mouth, and look upon you?

Mor. O immodesty! a manifest woman! What, Cutbeard!

Epi. Nay, never quarrel with Cutbeard, sir; it is too late now. I confess it doth bate somewhat of the modesty I had, when I writ simply maid: but I hope I shall make it a stock still competent to the estate and dignity of your wife.

Mor. She can talk!

Epi. Yes, indeed, sir.

Enter MUTE.

Mor. What, sirrah! None of my knaves there? where is this impostor Cutbeard? [*Mute makes signs.*

Epi. Speak to him, fellow, speak to him! I'll have none of this coacted unnatural dumbness in my house, in a family where I govern.
[*Exit Mute.*

Mor. She is my regent already! I have married a Penthesilea, a Semiramis; sold my liberty to a distaff.

Enter TRUEWIT.

True. Where 's master Morose?

Mor. Is he come again? Lord have mercy upon me!

True. I wish you all joy, mistress Epicœne, with your grave and honourable match.

Epi. I return you the thanks, master Truewit, so friendly a wish deserves.

Mor. She has acquaintance too!

True. God save you, sir, and give you all contentment in your fair choice, here! Before, I was the bird of night to you, the owl; but now I am the messenger of peace, a dove, and bring you the glad wishes of many friends to the celebration of this good hour.

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Mor. What hour, sir?

True. Your marriage hour, sir. I commend your resolution, that, notwithstanding all the dangers I laid afore you, in the voice of a night-crow, would yet go on, and be yourself. It shows you are a man constant to your own ends, and upright to your purposes, that would not be put off with left-handed cries."

He tells him the barber has betrayed him, and announces the arrival of company to felicitate him:

"*Mor.* Bar my doors! bar my doors! Where are all my eaters! my mouths, now?—

Enter Servants.

Bar up my doors, you varlets!

Epi. He is a varlet that stirs to such an office. Let them stand open. I would see him that dares move his eyes toward it. Shall I have a barricado made against my friends, to be barred of any pleasure they can bring in to me with their honourable visitation? [*Exeunt Ser.*

Mor. O Amazonian impudence!"

She forgets his hatred of noise in joining Truewit in overwhelming the barber with witty curses; but soon the crowd of visitors breaks in like a sea, and overwhelms him. Epicœne receives them with all the graces of a fine lady, welcomes them to the feast; and the scene ends in the ladies disputing for precedence with shrill voices, and a grand crash of trumpets and drums. The wretched Morose, after an ineffectual resistance, betakes himself to flight; and Dauphine thus describes his city of refuge:

"*Daup.* O, hold me up a little, I shall go away in the jest else. He has got on his whole nest of night-caps, and locked himself up in the top of the house, as high as ever he can climb from the noise. I peeped in at a cranny, and saw him sitting over a cross-beam of the roof, like him on the sadler's horse in Fleet-street, upright; and he will sleep there."

The action is now filled up for some time by the ridiculous humours of the lady collegians and the two foolish knights. The former are all betrayed into declarations of love for Dauphine by the skill of Truewit; and the latter are engaged in a preposterous quarrel, in which each separately betrays his craven spirit, and voluntarily submits to be beaten by the other; a composition of which the wits take the execution into their own hands by blindfolding the victims. Morose comes among them again, and is terribly tormented; his new wife affects to think him mad, and his misery culminates when he learns that she talks ten times worse in her sleep, and snores like a porpoise. All his hopes turn upon a divorce, and he is obliged to have recourse to his nephew and implore his assistance. He goes, indeed, himself to the lawyers; but makes nothing of it. There is such a noise in the court of wrangling lawyers, that he says "the riot at home is a sort of calm midnight to it." Hence he grasps eagerly at a suggestion of True-

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wit's, who engages to provide him with two learned doctors, who shall discuss the matter quietly in a chamber for him, and satisfy him what hopes he may entertain of getting rid of his incubus of a talking wife. The confederates dress-up Otter as a divine, and Cutbeard as a canon-lawyer; and the two argue the whole question of the grounds of divorce with unparalleled humour and an utter disregard of decency; they cavil and dispute over every one of their twelve *impedimenta*, with a profusion of Latin terms of wit, and with warming temper and rising voices. Each hoped-for impediment is in turn disposed of as inapplicable to the case in hand. Daw and La-Foole, who plume themselves on a reputation for irresistibility with women, are seduced by the wits to boast of the favours of Epicœne; but even this brings no relief to Morose. His nephew at last asks him what he shall deserve, if he shall free him absolutely and for ever from his unhappy condition; and Morose, though incredulous of his ability, eagerly agrees to give him an allowance for life, and leave him all his property; and in spite of the eager protestations and lamentations of Epicœne, he signs deeds to this effect: and then comes the sudden catastrophe:

"*Mor.* Come, nephew, give me the pen; I will subscribe to any thing, and seal to what thou wilt, for my deliverance. Thou art my restorer. Here, I deliver it thee as my deed. If there be a word in it lacking, or writ with false orthography, I protest before [heaven] I will not take the advantage.
[*Returns the writings.*

Daup. Then here is your release, sir. [*Takes off Epicœne's peruke and other disguises.*] You have married a boy, a gentleman's son, that I have brought up this half year at my great charges, and for this composition, which I have now made with you.—What say you, master doctor? This is *justum impedimentum*, I hope, *error personæ?*

Ott. Yes, sir, *in primo gradu.*

Cut. *In primo gradu.*"

And with this discovery, which comes in its startling suddenness, not only on the spectators, but on all the actors, even the confederates of Dauphine, the play briefly winds up. It is perhaps the best unravelling of a plot that has ever been invented; it is like the pulling of a single thread which loosens and betrays all the structure of a complex web. And the play is worthy of the plot; it is one of the few of Jonson's in which we seem to be associating with real living people; and Dryden said truly of it, that "there is more wit and acuteness of fancy in it than in any of Ben Jonson's." It does not carry much of praise to modern ears, to say that the time occupied by the events of the play is not longer than that in which they are played, that the continuity of scenes is almost unbroken, and the change of scene restricted to the narrowest limits; but it is real praise to say that, whatever may be the advantages of

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such an arrangement, it is here obtained without the least sacrifice of ease or richness.

We have no space to discuss the less famous comedies of our author, though many of them would afford ground for special criticism. They have all one distinction common to them, which Jonson himself admits, and which has been patent to all his readers. They deal not with men so much as with what he calls "humours" of men. Every character is selected for some special humour, and his situations and actions are all arranged so as to show this humour off. In the *Poetaster*, he makes his opponent describe himself (Jonson) as "a mere sponge; nothing but humours and observation: he goes up and down sucking from every society, and when he comes home squeezes himself dry again;" and the description is in the main a true one. Aubrey says he gathered humours of men daily wherever he went. In his earlier plays, such as *The Case is altered* and *Every Man in his Humour*, this description of personal eccentricities is united to a body of personal character. Kitely is a man, and so is Bobadil, however caricatured; but in his later comedies, such as *The Magnetic Lady* and *A Tale of a Tub*, his characters degenerate into mere bundles of oddities, and introduce us to a world ridiculous enough, but neither real nor natural.

There is little of geniality in Jonson's writings. He is by nature a satirist, and was possessed by a settled conviction that the display and satire of existing manners was the most legitimate function of comedy; and the mass of all his amusement is extracted either from the caricature of some individual monstrosity, or from the affected and ridiculous habits of some particular class. He adopts Cicero's definition, "who would have a comedy to be *imitatio vitæ, speculum consuetudinis, imago veritatis.*" The court especially is a favourite subject with him; and absurd and overcharged as some of his descriptions seem, we must be cautious in discrediting them. Jonson, though a caricaturist, was a keen and accurate observer; he had little tendency or power to invent, and a basis of matter-of-fact no doubt underlies all his fictions. He is one of the best and completest authorities we have for ascertaining the manners of the court and city in the time of James I.

His strength lies in his wit. Generally it has a special character of its own: it is ponderous built-up mirth, heavy unsparing caricature. He lays on coat after coat of the same paint without relief or variety; yet he covers a wider field of wit than most men, and it would be difficult to say in which department he has proved himself most successful. *The Fox* is most witty, *The Silent Woman* most humorous, *The Alchymist*

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most grotesque. Perhaps his genius leans most in the latter direction. This is a field of laughter not much occupied in the present day; perhaps it belongs to a coarser and simpler state of mind than now prevails. Such caricatures as those of Leonardo da Vinci show it in its rudest forms. It prevailed in the time of George III.: Smollett and Gilray are grotesque, Sterne is often so. It is the element of the ridiculous that lies either in the native disproportion or in the voluntary distortion of real things. The figure of Punch is the type of the grotesque. It deals much with the disease and wretchedness and basenesses of human nature, and is generally more or less inhuman. It is rare in Shakespeare: perhaps the Apothecary in *Romeo and Juliet*, and Falstaff's ragged regiment, are the only instances of it. In Jonson, on the other hand, it is common; but rather in its moral than physical manifestations. *Bartholomew Fair* is made up of it, in the most degraded forms; *The Alchymist*, *The Staple of News*, *The New Inn*, contain abundant specimens of it. His worst works are full of instances of his unbounded power of imagining ludicrous situations.

Jonson wrote two tragedies, *Sejanus* and *Catiline*. The former is incomparably the better. His aim was not to represent man under the influence of deep and moving passion, but to find occasion for pompous periods and stately diction. It was his ambition to "do it after the high Roman fashion." He laments that it is not possible in modern times "to observe the old state and splendour of dramatic poems;" but he adds, "In the mean time, if in truth of argument, dignity of persons, gravity and height of elocution, fullness and frequency of sentence, I have discharged the other offices of a tragic poet, let not the absence of these forms be imputed to me." And if, indeed, these be the only other offices of the tragic poet, Jonson has succeeded in tragedy; and in some respects, he has gone beyond these requisitions, especially in the character of Tiberius, which displays great insight, and is remarkable for its power and originality. The picture is in great measure probably true to the original; and the stage has no figure like it, of deep and crafty dissimulation and unbounded self-indulgence pressing into their service an astute intellect and large mental capacity. *Catiline* is history distorted into poetry; and both history and poetry suffer from the forced transformation. We would rather read the *In Catilinam* in the original than translated into blank verse, and made a speech in a tragedy. To say nothing of other objections, it stops the way. The description of the battle, with which the play concludes, is a fine specimen of "height of elocution" and "fullness of sentence." Compare it with a similar description in *Macbeth*. It was well

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said by Oldys of these classical tragedies, that the author "had pulled down all antiquity on his head."

Mr. Bell, the editor of the neat little edition of Jonson's poetical works lately published, tells us that "it is in his minor poems we must look for him as he lived, felt, and thought;" and that from his plays alone "we should arrive at very imperfect and erroneous conclusions upon his personal and poetical character." This is one of those things that it suits a present purpose so well to say, that a man does not care to inquire too closely whether it be correct or not. No doubt the minor poems of Jonson add something to our knowledge of him; but the insight derived from them into either his genius or his character is insignificant compared to that afforded by his greater works. Even the lighter and more graceful side of his poetical faculty is to be found exercised in greater perfection in the "Sad Shepherd,"—though that piece has been preposterously over-estimated,—and in the songs scattered through his plays and masques, than in the "Forest" and "Underwoods."*

The minor poems rank higher in common estimation than they deserve. People are familiar with a few admirable specimens, and are apt to think there must be many more like them; whereas the fact is, that our popular anthologies contain all Jonson's best songs, which are separated by a wide interval from his worse ones. The origin of many of the most popular among them has been traced back by the commentators to classical originals, and it is probable that many others are indebted to sources not discovered; for Jonson was not only a good scholar, but, if we may trust Gifford, a most excursive reader of all that had been written in the languages of Greece and Rome. "Drink to me only with thine eyes!" is from the love-letters of Philostratus, the different ideas being scattered through several letters of the original, but each idea having its exact antecedent, as may be seen in Gifford's edition, where the passages are quoted; and though the combination of such scattered thoughts may show, as the present editor urges, and as is undoubtedly true, a high degree of artistic ingenuity, it is a much more cold-blooded plagiarism than even the transference of a whole poem. "Still to be neat, still to be drest," is taken from a little Latin poem of Jean Bonnefons; though, oddly enough, the point of the original, "*Fingere se semper non*

* It is a serious defect, that in a work professing to contain the poetical works of Ben Jonson these songs should not have been collected. The consequence is, that the reader will turn the pages of this volume in vain for one or two of Jonson's very best minor productions. No cheapness can compensate for want of completeness. Another marked blot is the absence of any index or detailed table of contents. On the other hand, the life prefixed is well written, and the notes brief and pertinent.

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est confidere amori," and to which Jonson's song too seems to lead, is omitted in his version. "Come, my Celia, let us prove," and "Kiss me, sweet, the wary lover," are from Catullus. Jonson borrows every where largely from the ancients, not with the idea of surreptitiously availing himself of their ideas, but in conformity with the opinion in his day, that to adapt them well was at least as happy an effort of genius as to invent for oneself. He boldly avows, and defends, his practice:

> "And for his true use of translating men,
> It still hath been a work of as much palm
> In clearest judgments as to invent or make."

No man was ever less of a copyist. He is master of what he uses. In some cases, indeed, he puts in a borrowed plume in the most odd and extravagantly inappropriate place, as when he makes one of his shepherds refer to "the lovers' scriptures, Heliodores or Statii, Longi, Eustathii, Prodromi;" and in others overwhelms all dramatic propriety from the desire to insert a good translation: as where in *Catiline* he introduces Cicero speaking something like the whole of the *In Catilinam;* in the *Silent Woman* makes Truewit lecture on love out of Ovid by the pageful; or concludes an act of the *Poetaster* with a literal translation of one of Horace's satires. In general, however, he shows a remarkable dexterity in transferring his borrowed material into the substance of his work; and it is only the retriever-like sagacity of some industrious commentator which informs the reader that a cast serving-man is talking Statius, or a Venetian magnifico quoting Libanius. Jonson, however, borrows not only from the ancients, but frequently from himself; repeating ideas, and even whole lines, of his own, and thus furnishing the strongest proof that the absence of what he calls "copia" in his own resources is what often throws him on those of others. His songs, however, are very far from being mere borrowings from the antique. The originals have often little to recommend them: he supplements the idea; his strong artistic taste comes into play, and he gives to his little poem a completeness and justness of form, and a finish which make it truly his own. Nor can it ever be denied that Jonson had a vein of sweet and fanciful imagination, which, though it was narrow, contained a large proportion of pure metal. It is probable he himself underrated this side of his genius, and cramped its exercise; but every now and then he has given it expression in forms of crystalline clearness and perfect symmetry. Such a one is the "Hymn to Diana." We quote this and others, not because they will be new to any one, but because criticism on poetry is dull and inappreciable unless the poems be not only known to have been written, but are fresh in the memory of the reader:

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"Queen and huntress, chaste and fair,
Now the sun is laid to sleep,
Seated in thy silver chair,
State in wonted manner keep.
Hesperus entreats thy light,
Goddess, excellently bright.

Earth, let not thy envious shade
Dare itself to interpose;
Cynthia's shining orb was made
Heaven to clear, when day did close.
Bless us, then, with wishèd sight,
Goddess, excellently bright.

Lay thy bow of pearl apart,
And thy crystal shining quiver;
Give unto the flying hart
Space to breathe, how short soever,—
Thou that mak'st a day of night,
Goddess, excellently bright."

There is a calm serenity in the whole movement of this piece like that of the moon through the floating clouds, and in exquisite harmony with the subject-matter. The following, too, is very perfect in a very different style, and more light, easy, and playful than we often find in the writings of Jonson, who is apt to lean somewhat too heavily in his most trifling productions:

"If I freely may discover
What would please me in my lover—
I would have her fair and witty,
Savouring more of court than city;
A little proud, but full of pity;
Light and humorous in her toying,
Soon building hopes, and soon destroying;
Long, but sweet, in the enjoying;
Neither too easy nor too hard:
All extremes I would have barr'd.

She should be allowed her passions,
So they were but used as fashions.
Sometimes froward, and then frowning;
Sometimes sickish, and then swowning;
Every fit with change still crowning.
Purely jealous I would have her,
Then only constant when I crave her;
'Tis a virtue should not save her.
Thus nor her delicates could cloy me,
Nor her peevishness annoy me."

This too has been traced to an epigram of Martial. Of the following song Mr. Gifford says, that "if it be not the most beautiful song in the language, I freely confess, for my own part, that I know not where it is to be found."*

* By some slip, Mr. Bell has assigned this dictum of Gifford's to another song. As the two come together, it is probably merely an error of the press in the reference.

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"A SONG.

O do not wanton with those eyes,
  Lest I be sick with seeing;
Nor cast them down, but let them rise,
  Lest shame destroy their being.

O be not angry with those fires,
  For then their threats will kill me;
Nor look too kind on my desires,
  For then my hopes will spill me.

O do not steep them in thy tears,
  For so will sorrow slay me;
Nor spread them as distract with fears;
  Mine own enough betray me."

Gifford was a most able and industrious commentator, but his opinion on poetry is not valuable; and for Jonson he has a blind partiality, partly the result of a good deal of similarity in their natures, and still more from his forming an excellent field on which to do battle with other critics, and furnishing a good opportunity for venting the acrimony of his disposition on those who had previously abused, and, it is fair to add, traduced his author. To us, it seems that the above song is a favourable specimen of Jonson when thrown entirely on his own resources, and that, like the rest of his love-songs, it is artificial and thoroughly heartless. Nowhere has Jonson depicted the passion of love with nature or delicacy. It is scarcely too much to say, that he has never depicted it at all, and was himself incapable of feeling it. The attitude of the ancients towards women found something in his nature which answered to it very exactly. In his life, he seems freely to have indulged his appetites, without the sanction of any deep or permanent attachments. He has not in any of his plays drawn a female character with the slightest power to inspire us with interest. He uses them in general only as a sort of block on which to hang to advantage ridiculous fashions and contemptible caprices. There is one love-scene in his works—Ovid parting from Julia. It is on the same model as the chamber scene in *Romeo and Juliet,* and forms a singular contrast with it. In both cases the lover, condemned to exile, takes his last farewell. In one case, pure passion breathes itself in accents so simple, that the reader cannot stay to admire, but is borne along until the completed scene leaves its whole tender impression on the mind. In the other, the speakers themselves run into disquisitions on love and mortal life; and though we cannot help thinking Jonson has in this place warmed his genius at the fire of his great contemporary, and struck out some fine flashes of the poetical expression of highly wrought feelings, yet in the main

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the speeches are adapted rather to show the ingenuity of the author than the passion of the lovers. In *The New Inn*, the lover rouses his mistress from cold good-will into a sudden and irrestrainable enthusiasm of devotion to him by a brace of sermons on courage and on love; which, however ill-adapted they may seem to secure this happy result, are fine laboured pieces of rhetoric, with thought and originality mingled somewhat largely with dullness. Indeed, Jonson, though utterly incapable of giving a dramatic representation to the most universal passion both of the real and the mimic stage, and ill-constituted in his own nature to experience its higher influences, could form a noble intellectual image of it, and express it in adequate language. Perhaps the finest and most imaginative piece of poetry he has written is the "Epode to deep Ears," as he calls it, in which he contrasts false and true love. We quote the introduction, as well as the finer lines to which we allude, because the former will serve as an example of the cumbrous mechanically translated prose of which the greater part of Jonson's so-called poetry consists.

"EPODE.

Not to know vice at all, and keep true state,
Is virtue and not fate:
Next to that virtue, is to know vice well,
And her black spite expel.
Which to effect (since no breast is so sure,
Or safe, but she 'll procure
Some way of entrance), we must plant a guard
Of thoughts to watch and ward
At th' eye and ear, the ports unto the mind,
That no strange or unkind
Object arrive there, but the heart, our spy,
Give knowledge instantly
To wakeful reason, our affections' king:
Who, in th' examining,
Will quickly taste the treason, and commit
Close, the close cause of it.
'Tis the securest policy we have,
To make our sense our slave.
But this true course is not embraced by many:
By many! scarce by any.
For either our affections do rebel,
Or else the sentinel,
That should ring 'larum to the heart, doth sleep;
Or some great thought doth keep
Back the intelligence, and falsely swears
They 're base and idle fears
Whereof the loyal conscience so complains.
Thus, by these subtle trains,
Do several passions invade the mind,
And strike our reason blind:
Of which usurping rank, some have thought love
The first; as prone to move

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Most frequent tumults, horrors, and unrests,
In our inflamèd breasts:
But this doth from the cloud of error grow,
Which thus we over-blow.
The thing they here call love is blind desire,
Armed with bow, shafts, and fire;
Inconstant, like the sea, of whence 'tis born,
Rough, swelling, like a storm;
With whom who sails rides on the surge of fear,
And boils as if he were
In a continual tempest. Now true love
No such effects doth prove;
That is an essence far more gentle, fine,
Pure, perfect, nay divine;
It is a golden chain let down from heaven,
Whose links are bright and even,
That falls like sleep on lovers, and combines
The soft and sweetest minds
In equal knots: this bears no brands, nor darts,
To murder different hearts;
But in a calm and god-like unity
Preserves community.
O, who is he that in this peace enjoys
Th' elixir of all joys?
A form more fresh than are the Eden bowers,
And lasting as her flowers;
Richer than Time, and as Time's virtue rare;
Sober as saddest care;
A fixèd thought, an eye untaught to glance.
Who, blest with such high chance,
Would, at suggestion of a steep desire,
Cast himself from the spire
Of all his happiness?"

This must not be taken as an average specimen of the minor poems of Jonson. For the most part they are inexpressibly tedious reading. There is enough thought, harshly expressed, to require an effort to understand them; and not enough to reward the effort when read. They are weighed down by a sort of inert mass of mind which the imagination has not sufficient power to kindle. It might have sufficed a lesser body of intellect, but it is out of proportion to what it has to move. Struggling gleams of fire shine through a well-heaped mass of materials; but rarely does the whole burst into a clear blaze. Now and then, indeed, some exquisite poetical idea may be found, half hidden by the cumbrousness of its expression, as when he compares the serenity of his mistress's face to the calmness and life-renewing influence which pervade the air after tempest; an idea not easily suggested by the lines,

"As alone there triumphs to the life
All the good, all the gain, of the elements' strife."

There is gold, and pure gold, in his writings; but mixed

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with large lumps of clay. The worst of it is, the clay is as solemnly and carefully hammered out as the gold; and the author evidently refuses to acknowledge even to himself that it is of any inferior value. Labour Jonson never spared; he gave all his works the finish his best pains could afford, but he used material in itself incapable of taking a polish. He had a keen incisive wit; but it is an Andrea Ferrara rather than a rapier. A sort of native unwieldiness is apt to leave its impression in what he writes; and his rhythm is like his matter, it has a lumbering elephantine motion, full of stops and sudden charges. His epigrams are often sharp-pointed, and witty; but, like all epigrams, they are dull reading. They are moulded in the Latin type; and though some of them have point, many of them are only brief occasional poems on a single subject, mostly eulogistic of some particular person. Some of the satirical ones are also probably personal; but in general aimed at some vicious practice or moral deformity, set forth under an appropriate title, in which, as in the body of the poem, he loves to show his wit. We have epigrams to "Sir Annual Tilter," to "Don Surly," to "Sir Voluptuous Beast," to "Fine Grand," to "Captain Hungry," &c. That on Cheveril the lawyer may serve as a specimen of the best of them:

> "No cause, nor client fat, will Cheveril leese:
> But as they come, on both sides he takes fees,
> And pleaseth both; for while he melts his grease
> For this, that wins for whom he holds his peace."

The "Forest" and "Underwoods,"—names by which Jonson designated two collections of his minor poems,—consist, with some love-songs, chiefly of eulogistic epistles and addresses to his friends and patrons. It is usual to speak of these poems as abounding in profound thought and wise insight into human life. They certainly look as if they did. They have a grave sententious air which their matter really hardly warrants. There are good things in them, and even striking things; but such are rare. They are ingenious and laboured, while the body of thought in them is sufficiently commonplace. The same thing may be observed in his "Discoveries," a collection of his ideas on various disconnected subjects expressed in prose. Thoughts which occurred to him he wrapped up in large bundles of language, and put by here for posterity. For the most part, they are by no means "discoveries." They are not such things as Bacon wrote in his essays, or Selden said at his table. They contain none of the subtle penetrating judgments of an original genius. They are weighty and often acute dicta; but always within certain limits of knowledge already established. Jonson can select true judgments to give his authority and sanction

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to, but he has none of that quality which loves to unfold the inner heart of true notions, or of that which loves to lay naked and confute those which are false.

The free use of satire always requires something of vulgarity in the mind, and recklessness in the temper, of him who employs it. You cannot strike hard, and also strike with discrimination; and the deeper a man's insight, the more certainly does his knowledge of the complex intertangling of good and evil restrain his hand from sweeping blows of censure. But there is a certain sharpness, vigour, and healthy indignation, which ennoble to some extent just satire. Jonson has these qualities in great perfection; but he is apt to descend into vituperation, and to rail with a disregard of all limits either in his applications or his expressions. Read his description of his own times:

> "No part or corner man can look upon,
> But there are objects bid him to be gone
> As far as he can fly, or follow day,
> Rather than here so bogged in vices stay.
> The whole world here leavened with madness swells;
> And, being a thing blown out of naught, rebels
> Against his Maker, high alone with weeds
> And impious rankness of all sects and seeds:
> Not to be checked or frightened now with fate,
> But more licentious made and desperate!
> Our delicacies are grown capital,
> And even our sports are dangers! what we call
> Friendship, is now masked hatred! justice fled,
> And shamefacedness together! all laws dead
> That kept men living! pleasures only sought!
> Honour and honesty, as poor things thought
> As they are made! pride and stiff clownage mixed
> To make up greatness! and man's whole good fixed
> In bravery, or gluttony, or coin,
> All which he makes the servants of the groin,—
> Thither it flows!"

Further we cannot quote; what follows is worse than the worst parts of Juvenal.

Jonson and some of his friends thought his translations his best things. For vigorous closeness, and a large command of the resources of his own language in conveying the meaning of another, they have scarcely any parallels. Gifford, who was trained in a different school, does them great injustice.

But we have no further space in which to discuss them, and must here conclude our notice. Jonson in his lifetime made warm friends and bitter enemies; and the same fate has attended his reputation. He has been extravagantly lauded, and unjustly undervalued and maligned. Our object has been to set down as accurately as possible the estimate of an unbiased judgment.

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He was a great though not an engaging man; and history will always write his name high in the roll of literary achievement. No man ever owed less to others. It was part of his deficiency, as well as part of his greatness, to be formed for standing alone:

> "Thy star was judgment only and right sense,
> Thyself being to thyself an influence."

Art. VI.—THE CZAR NICHOLAS.

The Accession of Nicholas I. Compiled, by special command of the Emperor Alexander II., by his Imperial Majesty's Secretary of State, Baron M. Korff, and translated from the original Russian. Third Impression (now first published). London: John Murray, 1857.

The Russian Empire, its People, Institutions, and Resources. By Baron Von Haxthausen, author of "Transcaucasia," "The Tribes of the Caucasus," &c. Translated by Robert Farie, Esq. 2 vols. London: Chapman and Hall, 1856.

The Nations of Russia and Turkey, and their Destiny. By Ivan Golovin, author of "The Caucasus." Two parts. London: Trübner and Co., 1854.

La Russie et les Russes. Par N. Tourgueneff. 3 tomes. Bruxelles, 1847.

Secret History of the Court and Government of Russia under the Emperors Alexander and Nicholas. By J. H. Schnitzler. 2 vols. London: Richard Bentley, 1847.

Russia under the Autocrat Nicholas the First. By Ivan Golovine, a Russian Subject. 2 vols. London: Henry Colburn, 1846.

Revelations of Russia in 1846. By an English Resident. Third Edition. 2 vols. London: Colburn, 1846.

La Russie en 1839. Par le Marquis de Custine. 4 tomes. Paris, 1843.

Russia. Abridged from the French of the Marquis de Custine. London: Longmans, 1854.

"If you think well of us, you will say so: but it will be useless, you will not be believed; we are ill understood, and people will not understand us better." These words, addressed by the Empress of Russia to the Marquis de Custine in the year 1839, convey a protest against the judgment of Western Europe which might well deter any lover of truth from exposing himself to a

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similar reproach, by drawing the conclusions which seeming facts would appear to warrant respecting the Czar and his people. Perhaps, after all, the fault lies more in the national characteristics of Russia herself than in the travellers who have successively attempted to delineate them. It is not easy for the most impartially disposed critic to arrive at satisfactory conclusions concerning men and manners in a society which he is taught by experience to regard as a vast masquerade, where the only clue to identification is the negative certainty that no one will appear in his real character. The spell which thus hangs over the scene, and defies inquisitive speculation, might well have been drawn from the famous repertory of the wizard Michael Scott:

> "It had much of glamour might,
> Could make a ladye seem a knight;
> The cobwebs on a dungeon wall
> Seem tapestry in lordly hall;
> A nutshell seem a gilded barge;
> A sheeling seem a palace large;
> And youth seem age, and age seem youth:
> All was delusion, nought was truth."

You leave your western home with honest intentions of ascertaining the actual good and evil of this great empire, which exercises so increasing an influence on the destinies of Europe. You approach the object of your curiosity by the common highway of nations; and the imposing monotony of the world of waters leaves your senses open to the impressions of immediate contrast between country and country. You pass through the ordeal of the island fortress which has lately proved itself the trustworthy sentinel over the safety of Peter the Great's "European window," and you find yourself before a stately city, with magnificent quays and wide-spreading streets, lined by palaces glittering with paint and gilding. Having once escaped from the talons of the custom-house officials, whom it would be a libel to regard any where as the representatives of the national character, you meet with nothing but obliging and even officious hospitality. Every one whom you encounter seems to inscribe himself at once as *cicerone* and host to the stranger; and his attentions are marked by a delicacy and tact which, while pleading for a favourable verdict for his country, appear proudly conscious that this is its natural due. The politeness and generosity of the East seem to be blended with the intelligence and civilisation of the West, and the Russian to act as the gifted interpreter of the best virtues of each into the language of the other. As you walk down the street, your attention is drawn to an unostentatious carriage, the occupant of which does not require the profound deference of your companion and the other passers-by to distinguish him in

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your eyes as the autocrat from whose will every thing around you is said to derive its impulse. You become conscious that you yourself are the subject of observation and scrutiny; and probably, unaccustomed to the fixed gaze of princes and potentates, feel not a little embarrassed under the dissection which your character and disposition are so quietly undergoing. As your own look is sinking cowed before the particular attention with which you are being honoured, you feel not a little relieved at discovering that the expression of the imperial countenance, at first rigidly severe, has passed without any intermediate stage into one of gentle and graceful politeness. Fully prepared to recognise the appreciation of your own merits as only matter of time, you are ready to set down to the eagle-eyed penetration of a master mind this rapidly altered bearing towards you; and the very iciness of the first glance is a guarantee to you of the trustworthiness of the ultimate judgment. You have no suspicion that so great a prince can be really guilty of the idle vanity of outstaring a bewildered foreigner, and that had your own demeanour been more composed under the imperial eye, you would have inflicted on the Czar of Muscovy a pang of angry disappointment. This, with other facts, comes gradually to your knowledge; and so much is the first favourable impression altered by subsequent observation, that you run the risk of falling into the opposite extreme, and solving every ambiguous characteristic in the sense of unmixed evil. You discover that real friendship is as remote as possible from the pleasing civility of ordinary Russian intercourse; that it is commonly only a hasty demonstration of good-will, put forth without the slightest reference to actual feeling, merely to anticipate and prevent the closer approach and introspection of a more gradual intimacy. It is the nervous movement of suspicion, which apes the simplicity of open-heartedness. You learn other things in times even less pleasing. Your urbane and conversational elbow-companion at the *restaurateur's* has led the confidential chat to the subject of Russian political institutions, and has supplied you with an easy opening to the expression of your own conviction of the superiority of Western freedom. You may be so unguarded as to follow up the hint, feeling safe in the solitude of that corner of the room and in the reciprocal frankness of your auditor; or it may be that through a constitutional reserve, or the self-restraint dictated by worldly experience, you may waive the discussion, and confine yourself to the unobjectionable remark, that your object is to gather information, and that you leave to Russians themselves, as the best judges, the task of appreciating the value of their own usages. In the latter case, you may be startled a few days afterwards, in talking with a

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superior official, whose acquaintance you have casually acquired, and whom you know to be connected with the Imperial Police, to be congratulated as a prudent man, and to learn that your tavern conversation has duly passed from bureau to bureau, through all the stages of official docketing, and has perhaps gratified the curiosity even of the imperial personage himself on whose sudden prepossession in your favour you had been pluming yourself. Should indiscretion have been your failing, you may find a monitor besides that in your own breast in the persevering attendance of some gentleman of morbid politeness and strange discontinuity of occupation, until you are fairly watched and bowed out of the dominions of the Czar. You are then made painfully aware that in Russia the old Saxon system of neighbourly and "tithing" responsibility, man for man, to the State, has been developed in a peculiar manner; that the members of the same family are virtually government spies on each other's movements and words; and that the best way of satisfying the police of your own innocence is to act as the secret denouncer of the guilt of your bosom friend. Such a state of things may appear at first sight entirely destructive of all social enjoyment; but being applicable to all, it receives its natural modification in the common interest, and its evil effect, beyond the limits which it imposes on the objects of life and the subjects of discourse, is chiefly experienced by those who are bunglers at the orthodox lying and mystification which are its accompaniments. Skilful conspirators have a language of their own, to which no police-office has yet succeeded in discovering a perpetual glossary. The ordinary effect, however, of this social system is, that the Czar is tacitly understood to be present at, and a party to, the minutest details of the private life of all his subjects. It is, in short, an attempt to engraft the patriarchal idea, which lies at the root of Sclavonic nationality, upon the borrowed civilisation of Western Europe. Russian life thus divides itself into two outwardly antagonistic, but intrinsically similar, phases—the life of the Sclavonic peasant in his cherished organisation of "communes," and that of the noble of the capital, with his European tastes and aspirations paralysed by his national and traditional characteristics. At the head of each system stands the patriarchal authority of the Czar—the natural complement of the one, and the uneasily accepted necessity of the other. Is it wonderful that, with this double aspect of Russia, and this conflict of ideas in the minds of intelligent Russians themselves, there should be some lack of appreciation and understanding in Western Europe of the national character, and of the extraordinary man who for so long a time was identified by Western politicians with the distinctive genius of Russia?

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Of the Czar Nicholas it would have seemed almost hypocrisy in an English writer, a year or two ago, to affect to speak with impartiality. The polemic clamour of manifestoes and parliamentary harangues, the eloquent mutual incrimination of princes and statesmen, and the popular and patriotic enthusiasm of the respective countries, had not then subsided into the calmness essential to any just discrimination of conduct and motives. Crops of Crimean heroes still sprouted forth with undiminished vigour at agricultural gatherings; and metropolitan lion-shows kept alive the remembrance of national animosities, though the belligerent cabinets had smoothed their brows again into the habitual courtesies of diplomatic intercourse. To affect to say any good of the Czar might then be not unreasonably looked upon as a symptom of lukewarm loyalty to our national cause; and to speak ill of him, was merely to follow in the wake of the countless scribes whom the din of actual war had suddenly aroused to a perception of his sins. Now, however, a new crisis of more absorbing interest has arisen to divert the overflow of our feelings from this channel; and the Russian war seems already to have passed into the domain of history as much as the prince himself by whose genius it was provoked and supported. With animosities softened and subdued by the deeper shadows of our Indian disasters, and with the advantage of a complete retrospect of the policy of the late Czar defined in its limits by the dissimilar character of his successor, we may perhaps approach the subject with better chances of arriving at truth.

The policy of the house of Romanoff would seem to have been dictated far more by natural causes of race and geographical position than by the peculiar character of its princes. To Peter the Great the glory may be given of having clearly perceived the exact position in which Russia stood relatively to the East and the West, her past and her prospective history, and of having carried out with unwavering decision and striking success the policy which he conceived to be the best solution of the problem. To his successors the praise is also to be allotted that, while never losing sight of the general direction in which his sagacious mind had predetermined that the national life of Russia should move, they showed themselves fully alive to the necessity of accommodating this march to the shifting contingencies of each particular epoch, and superadded their own contributions of experience and reflection to the management and development of the movement. All more or less sensual, they were none of them the mere slaves of their sensuality, but used it as an instrument of personal ambition and national aggrandisement. The favourites of Catherine II. were not mere parasites of the palace, but generals, statesmen, and even wise legislators, whose benefits to the nation are still

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gratefully remembered, while their allegiance to the sovereign was of a nature which necessarily identified them with her interests. The very madness of some of the Romanoffs had its political and social meaning, and was something very different from the purposeless frenzy of Asiatic despots. Thus, although the crimes and excesses which political refugees have laid at the door of this great house can few of them be denied or excused, we experience a very different feeling in reading the records of their strange and eventful reigns from that inspired by the monotonous chronicles of murder and lust which are all that some nations can give us as a substitute for national history. Of the successors of Peter the Great, including his own wife, four have been women, and a royal tragedy has ushered in and closed the reign of a large proportion; yet the helm of state has never any where been held consecutively by firmer or more masculine hands, nor has the course of the vessel ever deviated less materially from the points observed at the commencement of the voyage. We have something to consider, therefore, not only in the nature of the problem which the founder of the greatness of the empire had originally to solve, and the manner in which he set about its solution, but also in the peculiar genius of the family which enabled them to deal so successfully with the task bequeathed to them. In doing this, we shall not experience any great difficulty in arriving at the elements of the distinctive character of the Czar Nicholas, or in estimating his share in the results attained.

A glance at the map of Europe will explain in a moment the geographical difficulties with which the Czar Peter and his successors had to contend. On all sides Russia was landlocked; and at the close of the seventeenth century she was literally imprisoned within closely guarded barriers. On the north, the keys were held by Sweden; a nation flushed with the remembrance of a European reputation, gained under the auspices of the sovereigns of the House of Vasa, and guided and urged onward by one of the most gifted of that royal race, little likely to relax its hold in any quarter without a determined contest. On the south, the outlet of the Black Sea, and the road to Constantinople, were held by the powerful Khans of the Crimea,—princes yielding a nominal superiority of only one horse-tail to the Sultan of Turkey himself, and treating with the Sublime Porte on a virtual footing of equality. On the west, all access to the cultivated plains of Central Europe was barred by the still unbroken and hostile power of Poland; while the remaining frontier, spreading away into the boundless wastes of Asia, seemed to invite a return to the nomad habits of the first stage of national life. Within the boundaries thus circumscribed, Sclaves, Mongols, and Tahtars had long struggled for supremacy; and the eventual supe-

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riority of the first-named race had been secured at the price of protracted and bloody contests, which had postponed the formation of a Russian nation until the civilisation of Western Europe had passed through some of its most important stages. For a time, indeed, Russia had a chance of emerging into the system of European nationalities as a feudatory of the Polish monarchy; but her patriotic assertion of independence broke the chain of communication with the West before its effects had been at all materially felt. The Warangian princes, the descendants of Rurik, isolated in their petty military principalities, had ceased to cherish any traditional memory of their Norse origin long before they were reduced by the policy of Ivan to the rank of a local nobility. Every thing stagnated or tended eastward in this shapeless empire of forestland and prairie, when the energy of one man ventured to dispute the destiny seemingly allotted by nature, and determined that Russia should join on equal terms the confederation of European nations, and share in the material fruits of their more advanced civilisation. A fierce and desperate struggle with her Scandinavian rival gained for Russia not merely a footing on the shores of the Gulf of Finland, but the prestige of great and startling success among the nations which bordered on those waters. St. Petersburg arose on ground conquered as much from nature as from the Swede, and maintained with far more difficulty against the insidious assaults of river and primitive morass than against any merely human enemy. Through this new gateway of his empire, Peter had resolved to introduce among an Asiatic population the arts and social habits of Western Europe. He had, however, to contend with an obstacle even more formidable than the physical one which he had already overcome, in the peculiarities and prejudices of the Sclavonic race. Pliant and easily moulded into an outward conformity to prescribed patterns, the Sclavonic type is essentially unyielding and unalterable in its intrinsic characteristics. The Czar Peter dressed it after the European fashion, taught it to speak in more than one European language, introduced it to European fashions of vice and European canons of morality. He drilled its army after the most approved European authorities, and called into existence the germs of a European navy. He transplanted its population into a city which in its externals rivalled the magnificence and luxury of the Western capitals; and he reproduced within its palaces and streets the semblance of an advanced state of European civilisation. But he was as little able to force European feelings and habits below the surface of the national character, as he was to keep the stucco palaces from crumbling under the influence of an arctic climate, and the timbers of his infant navy from rotting during their periodical im-

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prisonment within their icy dockyards. Upon this stubborn substratum of Sclavonic nationality, neither the varnish of French conventionalities spread over the face of society by Catherine II., nor the German bureaucracy of subsequent sovereigns, have produced any sensible effects; and to this day the main characteristics of Sclavism remain unchanged among the peasantry of the interior, and peep forth from beneath the foreign mask of the capital itself. It has become more and more apparent with each successive century, that while the territorial aggrandisement of Russia has been achieved through the medium and at the expense of Western civilisation, the national life can be developed into a corresponding degree of greatness only through the recognition and on the basis of Sclavism.

Peter the Great, therefore, was more successful in securing a wider field of action for the national life than in forcing it forward into a royal road of progress. His policy, and that of his successors, secured a southern gateway in the Crimea, and established a standing "menace" to the rest of Europe in the acquisition of the Polish outpost. But, on the other hand, the internal policy of the empire in later years has been a retrograde one from many of his favourite ideas, and Russia is still far from having realised his dream of becoming *bonâ-fide* European. He succeeded in making it a power in Europe, but not a European power. The premature and superficial civilisation which he superinduced upon Russian society, while it has procured the admission of the court and cabinet of St. Petersburg into the fraternity of European princes and statesmen, has bequeathed a great and increasing difficulty to successive rulers, and has proved no small obstacle to the growth of the native and home-spun character of the people.

It would be no uninteresting task to follow in detail the attempts of the successive sovereigns of Russia since the time of Peter the Great to carry out both branches of his scheme; but our present object is a more limited one, and we have perhaps said enough to render more intelligible the position of the Czar Nicholas with respect to his own people and the other nations of Europe. The third in birth of the four sons of Paul, he can scarcely be said to have been born to the purple. Considerably younger than his next brother Constantine, he could not, under any circumstances, have made his appearance in public life before the character and calibre of his elder brothers had already been tolerably well ascertained; and the remoteness of his chance of succession, joined to the natural subordination of his position, must have given him time to mature his views and develop his character before he was forced into the ordeal of public criticism. It is not surprising, then, that the earliest

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accounts which we gather of his personal appearance and mental powers far from correspond to the impression created by him when he emerged into the character of a crowned Czar. Physically, the tall, slender, unformed figure fell far short of the stately beauty which struck every one when it supported the weight of imperial dignity; nor did the thin sharp features of the young man suggest any anticipation of the same when expanded under the consciousness of autocratic power. Those who knew him in his private station (we are told) could scarcely recognise him afterwards; and it is not unlikely that the change in their mutual relations had no inconsiderable effect in producing this result. Such at least was certainly the case with the estimate formed of his intellectual capacity. No one has imputed to the countenance of the Czar Nicholas the expression of want of mind, nor have even his ordinary actions raised in observers the suspicion of merely ordinary mental powers. Yet so late as the strange interregnum which succeeded the death of Alexander, and while speculation was rife as to the comparative chances of happiness for Russia under Constantine and Nicholas, an intelligent German present on the spot, and a close observer of men and manners, speaks thus disparagingly of the future emperor. After stating his opinion that the reign of Constantine, notwithstanding his eccentricities, might prove salutary to Russia by the energy, though irregular, with which he would probably probe the diseased body-politic, M. Schnitzler proceeds:

"This might not perhaps be the case, should Nicholas ascend the throne. Still young and inexperienced, he would probably hardly have courage to enter upon a career of reform; he would perhaps be content to tread in the steps of his brother and predecessor, whom he has been accustomed to regard as a model of perfection. He has been accustomed to swear by his brother; he knows no other system than his; he has learned to love that which he loved, to esteem that which he esteemed, and to disregard all that did not merit his approbation. No great talents are recognisable in Nicholas; his studies have not been of the most serious kind, though conducted under the direction of his mother, a woman of strong sense and firm will. It was said at Gotchina, that Nicholas and his brother Michael showed so little disposition to profit by the instructions of their tutors, or to yield obedience to them, that it sometimes needed all the authority of the mother to uphold that of the master."

It is not a little creditable to the writer of the above, that he should have had the good sense to publish in later years an account which reflects so little credit on his foresight and discrimination, but which probably conveys the opinion of almost every one, except a few who were brought into closer and more

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confidential intercourse with the future prince. Nicholas, indeed, ascended the throne without any definite feeling respecting him in the public mind, except a little doubt as to his energy and capacity. His two elder brothers, so long previously before the public eye, had achieved each of them some amount of popularity with different classes of society. Alexander, notwithstanding the vacillation of his policy and the well-known weakness of his will, still retained, by his amiability and goodness of intention, a considerable amount of affection among the Russians generally; while his previous leanings towards liberalism, although abandoned during his later years, still rendered him personally an object of regretful hope and respectful sympathy among the more cultivated classes. He was not, however, popular with the army, nor with some of the more ardent of the reformers, who considered his fickle coquetry with the idea of progress as more fatal to the interests of their country than even an avowed and consistent opposition to liberal ideas. With the army, and to some extent with the "constitutional party," which met in deliberation at clubs and secret political societies, Constantine was the greater favourite, and was looked upon with considerable hope. The type of character presented by that singular man was evidently very similar to that of his father; but with greater capacities both for good and evil. As a child, he was the especial favourite of his grandmother Catherine, who, much as she disliked her son, took considerable pleasure in the droll eccentricities of her little grandson; and it was no mere fool who could have obtained any such hold on the feelings of the Czarina. Ugly and uncouth beyond the ordinary signification of these words—habitually rough and boisterous, and outrageously brutal when (as was often the case) entirely surrendered to the impulse of his ungovernable frenzies—Constantine had also alternations of the noblest feelings, and even the most tender and delicate sensibility. He was throughout his life a savage child, with a kindly frankness in his happier moods which redeemed to some extent the unrestrained impulses of his "Berserker" madness. Brought up from a boy in the ranks of the army, he was alternately adored by them for his congenial disposition, and dreaded almost beyond endurance for his capricious martinetism. Out of the army his general popularity was not great in Russia, and some amount of jealousy had been felt in that empire at the undisguised preference which he had displayed for the kingdom of Poland, which had been committed to his viceroyalty. For Poland he raised an efficient army, and drilled it to distraction; labouring only under the singular fear that a war might break out, which would spoil the uniforms of the men and ruin their parade discipline. For Poland he had done much in the general

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administration of the kingdom; but in this department also, by his constitutional love of minutiæ, which led him to assume the functions of chief director of the secret political police, he had alienated the affections of the national party, and eventually precipitated a contest nearly as ruinous to Russian as to Polish liberty. He had espoused for his second wife a Polish lady; and had thus placed in the public mind a great barrier in the way of his accession to the Russian empire—even though it was only imperfectly known that he had made this marriage the occasion, or it had been made for him the pretext, of a renunciation on his part of his succession to the empire.

By the side of Alexander and Constantine, thus supported and opposed, Nicholas stood alone (for his younger brother Michael was a mere feeble copy of Constantine)—if unopposed by any strong party, not able to count beforehand on the warm support of any; but although little regarded by the public, the qualities for empire which he proved subsequently to possess must have been apparent to at least three persons—to his brother the Emperor Alexander, who secretly (by an ambiguous stretch of prerogative) designated him as his successor, to the exclusion of Constantine; to his mother Maria-Feodorowna, who strongly approved of this disposition; and to the excluded person himself. Some sparks of latent czarism must have been drawn forth by the rough wit of Constantine, even through the placid non-conducting exterior of Nicholas, to have provoked the following comic drama, the reality of which rests on the authority of the Grand-Duke Michael and of Nicholas himself. The court memorialist tells the story thus: "After suffering from a severe illness, the Grand-Duke Michael Paulovitch was advised to drink the waters of Carlsbad and Marienbad during the summer months of 1821. On his return to Russia, he visited Warsaw, the constant residence of the Cesarevitch. At that city, and at the same time, was expected the Grand-Duke Nicholas Paulovitch, with his grand-duchess, then returning from the baths of Ems. During the preparations which were being made for the latter personages, the Cesarevitch one day said to his brother, 'You see, Michel'—so he was in the habit of calling him—'with you we make ourselves quite at home, without ceremony; but when I expect my brother Nicholas, I always feel as if I were preparing to meet the Emperor himself!'" Accordingly, on the arrival of Nicholas at Warsaw, "the Cesarevitch received this new guest with his usual kindness and hospitality, but often reduced him to the greatest embarrassment by signs of honour and ceremonial respect which did not correspond to his rank. The grand-duke tried every expedient to escape from these testimonies of deference, and begged to be relieved from a degree of respect which

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sometimes almost took the form of extravagance and caricature; but the elder brother excused himself by saying jestingly, 'This is all because you are Tsar of Mirlikii,'"—the town of which St. Nicholas was bishop,—"a sort of nickname which he from that time forward began to employ frequently in speaking of Nicholas Paulovitch."

The mention of this curious scene at Warsaw, as told in the recently published official narrative, leads us to consider the complex circumstances attending the renunciation of Constantine, and the promotion of the "Tsar of Mirlikii" to a greater czarate. The facts themselves are not very clear or consistent in this *authorised* account, and the inferences to be drawn therefrom are still more doubtful. It is asserted, that as long ago as this visit of Michael to Warsaw, the Cesarevitch had resolved to waive his right; and that this resolution was then communicated by him confidentially to his youngest brother. In January 1822 following, the act itself is asserted to have taken place, so far as Constantine himself was concerned; though the formal document embodying and confirming it was not drawn up by the Emperor Alexander till some time afterwards. Nicholas himself is said to have received, together with his wife, an intimation from the Emperor of the honour in store for him; but no formal communication on the subject. On the point of the exact extent of the knowledge of Nicholas at the death of Alexander, there is a contradiction between the statements of the memorialist and the written declaration of the former prince himself in the *procès-verbal* of the meeting of the senate in which the question who was actually emperor was fully discussed. However this may be, it was understood that there was some difficulty in determining whether the will of Peter the Great, fixing definitely the rule of succession, could be overridden by a disposition of the reigning sovereign, if founded on a mere communication of the wish of the person renouncing. The long delay on the part of Alexander, the secrecy observed by him in the matter, and the hap-hazard manner in which the circumstances of the hour were eventually left to work out for themselves the destiny of Russia, if not to be explained by this legal doubt, have received as yet no satisfactory commentary. The reasons for this step—setting aside the decent plea of inferior abilities—were understood to be the Polish marriage of Constantine, and the superior guarantees in the happy marriage and large family of Nicholas for an uninterrupted succession. The eccentric character of Constantine, and the remembrance of the reign and fate of Paul, no doubt weighed considerably with Alexander and his advisers. How far Constantine really entered cordially into the idea of abdication will perhaps never be ascertained; nor, indeed, is it likely that his feelings on the point

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were very definite or constant. There was no proportion in his wishes and their gratification. He would willingly abandon the greater object under the impulse of the present gratification of the less; and he was quite as likely to have sacrificed a throne to his affection for his beautiful Polish wife, as to have shrunk from encountering the risks and labours of so great a position. He probably would not have remained very obstinate in his refusal, had events themselves called him to it without embarrassment or difficulty on his own side, and was willing enough that the Tsar of Mirlikii should prove his capacity for government by taking upon his own shoulders the dangers and responsibility of the first step of assumption; but he had become estranged from Russia by long absence and different ties, and he was perhaps not too ambitious of entering on the task of regenerating Russia, of the extent and difficulty of which he must have long had ocular proof.

When the time, however, arrived that his resolution was to be put to the test, circumstances seemed determined to play into his hands notwithstanding his own *insouciance*. The Emperor Alexander, we have said, was no great favourite in the army. Essentially a man of the closet, he could not vie with his brothers Constantine and Michael in the affections of the soldiery. Whatever may have been its exact causes or objects, it is certain that at the time of the death of Alexander, a dangerous and widely-spread military revolt was on the point of explosion in the south of Russia. Ultimately this movement took the form of a demonstration in favour of a constitution; but whether that was its primary and simple object we cannot, in the silence of the conspirators, and with only the *ex-parte* statements of the government, pretend to determine. It was even said to have been directed against the life of the Emperor Alexander. Whether this military conspiracy was connected with, and identical in its direction with, the plans of the secret societies, which included men of the highest character and ability as well as rank, is also a moot-point. M. Tourgueneff, himself one of the principal members of these clubs, and during the whole reign of Nicholas a proscribed exile through participation in their alleged seditious intentions, denies altogether the connection of the two movements; and his recall by the present Emperor seems to lend credit to the denial. They both, however, virtually coöperated to render the position of Nicholas a very precarious one at the death of his brother, and to give to Constantine a chance, if he chose to avail himself of it, of withdrawing from his abdication. The conduct of Nicholas when made definitely acquainted with the disposition of Alexander in his favour, deposited in the cathedral at Moscow and the senate-house at St. Petersburg, was unexceptionable,

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so far as the simple rules of private honour were concerned. Whether in a broader and patriotic sense it did not exhibit a desire to shield himself behind the personal action of Constantine at the expense of public order, and with the chance (which was unluckily realised) of exposing the common soldiers to the demoralising effects of a mystification, is perhaps a fair question for the casuist. Constantine, however, declined to take upon himself the part assigned by his brother in either alternative. He persisted in writing from Warsaw to confirm his renunciation; he persisted in refusing to come to St. Petersburg to lend this abdication the weight of his personal attestation to its voluntary character. Michael contrived to be sent on a mission between the two brothers, and remained half-way between the two capitals, waiting to see what course events would take, and which brother would prevail in the cross game of personal disinterestedness and prudent selfishness. At last Nicholas had to take the step himself, and by himself; and now all accounts agree in admiration of his firm, dignified, and self-possessed demeanour. Whether he actually possessed much physical courage, is a disputed point between his detractors and his friends. Moral courage, however, he certainly possessed to an extent quite sufficient to compensate for and cover any want of the less noble quality. He proceeded calmly to take measures for public order; and so far as these could be looked to by himself, they were effective. The commandant of the city, however, was over-confident of tranquillity. The military conspirators, half betrayed already, thought it their wisest plan to seize the opportunity which events had made for them, and to raise the standard of a legitimate and reforming cry for "Constantine and the constitution." The troops, already sworn to Constantine as their czar, wavered; and many of them, refusing the new oath to Nicholas, seized their arms and flocked to the great square in front of the senate-house. Thither came the principal conspirators, bringing reinforcements as fast as they could collect them; and thither with a rapid levy of faithful soldiers Nicholas himself proceeded, and, face to face with the insurgents, watched the progress of negotiations with them, and the arrival of fresh troops to his own standard. Michael now appeared on the scene, and at length took his side openly with Nicholas. The result is well known. Surrounded by the troops of Nicholas, the insurgents repelled all attacks with loss; until the artillery—first directed, it is said (for lack of another initiative), by the hand of Michael himself—swept through their ranks a storm of death before which they succumbed, and Nicholas became master of Russia in fact as well as name.

The troubled days of December 1825 had come to an end,

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and the new Emperor inaugurated his reign by a strict examination into the views and conduct of the captured insurgents, if such, under the circumstances of the case, they could properly be called. Justice or vengeance did its work on many of them —that is to say, they were either shot or sent off to spend an indefinite portion, if not the remainder, of their lives in the dismal climate of Siberia. The new Czar showed much personal interest in the examinations; but a total disregard to the sentimental, apart from political, considerations which had distinguished his brother Alexander. Perhaps this was as well in the end, although the immediate consequences were harsh and unpleasing. The mixture of vague and feeble sentimentality with the caprices of despotism is a doubtful improvement upon the cold formality of avowed political expediency. From the first it became apparent that Nicholas was a man who, without being naturally cruel, was devoid of those impulses of feeling, either one way or the other, by which the character of his brother Constantine had been raised to heroism or depressed to brutality, and by which in a milder and more intellectual fashion the susceptible heart and brain of Alexander had been affected. Kindness was not alien to his disposition, and in his own family he gave little reason for reproach in that respect. Towards those friends whom he respected he displayed lasting and firm attachments. But he had little respect (intellectually) for weakness or folly of any kind, least of all for that which subordinated the seeming necessities of State policy to the romantic and generous impulse of the individual. This hard cast of mind—or rather this too well guarded sensibility—coloured even his more trifling actions, and gave an appearance of want of delicacy to what would otherwise in themselves have been unexceptionable proceedings enough. When to this peculiar character was added the known possession of absolute power, no wonder that pleasant jests became formidable matters to those who had the honour, or misery, of being their subjects. A story is told in one or two works which exhibits the peculiar sardonic humour of the Czar in so curious a light with reference to this point, and so broadly distinguishes it from the pleasantry of a man of more genial temperament, that we may perhaps hazard the imputation of telling again a thrice-told tale, and repeat it. A certain Jakovleff, one of the wealthiest men in Russia, and proprietor of one of the most productive iron-works, was supposed to have presumed on his wealth, and shown too independent a spirit by evading the load of honours and offices which a man in his position was expected to seek. Among other slights consequent therefrom, he was refused permission to travel; and for consolation, indulged himself on the Newsky parade at St. Petersburg in the most *outré* foreign costume which

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his fancy could devise. On his head was a little peaked hat, resembling a flower-pot reversed; a handkerchief with a gigantic bow was tied round his neck; a cloak reduced to the dimensions of a cape was thrown over his shoulders; and on his chin he wore a beard *à la Henri Quatre.* An enormous oaken cudgel in his hand, a glass stuck in the corner of his eye, and a bull-dog following at his heels, made a *tout ensemble* fit, one would suppose, "to set before a king." And so it did befall M. Jakovleff that, while sauntering along, he encountered the Emperor's carriage. The equipage was abruptly stopped; the Emperor himself leaned forward, and beckoning the exquisite to approach him, "Pray," said Nicholas, eyeing him with affected curiosity, "who in God's name are you, and where do you come from?" "May it please your majesty, I have the honour to be your majesty's faithful subject, Save Saveitch Jakovleff." "Indeed," replied the Emperor, "we are enchanted to have the opportunity of making your acquaintance, Save Saveitch. Oblige us by just stepping up and taking a seat beside us." Jakovleff slily let drop his cudgel, and with some misgivings took his seat. "But stop," said the Emperor, when they had driven on a little way, "where is your stick, Save Saveitch?" "O, never mind the stick, your majesty." "O, we must have your stick, Save Saveitch. Turn back," he said to the coachman. The stick picked up, they drove on straight to the palace. Nicholas alighted, and beckoned to Jakovleff to follow him. "O no, Save Saveitch, don't take off your cloak; we must have you just as you are—hat, and stick, and cloak, and all." The Emperor led the way straight to the apartment of the Empress. "Pray, my dear," he inquired of her, "do you know who this is?" "No," replied the Empress, bursting into a fit of laughter. "Then allow me to inform you that this is our faithful subject, Save Saveitch Jakovleff. What do you think of him? Is he not a pretty fellow?" The unfortunate exquisite, after furnishing food for some minutes' merriment, was dismissed, half-dead with terror and confusion. But before he departed, he was admonished that the Emperor did not always punish the foolery of his subjects so leniently. The man went home, took to his bed, and fell very dangerously ill. Whether the story be circumstantially true or not, there is little doubt that it reproduces accurately the temperament of the Czar.

In one direction, the Czar's want of sympathy for the more romantic and delicate considerations which other princes have admitted into their gravest counsels, had an unfortunate effect. Poland had, in the eyes of Europe generally, claims of a peculiar character to consideration, apart from mere political projects. The traditional heroism of the Poles in past days, and the deli-

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verance of Western Europe from the Ottoman arms wrought by their great king before the walls of Vienna, had invested that country with a romantic interest, which had mitigated to some extent her unhappy lot in later times. Frederick of Prussia was, indeed, not a man to entertain such feelings; but even the cold-blooded Maria Theresa had admitted them in her conscience, though she had not firmness to act upon its dictates. Alexander of Russia had amused himself, edified the liberal party in Europe, and raised the hopes of the Poles themselves, with ideas of a revived nationality apart from Russia, and a perfect restitution of Polish liberty and independence. That he at one time seriously entertained this project, seems certain; and he went so far as to include the older provinces of Poland in his paper generosity. But the liberal outbursts in Southern Europe alarmed him into the extremest absolutism; and with his entrance into the Holy Alliance, disappeared his dreams about Poland. Not so with the Poles themselves. The national aspirations thus awakened went on growing in strength, until at length they imparted some degree of turbulence to the small amount of freedom still left in that country, and roused the jealous police-fears of Constantine. This ungrateful people, for whom he had done and sacrificed so much, seemed to be only desirous of getting rid of his fatherly surveillance. Distrust provoked tyranny, and tyranny with Constantine was another name for every excess of brutality; until at length, goaded to madness, the students and army rose, were joined by the middle and upper classes, and his *congé* was quietly given to the Cesarevitch. It is not necessary to recall the struggle which ensued. Once reconquered, Nicholas was not the man to allow mere romantic recollections of the past to weigh against present sins and future security. Sternly, and with cold-blooded cruelty, the remains of the insurrection were stamped out, and the unfortunate participators in it either subjected to the *pœnæ duræ* of Siberia, or scattered over the face of Western Europe—noble petitioners for justice before every European nation, and dependents on their own industry or the unpleasingly ostentatious charity of others. Whatever their faults may have been, and however deficient their national character may be in the elements of stability and order, the returns of our criminal courts at least offer a noble testimony to the unoffending lives which they have led in their adopted countries; and if the interest once professed, if not felt, in their cause has somewhat abated with the mass, it will not have lost any thing with those who are capable of estimating broader political considerations, or who do not think the less of noble and patient endurance when not paraded as a merit before public meetings, and celebrated in Guildhall charitable festivities by

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city magnates. Upon the character of Nicholas the fate of Poland fixed a stain in the eyes of free Europe which has never been completely effaced; and never, perhaps, was his calculating policy less wise in its generation than in this instance. He gave, what he should have been most on his guard against giving, an alarm to Western Europe as to the possible fate of the countries bordering on Russia; and he brought before them in strong colours the autocratic tyranny congenial to, and only explained by, Russian society.

The same unshrinking resolution, however, which operated so unpleasingly in this quarter, appeared to great advantage in other crises. Upon the heels of the Polish war came the cholera —not merely destroying in its direct agencies, but demoralising the minds of the population, and rousing their ignorant fears into the most fanatical excesses. The mysterious disease was attributed to poison, distributed by Poles, foreigners, or the authorities themselves, through the agency of the medical profession. Throughout Russia, but at St. Petersburg especially, an indiscriminate massacre of all connected with the medical profession took place; they were hurled out of windows, their heads carried on pikes, and their bodies torn to shreds. The police sought safety in concealment; and the mob proceeded from one extravagance to another, till the Emperor rode out alone into the midst of the infuriated ranks of the soldiery (who had been affected by the general madness), addressed the rioters in the sternest tones of his sonorous voice, and commanded them to kneel in the dust, and endeavour to propitiate the wrath of the Almighty, who had sent this visitation for their sins, and not increase His anger by their lawless conduct. The crowd, awed by his imposing and majestic manner, kneeled down as one man, followed him in the prayer which he offered up, and, quite humbled by his subsequent reprimand, returned to order and obedience.

The indignation of Western Europe at his treatment of Poland may have had some effect in turning the thoughts of Nicholas more especially to the development of the national, as opposed to the exotic, European element in his empire. But it is certain that he had already entered on this task; and that from the beginning of his reign he had committed himself to the wise, though to observers perplexing, plan of working out a Russian national policy through the medium of German advisers. The laws of Russia were, at his accession, in a most confused and heterogeneous state, and codification of some sort seemed imperatively called for. Alexander, who had perceived this necessity, had thrown the labour on various commissions, which, without single directing energy, and composed of men destitute of independent energies, lingered on without resulting in any legis-

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lative production. The commissioners had vacillated between a digest of existing laws and usages, and a new philosophical system of legislation. Between these there was a wider dissidence in this country than elsewhere on the continent of Europe; for Russia, to use the words of a Russian, "had received no part of the Roman inheritance" of jurisprudence. "We have been obliged," he continues, "to derive our whole legislation from our national sources—from our customs, traditions, and experience. Civil laws, criminal laws, laws of administration and interior police—every thing had to be erected and constructed anew, and with our own materials." Nicholas, guided by his counsellor Speranski, did not hesitate for a moment between the task of this reconstruction from existing materials and a new code, but decided for the former, and thus put himself in harmony with the real usages of Russia. He gave orders for the immediate completion of a preliminary *collection* of the existing laws. Many of these were no doubt exotic in their character; but some preserved the national spirit, and all had gained the *prestige* of time and custom. The printing of this collection began on the 1st of May 1828, and was finished (in its first stage) on the 1st of April 1830. Besides the titles of the code of 1649, it was composed of 35,993 acts, of which 30,920 were anterior to the accession of Nicholas, whilst no less than 5073 belonged to the seven years from 1825 to 1832, the date of its publication. This first labour finished, there ensued a second, that of coordination, which was performed with similar diligence. They were directed to restore with all speed the primitive text, even at the expense of conciseness; to curtail the preambles of every ukase and act whatever; to expunge all the acts positively abrogated by subsequent enactments; to avoid tautology; to arrange all the laws in force, in order of subject-matter, methodically, and so as to form several codes; to give separately such as govern certain provinces, to the exclusion of others, and thus to form codes of a local application apart; and, lastly, to submit every part of the work to the revision of competent authorities. Such was the concordance of the laws, called in Russian "*Svod*," which the genius of Nicholas conceived, and his energy alone carried to a successful and steady completion. As early as February 12, 1833, an imperial manifesto solemnly announced that the work was completed. It did not make the Svod immediately obligatory; but it prescribed that it should come into force on the 1st of January 1835. But the work of legislation did not end here. Provision was to be made for the codification of future legislative acts; and for this purpose a series of annual labours was appointed, to bring the new laws into the same system of order and uniformity.

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If the existence of a system of positive laws could be in itself a sufficient protection to the citizen, here assuredly we might have expected to find it. Nor were, on the whole, the injunctions of the Czar himself to his judges and administrators less in accordance with a just regard to private rights. But, unfortunately, the commands of an autocrat are least obeyed where they would be attended with most benefit to a third party; nor can the most anxious introspection of the eye of an imperial master secure any thing like the same substantial realisation of the blessings he seeks to bestow on his people, that is attained by the subtle working, through continuous years, of the spirit of free institutions among a self-governing community. We have already alluded to the false surface of refinement which had been spread over Muscovite barbarism. Nurtured by this, and increased by the perpetual pressure of imperial authority, corruption had sunk too deeply into the very grain of official minds to be eradicated by an imperial ukase to deal justly between man and man, in simple accordance with the new Svod. *Quis custodiet ipsos custodes?* The Emperor might command and threaten, and, when he had the means of discovering the culprit, severely punish; but how futile and how few would these convictions be, in the face of a community of administrators bound together by the sure tie of common profits in roguery! A story in one of the volumes before us will illustrate the working of this system: A poor nobleman had been carrying on a lawsuit for several years, when he received an intimation from the secretary of the tribunal, that unless he paid over 10,000 roubles (450*l.*) to the president, the case would be decided against him. The unfortunate litigant, who could not raise as many pence, bethought him of applying to Count Benkendorff, the chief of the secret-service, who he had been led to believe was personally anxious to make an example of some of the delinquents, and who was one of the four or five men holding office in the empire who were deemed incorruptible by the common rumour. The party referred to offered the Count to furnish him with an unquestionable proof of the venality of the president of the court of appeal; and for that purpose, proposed that he should be intrusted with the amount of the bribe demanded in notes privately marked. He undertook that these notes should be found on the president's person. The Count consented. Since the good old times of Alexander I., the officials never make their bargains, or receive any money, before a third party. Their dread of the anger of Nicholas ever occasioned them to resort to many precautions formerly not dreamed of; and in this instance the president declined receiving the money in his house, but proposed that the litigant should invite him to dinner at a tavern which he indicated, and there pay over the

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amount to him. The proposition was acceded to; and his host caused an officer of *gendarmerie* to be stationed in an adjacent closet. The president made his appearance; he signified by the action of his fingers that their pecuniary transaction had better precede the gastronomic entertainment: the host accordingly handed him a small roll of bank-notes; the president counted them over in a very business-like way, and tossed them into his hat. As this was not yet quite satisfactory, in the hope that his guest would finally transfer the money to his person, his Amphitryon deferred giving the signal for the appearance of the secret-police agent, and they sat down to dinner. At this moment some one knocked; it was the president's nephew, come to him with some trifling message from his lady. The judge gave him a brief answer, and bowed him out. At the conclusion of their dinner, he was preparing to depart; he had pulled on his over-coat, and put his hat on his head, when, on the preconcerted signal, the officer of *gendarmerie* rushed into the apartment with an order from the Count Benkendorff to search his person. "Do not give yourself the trouble to search him," said the excited nobleman, "you will find the bank-notes in his hat." The president smiled blandly, and took his hat off at once; it was empty: when his nephew went out, he had taken up his uncle's hat instead of his own. The judge thus not only avoided the trap laid for him, but secured the bait; and doubly punished the informer,—firstly, by deciding the case against him; and secondly, because, not having substantiated his charge, he was obliged to refund the 10,000 roubles advanced by the police. Can any one doubt, says the writer who supplies the anecdote, that this worthy minister of public justice had received a private hint from Count Benkendorff's office? In any case, what a state of things must have existed, when such a story could be currently told, and generally accepted as true!

Some of the blame of interference with the legitimate consequences of his own legislative efforts must be shared by the Czar Nicholas himself with his corrupt officials. In calling into existence a fixed rule of justice, the Emperor had given new authority to a power inconsistent with pure autocracy. Nicholas, however, was not very much troubled at this; and leaving the general operation of justice to be guided by law, never scrupled himself to interpose his own will, in utter defiance of law, whenever it suited his purposes or wishes. He might have remembered, and probably did remember, that such an evil example in the highest quarter would not be lost on the lower grades of authorities; but he was conscious that this was one of the limitations which the preservation of his despotic authority imposed on his better plans for the welfare of his country. The same was

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the case elsewhere;—in the military and commissariat departments of the State he was conscious of the government being grossly robbed and cheated, but found it necessary to wink at a large amount of peculation and deception, rather than hazard an entire reform which might entail upon him the diminution of his personal authority by the interposition of other tribunals of account. Alexander, more amiable, but less sagacious, played with liberal ideas, and tampered with the structure of despotism, without having the courage to remove it entirely, and evoke a new organisation from the rising spirit of the nation. Nicholas saw clearly how much good he could effect without injury to his autocracy; and was not overpowered with anxious regret because he also saw the great imperfections which he must necessarily allow to remain. In considering the measures which he initiated or carried out, these facts should be remembered, or we may fall into the mistake of considering him much less far-sighted and well-intentioned than he really was. He endeavoured to the utmost of his physical and mental powers to supply the want of other supervision over the administration of the empire; and by rapid and sudden journeys from point to point, tried to impart a sense of that ubiquity in the censorship over abuses which it is the boast of popular systems of government to be able to supply.

It is generally allowed that the system and policy of Nicholas were much more Muscovite than that of any of his predecessors. This must be understood always, however, with reference to the double object which Peter the Great had in view, and which his successors still try to carry out, of civilising Russia somewhat after the standard of Western Europe, and of giving her a European territorial and moral preponderance. The leading idea of Sclavism—the patriarchal authority—had been already introduced by the Czars into the modern system of government. Its rival, the ecclesiastical authority, had been effectually crushed by Peter, and has since become a pliant tool in the promulgation among the people of the Sclavonic notion of the sacred character attaching to the person of the great father of the State. The nobility, originally military chiefs, had passed into the stage of proprietors of land—not landed proprietors in our sense of the term—city residents either at Moscow or St. Petersburg, dependent for their revenue on land in the country, but not resident on their estates, and having no territorial influence in their neighbourhoods corresponding to that of an English landed gentleman. Their lands are cultivated by the members of the communes, their serfs, whose allegiance easily passes from one proprietor of the soil and of themselves to another, without any feeling of attachment or fealty to their landlord's family.* Many of

* It is said, however, that a change is beginning to take place in the habits of

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the nobility have become the heads of manufactories in the cities, and in that capacity have gathered around them bodies of workmen, often their own serfs; for the spirit of aggregation holds good as well in the city as in the country, and a Russian citizen of the upper middle-class, in our sense of the term, has been hitherto found to be an impossibility. The native private merchant degenerates rapidly into the mere huckster. Nicholas encouraged the manufactories, which seem more akin to the genius of the country; although they are still very deficient in internal organisation, and in giving that solidity and value to the articles manufactured which honesty and individual pride in the workman can alone secure. He also fostered, by every means in his power, the settlement of foreign merchants in St. Petersburg, either hoping that their spirit would become in time contagious, or wishing thereby to bind more firmly to Russia the commercial interests of the West. He has been accused, indeed, of sacrificing much of the Western trade to his jealousy of England; and in the same point of view, he is said to have endeavoured to establish an eastward trade, which might in time realise the favourite idea of Peter the Great, of a trade with India. Still there can be no doubt, that during his reign, and under the auspices of his general policy, the commercial interests of Russia and the West were much more closely intertwined, and that the fluctuations of the mercantile community in either were much more sensibly felt in the other than was wont to be the case. If projects of railways across Russia, after the English fashion, have been somewhat fallacious and double-faced in the more recent schemes, there can be little doubt that the Czar Nicholas had a more shrewd idea than most of his predecessors as to the best manner in which the arts and inventions of the West might have become acclimated on the soil of his empire.

The position of the serfs throughout the empire, with the exception of the Baltic provinces, in which the experiment of enfranchisement had been already tried, could not but arrest the attention of such a prince as Nicholas, and seems to have touched his sympathies more closely than most questions. He even dropped unguarded hints at one time of an enfranchisement, which led to melancholy consequences. Vague reports spread among the serfs that their great father wished to enfranchise them, nay, had even given the orders, but that the nobles withheld its execution. In several quarters the peasants flew to arms, massacred all of their masters whom they could come across, and looked for support and reward, instead of punishment and coercion, from the government of the Czar. Of course they were

the nobility in this respect, and that many of them have established themselves in the country, after the English fashion.

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grievously disappointed; and after that time the Czar maintained a prudent reserve as to his intentions in this respect. He, however, made a considerable advance towards the enfranchisement of the serfs from slavery to individual masters, by increasing largely the number of State-peasants, who had especial privileges, though of course they also were affected by the despotic character of the State-government. The communistic principle is so strong in Russia, that individual enfranchisement becomes a less easy matter than elsewhere; and it is chiefly by moving the peasants forward into more privileged communes that the process of a general removal of serfdom can be satisfactorily achieved. Their personal slavery to their masters especially is being destroyed little by little; and one of the last announcements of the new reign is, that serfs are to be allowed to marry without the consent of their lords.

We have left ourselves little space to speak adequately of the increase and reorganisation of the military and naval strength of Russia under the late Czar, and of the foreign policy which the Court of St. Petersburg has pursued during the last quarter of a century. So far as the mind and eye of the Emperor could effect any thing, the army has been greatly improved. There has been (after the fashion of military autocrats) too much stress laid on the freedom of soldiers' coats from creases upon the parade-ground, and too little attention paid (from causes we have already alluded to) to the regulation of the commissariat. But on the whole, the experience of the last war, considering the nature of the materials from which the army was drawn, cannot be said to derogate from the reputation of the Russian army. Although they have found themselves unequal to the picked troops of Western Europe, they have not altogether failed in maintaining the honour of their country; and the forced marches and desperate aggressive movements, both so alien to the physical character of the Russian soldier, by which the struggle was marked, prove that the energy of the Czar had succeeded in calling into play new qualities in his army. It must be remembered, that the Russian army has been subdivided into several distinct portions; and that besides the army of reserve, there are distinct services for the frontiers of Western Europe, and for the southern provinces of the empire. The victories of Paskevitch in Hungary and in Persia were gained with quite distinct divisions of the service; and it was not until the last war that any thing like the whole of the military force of Russia was called into service at the same time. The navy has made less progress, although the exploits of one or two Russian captains would seem to imply that there also a new spirit has been called into existence.

The foreign policy of Russia requires less careful elucidation

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on the present occasion, as it has of late years necessarily been the subject of much careful examination and comment. That Nicholas acted in the spirit of the famous will of Peter, there can be little doubt; but he was not hasty or indiscriminate in his plans of aggression. He was content to await the natural course of events; and if he assisted their progress towards the desired point where direct action became possible on his part, he seldom forcibly precipitated them towards it. His most wanton and least excusable aggressions on Turkey had generally some more or less plausible pretext in the ill-regulated councils of the Divan, or in the ambiguous movements of other "protecting" powers. In his Greek policy, he was eminently successful against some of the cleverest of European diplomatists. In the Egyptian affair he was less fortunate, owing probably rather to the subsequent turn of events, which displaced Louis Philippe from the throne of France, than to any other cause. His alliance with England on that occasion was rather a preliminary step towards the meditated attack on Turkey, by effecting a decided breach between the two Western powers, than a distinct policy in itself. In the Menschikoff demands, which precipitated the last European contest, there were good grounds for hoping that no firm alliance could be formed between England and France, and that Prussia would be neutralised by her family alliance, and Austria by the recent service in Hungary and the recollection of her still unsettled position in that country and in Italy. It is very doubtful whether, after all, the Czar was not right in his conjecture respecting the Western alliance; nor is it easy to decide the point whether, had his life been prolonged, and the genius which presided over the destinies of Russia had not been removed in the very crisis of the contest, the alliance between England and France—already growing lukewarm through mutual jealousies—would have outlasted the sustained determination of Nicholas. We must remember, in estimating the late Czar's merits as a foreign statesman, that he had throughout his entire Eastern policy to contend against the excess and hasty fervour of Muscovite zeal, and yet to retain this enthusiasm as a fitting agent in his ultimate design. Looked at in this point of view, his long self-command will probably seem as remarkable as his eventual boldness of action. Persia in a great degree provoked the contest which lost her some valuable provinces. The war in Hungary was a politic step and a politic degradation to Austria; and, as it seemed, at the same time a very convenient mode of getting some sort of footing in the Sclavonic provinces along the Austrian portion of the Danube. The politic conduct of the Russian officers in the campaign did as much to weaken the respect of the population for their Austrian masters as it enhanced with

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them the reputation of the northern invaders. This is not the only instance in which Nicholas contrived to intermix political diplomacy with the actual operations of war.

The private life of Nicholas may be treated of in a few words; and then our sketch, however imperfect, may be brought to a conclusion. His handsome person and stately demeanour have been spoken of. We believe that the general report of writers and travellers, that these personal advantages were not unattended by some of the sensual habits of his race, is not unfounded. There may be exaggeration in the stories told; but the fact of the infidelity of Nicholas to his marriage-vows has been frequently commented on, and sometimes palliated by the infirm state of health of the Empress. It is agreed, however, that if not a faithful husband, the Czar was a kind one; and that he consulted the actual decencies of society out of regard to her feelings, concealing the extent, though not the fact, of his irregularities.

His sons had no reason to complain of a want of paternal affection; and if State considerations to some extent directed the choice of his daughters' consorts, they did not do so in every case. The imperial circle—so far as the tyranny of court etiquette would allow—was a happy one, and there were fewer scandals within its precincts than in many others. The same perhaps cannot be said of the wider circle of the court; but it must be borne in mind, that the corruptions of Western Europe received in this point a strengthening rather than a weakening influence in the natural temperament of the Sclave.

As an administrator of that race, and the races associated with them on the extensive soil of Russia, the Czar Nicholas may, on the whole, challenge comparison with any sovereign placed in circumstances of similar difficulty. It would be folly to portray him as either a very mild or entirely just ruler. He has committed many crimes, in a position where the large majority of men would probably have committed many more. His crimes, as well as his errors, have been those of policy and a naturally cold temperament. If, on this account, his actions strike us occasionally with horror and indignation, they are not inconsistent with a large amount of beneficent and disinterested policy in other directions. His littlenesses sprang rather from the untoward position of autocrat than from his own particular character. He was certainly a worthy successor of Peter the Great, and the most successful of those who have endeavoured to perfect that monarch's ideas of empire. With the founder of St. Petersburg, and with Catherine II., he will be hereafter looked upon as one of the greatest, though not exactly one of the best, of Russia's sovereigns.

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Art. VII.—THE WORLD OF MIND BY ISAAC TAYLOR.

The World of Mind: an Elementary Book. By Isaac Taylor. London: Jackson and Walford, 1857.

The description which Mr. Taylor gives of his own book on its title-page is expressive rather of his aim in producing it than of its actual character and contents. It is not an elementary treatise on psychology, if we are to understand by those terms a popular exposition of the leading principles and general results of that science, so far as they have been yet discovered,—an introduction to its profounder and more systematic study. It is an original disquisition, peculiar in its plan and arrangement. It embraces more than is ordinarily comprised in works on mental science. They for the most part concern themselves only with the philosophy of the human mind; Mr. Taylor takes in the lower animal races also. This inclusion, indeed, is intended to be conveyed in the title of his book, which is somewhat ambiguous. "The World of Mind" may either mean, as it is generally interpreted, the inner universe, which is revealed to every man by self-consciousness, in the sense of the old poet, "My mind to me a kingdom is;" or it may be taken more objectively, as we use the phrases, "mineral kingdom," "vegetable kingdom," to denote the several orders of being endowed with the qualities in virtue of which these names are bestowed. It is in this second sense that it is used by our author.

The design of his work is thus expressed: "Much of that which is to invite attention in this elementary book will consist of an exhibition—first, of what is common to all orders of living beings; and then a setting forth of what is peculiar to the human mind, and which is the ground of its immeasurable superiority." The subject thus stated affords the materials for a valuable and instructive work; and with such a one Mr. Taylor has presented us. But we very much doubt whether the procedure he has adopted is likely to produce a volume fitted to occupy the first "place in a course of elementary reading in mental philosophy." Mr. Taylor seems to have been misled by the analogy of the physical sciences. In physiology, for example, it would be worse than useless to confine ourselves to the study of the frame of man, with its organs and functions, and to exclude from attention the related forms of lower animals. Little could be learned in this way. It may be practicable and convenient here to commence with the study of the laws and conditions of life as they manifest themselves in the lowest zoophyte;

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and to trace them up, in their widening range and increasing complexity, to their development in man. The higher and the lower structures mutually give and receive light. And if mind exhibits itself, in different orders of being, in a similarly ascending scale, why should not the same procedure be applicable here? Why should we not have a *comparative psychology?* The difference, though often overlooked in the interests of theories, is perfectly obvious. External objects are known to us by outward observation and experiment; they can be directly compared and classified. The human body is an organisation as foreign to the examining mind as that of the ape or the tiger. It is not his own body that the anatomist dissects, or the physiologist speculates upon. On the other hand, no man has direct knowledge of any other mind than his own. The philosophy of the human mind is, in every case, neither more nor less than the philosophy of the particular mind then speculating. Nothing here can be taken on testimony. The experience and results of others are of no avail to us until they become our own; and we reject or accept them, according as they recommend or fail to recommend themselves to our individual consciousness. *Self*, as contrasted with what is not oneself,—the facts made known to the mind, "turned inward on its own mysteries," as opposed to those which the senses teach us to apprehend,—are the proper objects of psychology. It is an egotistic science. In its own barbarous language, it deals with "the me;" all that belongs to the "not me" is beyond its range. In proposing, then, to commence the study of it on any lower level than that of the human consciousness, to work a path upwards from the inferior animals to man, Mr. Taylor is ignoring the fundamental distinction on which his science depends, and without which it could not exist. Strongly and even vehemently opposed to all materialising tendencies, jealously guarding the frontier-territory of physiology and psychology against the encroachments and usurpations of the former science, protesting wisely and well against the confusion of theories of organisation and theories of mind, he is yet, by the procedure we have criticised, all the while playing into the hands of the enemy, against whom on other points he does such service.

"When we attempt to mark off the world of Mind," says Mr. Taylor, "on the side bordering towards the lower orders of life, namely, the vegetative, some ambiguity attaches to many of the instances which present themselves on that margin. But the question which often perplexes the physiologist, when he inquires concerning this or that species whether it should be accounted animal or vegetable, is wholly unimportant in relation to our present subject. We do not concern ourselves with Mind until it comes to manifest itself clearly by its own distinctive characteristics; and these, if we ascend a few

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steps only on the scale of animated being, become so strongly marked as to preclude all uncertainty.

Then, as we ascend step by step upon this scale, we find ourselves in the company of beings whose actions and whose modes of adapting themselves to the influences and the accidents of the external world are readily interpretable by means of our own consciousness, and our own modes of action. This criterion, if there were no other, would sufficiently serve the purpose of assigning any particular class of beings to its due place, as belonging to the upper or to the lower orders. It is by this rule of analogy that we admit any species into the community of mind, or disallow its claims to that distinction."

If the actions and dispositions of animals are only so far to be understood by us as they "are readily interpretable by means of our own consciousness," it certainly seems a mistake, an inversion of the proper order, to commence the study of our own consciousness by examination into the habits and dispositions of the lower animals:

> "Yea, sire, and is it thus?
> This is *ignotum per ignotius*."

It is to attempt to illustrate the less by the more obscure topic; "to hold a farthing rushlight" (as yet unkindled) "to the sun." The science of the human mind must have attained a certain degree of completeness and certainty, before we can use it to explain the more difficult, because to us less accessible, subject of animal intelligence. It is, in fact, the application of a crude and ill-considered human psychology to the explication of the mental phenomena displayed by the lower orders of being that has involved the latter in more than their original obscurity.

Having thus stated our dissent from the conception of mental science which forms the ground-plan of Mr. Taylor's book, we proceed to consider in such detail as our space will admit the main doctrines and general spirit of his volume.

Our author declines any definition of his subject, because "a definition can be strictly applicable only when the subject to which it relates is thoroughly known to us;" and offers in its place "a descriptive statement," which "must not be regarded as if it were dependent, in any rigid manner, upon the precise words that may be employed to convey it." Without criticising this somewhat extraordinary condition, or stopping to inquire how far such "a descriptive statement" is likely "at least to serve to mark off our proper subject, and to keep it apart from other subjects to which it stands related, and with which it is very liable to be confounded;" or, again, if it does this, in what it differs from a *definition* properly so called,—we give Mr. Taylor's own exposition:

"MIND, so far as we are cognisant of it by our individual con-

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sciousness, and by our intercourse with those like ourselves, and by observation of the various orders of animated beings around us, although it is conjoined with an animal organisation, is always clearly distinguishable therefrom as the subject of intellectual science. But when we attempt to describe it, we can do so only as if it were one with that animal framework, apart from which we have no direct knowledge of it in any way or in any single instance."

We do not know how to assent to this statement, which seems to us self-contradictory. If mind is "clearly distinguishable" from the animal organisation *in thought*, it is surely capable of being distinguished from it *in words*. Our author, however, having made the opposite assumption, goes on with it as follows:

"MIND, as conjoined with an animal organisation, is that which lives not merely as vegetable structures live, but more than this, for it is related to the outer world by organs of sensation; it moves and moves from place to place by an impulse originating within itself: and it has also a consciousness more or less distinct of its own existence; that is to say, it possesses, in a greater or less degree, a reflective life, and it is capable of enjoyment and suffering.

THE WORLD OF MIND comprehends all orders of beings that exhibit those conditions of life which we here specify."

In a later part of his work, Mr. Taylor endeavours to ascertain what is the "prime characteristic of Mind, and its FIRST RUDIMENT;"* and determines what it is "in its essence,"† "its own nature—*itself*."‡ We shall have occasion afterwards to remark on this portion of his speculations. We refer to it now only because we are unable to reconcile it with the language of the descriptive statement already quoted, and with Mr. Taylor's apology for the absence of a definition.

His subject is distributed under the three heads of Psychology, Metaphysics, and Logic, of which only the first two are treated of in the volume before us; Psychology, as it appears to us, with much greater success than Metaphysics. A reader whose conception of metaphysical science should be gathered exclusively from Mr. Taylor's book, would scarcely attain a more accurate notion of its real character and object than that it deals with abstractions and leads to scepticism. Mr. Taylor distinguishes it from psychology by the remark, that "the terms *space, time, cause,* and *effect,* belong to this department" (metaphysics). But they belong just as much to psychology. It is not in their subject-matter, but in their mode of viewing the same subject-matter, that these sciences differ. Let us take, for example, the notions to which Mr. Taylor refers as exclusively metaphysical.

They are facts of consciousness. Like all other phenomena,

* p. 141. † p. 176. ‡ p. 175.

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they can be submitted to the processes, and treated according to the laws, of inductive inquiry. And it is the business of psychology, as the positive science of consciousness, to do this—to find out their contents, to trace their origin and development, to assign them their proper place in the scheme of mind. But though in the mind they refer, as we are constrained to believe, to realities existing without it. Is then this belief trustworthy, this reference real? Are the conceptions which the words *space*, *time*, and *substance* suggest to us mere figments of the understanding; or do they correspond to, and represent, independent existences? To answer these questions, to bridge over the chasm which separates *thoughts* from *things*, the subjective from the objective, is the business of metaphysics.

From these considerations, it is obvious that the proper place of metaphysical science, as dependent on the results of psychology, is posterior to the latter. The goal of the one is the other's starting-point. In treating of it, first, Mr. Taylor sacrifices logical fitness to considerations of convenience. He is evidently anxious to get rid as soon as possible of an uncongenial topic, to hurry past "abysses" into which it is dizziness to look. Metaphysics and "mystification" seem to him one and the same thing. His footing is not sure, nor his eye clear, till he gets fairly to the region of concrete phenomena. We pass over some remarks, which seem to us far from sound, on the relation which physical, mathematical, and metaphysical science bear respectively to the philosophy of mind, as having been already partly answered in anticipation. Metaphysics being defined as the science of "abstractions," the abstractions with which it deals are classified as either "ultimate," "mixed," or "concretive." Under the first head, the notions of *space*, *time*, and *substance*, are discussed. We will briefly consider the conception of space; the origin and nature of which are thus set forth. On the presentation of a sphere to the observer, he learns by the sense of touch that it is solid and hard. By the exercise of abstraction, its sensible properties,—its colour, taste, and so on,—are one by one dismissed, till there remain only its solidity and its spherical shape. Its form, last of all, is discarded from thought. All that is now left is a vague notion; which we fail to realise to the mind, but which we seek to hold fast by means of the phrase *solid extension*. Having got safely thus far, our author proceeds:

"Solid extension—let us say that of the sphere—may be conceived as extending itself further and further, until it fills a planetary orbit, or until it embraces the starry universe; and it may go even beyond this limit. . . . . At any one stage of its progress, what should forbid its advancing one other stage; and then why may it not do the like again? This supposition of an endless progress or movement onward,

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though we fail to follow it conceptively, compacts itself into an abstract no ion for which we require a name;—and we call it the Infinite, or Inf nitude.

But an event of another kind may be imagined as possible. In truth, it is an event which obtrudes itself upon our thoughts; and which, when once it has occurred, we find it impossible to dismiss entirely. The solid sphere which just now I had before me, and which I felt and saw, may not only *disappear*, or cease to be felt and seen, but it may have *ceased to be*. We may imagine this, at least; not that it has flown off, and so might be overtaken somewhere, but we may suppose that *it is not*. What is there, then, where it was, but where now it is not? The answer may be, Nothing; for I may imagine the atmosphere and every gas removed from where it was. But the word 'nothing,' if it be taken in its simple sense, does not quite satisfy the mind. The annihilated sphere has left a sort of residual meaning in its place, or a shadow of reality, which asks a name. This remainder of meaning is symbolised or represented by the word SPACE; and when we have accepted it, we feel as if an intellectual necessity had been supplied.

To the bare notion which the word 'space' enables us to retain some sort of hold of, we render back a portion of the properties of solid extension; and on this foundation build the most certain of the sciences. Thus we allow ourselves to think (or to speak, if not to think) of space as divisible into parts, and as susceptible of measurement; and also as capable of endless progression outwards from a centre. In this way we come to speak of INFINITE SPACE. Here, then, is an abstract notion, from which I have removed all sensible properties,—nay, all properties, whether sensible or only conceivable,—and yet I am not content to call it—nothing; nor can I rid myself of it: it is like to nothing; it clings to my consciousness; it is or has become to me a law of my intellectual existence. I cannot think of myself or of any other existence otherwise than as occupying space.

Beyond this limit, and in this direction, no human mind has hitherto made any progress, or has shown us how we may analyse the notion represented by the word 'space.' The analytic faculty has at length fully done its office; and the result is an ultimate abstraction" (pp. 31-33).

Those who admit the justice of Mr. Taylor's previous reasoning, may perhaps on good grounds demur to this last assertion; and allowing space to be an *abstraction*, deny that it is an *ultimate* abstraction. We do not conceive it as *simple*, but as *trinal* extension,—extension, that is, in the three coexistent modes of length, breadth, and thickness, any one of which we may abstract and consider apart from the rest. This, in fact, is done in the different branches of geometry, where a line is defined to be length without breadth; a superficies, length and breadth without depth, and so on. We have no intention of allowing ourselves to be betrayed into any discussion of the unending question, whether space is an *à-priori* form of thought, or an *à-posteriori*

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datum of experience, or both the one and the other; our present business is to criticise Mr. Taylor's book; and we confine ourselves to the examination of his doctrine, which appears open to many unanswerable objections. In almost every word of his statement *the previous existence* of the notion, which he strives to show us in the process of formation, is implied. We begin with imagining a solid body. But what do we mean by "a solid body"? What is a *solidity* but the property *of occupying space?* We can give no other definition; we have no other idea of it than this. We are told to fancy solid extension spreading itself out beyond the limits of the stellar universe, "without end and for ever;" and that then, by abstraction of the solidity from this conception, we shall come to the idea of space as infinite. But infinite *expansion* cannot take place, or be thought of as occurring, except in infinite space. The one idea, so far from being derived from the other, is logically prior to it, its necessary condition.

Mr. Taylor does not attempt to explain how it is that an abstract notion, without "properties sensible or conceivable," which is "like to nothing," and which he yet cannot make up his mind to "call nothing," should "cling to his consciousness," and become a "law of his intellectual existence." He is lost in wonder at the fact; but he makes no effort to account for it. If space be an abstraction, it ought to resemble other abstractions. We can abstract from red bodies, for example, their property of redness; but if we imagine all red bodies to be destroyed, we do not attribute to the quality of redness even any remaining "shadow of reality," any independent existence. If all *men* die, *humanity* dies with them. How is it, then, that after having annihilated in thought all extended matter, extension remains behind? We have *emptied* space, and not *destroyed* it; we cannot think it away. Why the character of "intellectual necessity" which, Mr. Taylor admits, attaches to this notion, and to those of time and substance, should not be found in the case of all other abstractions, neither his nor any other *merely* empirical theory makes any approach to explaining.

In the section on "Mixed Abstractions," our author discusses the notion represented by the word *power*, which he refers to the mind's consciousness of a self-determining force within itself, and from which he traces the origin of our ideas of *causation, liberty, necessity, freedom of the will*, &c. If we find little that is strictly speaking new here, we find much that is true, and stated with remarkable discrimination and eloquence, and with great ingenuity of illustration. The author, in his vindication of human freedom, throws himself confidently on those primal intuitions which, if they do not admit of logical proof, are yet superior to logical disproof, and can never be permanently kept

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in abeyance. Of this part of his work we have only assent and admiration to express, which we regret that the space at our disposal does not enable us to justify by copious extract. We make room instead for a passage which brings us on a step further, introducing us to the field of what Mr. Taylor calls CONCRETIVE ABSTRACTIONS:

"In the exercise of this same faculty of abstraction, we may either, as in the various instances already mentioned, employ ourselves in setting off from some complex notion, one by one, its several constituents, until we arrive at that which admits of no further separation; or otherwise, we may take up an abstract idea or a principle, whether it be of the simplest order or not, and then look about for the same idea or principle as it is to be met with elsewhere, embodied under very different conditions, and combined with other elements.

Instances of this kind meet us at every step throughout the circle of the physical sciences: in truth, such instances constitute the staple of these sciences; and they are so abundant, that they need not be mentioned otherwise than briefly in illustration of what we now intend. The 'laws of nature,' as they are called, are, as to our mode of conceiving them, certain abstract notions, which we recognise as we find them taking effect in a multitude of diversified instances.

Newton's falling apple suggested to him a 'law,' which he perceived to take effect in determining the revolution of the moon in her orbit, and then again to prevail throughout the planetary system. When the ascent of water under a vacuum came to be truly understood, the rise of mercury in a tube, under the same conditions, was seen to be an instance explicable by means of the same law; and then the heights respectively to which the two fluids will rise *in vacuo* were found to correspond to the specific gravity of the two as weighed against the terrestrial atmosphere, thus confirming the principle that had been assumed. Those innumerable analogies which are found to prevail between vegetable and animal organisations, are instances of the same kind; as, for example, the several processes of nutrition, excretion, respiration, secretion, are found to be, *to a certain extent*, identical in principle; that is to say, a law which, as we apprehend it, is not a reality any where existing, but is a pure abstraction, is recognised in this, in that, in many instances, which at the first view of them differ in many respects; and they so differ, that it is with an emotion, first of surprise, and then of pleasure, that we catch the identity which has been concealed, as we might say, hitherto within the folds of many exterior diversities.

Abstractions of this kind may properly be called CONCRETIVE, because their tendency is to gather around themselves other adjuncts than those with which they may at first have presented themselves to our view. . . . . .

In those departments of science which are observational and experimental, we *find* what we are seeking for. In those which are inventive and constructive, we *make* what we are seeking for. In chemistry, for

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example, we *find* the laws of definite proportions in the combination of elements. In mechanics, when its principles are apprehended, we create the applications of them in such forms as may suit our purpose" (pp. 54-57).

The substance of these remarks applies with no less force to the recognition and discrimination of *moral* qualities, under their various manifestations and disguises in actual life, and to their versatile embodiment in the several poetic arts, than to the instances just cited. When the fundamental idea which animates any work is once apprehended, the value of its several parts is tested by their bearing upon this idea, by the degree in which they contribute to carry out and convey it. In this criticism of means in their relation to an end, of single conceptions in respect of a larger design that includes them, "the sense of fitness and order" takes its rise. It is satisfied by simple sufficiency; it is wounded alike by defeat and redundance. Exertions which go beyond, and exertions which fail to reach, their aim equally shock it. It is in it that our author finds an escape from the perplexities and scepticisms which follow on too much metaphysics, and attains "grounds of certainty,"—a sure pathway of transition to the highest and most guiding truths of morals and religion. "The very structure of the mind," he maintains, compels it "to accept as true and real that which bears upon itself the characteristics of coherence, congruity, fitness, order." This principle, which in another work—*The Restoration of Belief*—Mr. Taylor had ingeniously applied to the confirmation of the historical evidences of Christianity, is here made the basis of a pure moral theology. In barest outline, his argument may be stated thus. We shall use, where we can incorporate them, the author's own words. "The sense of fitness and order may be disturbed as well by a redundancy in any organism as by a deficiency. If there be a wheel in a machine which has no duty to perform, or if a wheel be wanting at any point on the pathway of motion, we disallow the unity of the whole" (p. 91). On the supposition that man is not a free agent,—the master of his own sentiments and conduct, but on the contrary subject to those laws of physical causation which rule in the material world,—conscience, the moral sense, though an essential part of his nature, has no function in it. It bids him do this, and refrain from that; though he has no power to determine what he shall do, being himself absolutely disposed of by laws as inviolable as those which keep the earth in her orbit, and provide that summer and winter, seedtime and harvest, shall not fail. Any theory which fails to recognise man's moral freedom converts his nature into an incoherent delusion, to which we find nothing analogous in the other arrangements of the universe. Admit, however, human free

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agency, and this incongruity vanishes. Conscience ceases to be "a redundant endowment."

"Now," says our author, "the moral sense leads us directly to the conception, however vague, of AN AUTHORITY to which we are related. . . . . The idea of an authority beyond and above us conjoins itself with the conception of a POWER, and of a purpose too, to vindicate itself, whether immediately or at some future time. It is this set of notions which gives coherence to the moral sense. Without them, no aspect of fitness presents itself on this side of human nature. . . . . The idea of *authority* or of a relationship between two beings—each endowed with intelligence and moral feeling—supposes that the will of the one who is the more powerful of the two has been in some way declared. It also demands an independence of some kind in the other nature, intervening between the one will and the other will. Where the relationship of law, not as a physical principle, but as a *rule* and *motive* is brought in, there we must find a break—an interval,—and a reciprocal counteraction. . . . . A scheme of government taking its bearing upon the moral sense is not a chain along which sequences follow in a constant order; but it is—a standing on the one side and a standing on the other side, with a clear distance interposed. If we take fewer elements than these as the ground of moral government, the entire vocabulary of morals—popular and scientific—loses its significance."

From all this the conclusion is drawn, that

"a system of government has no completeness or reason, it exhibits no fitness or order, until we recognise its source in the SOVEREIGN RECTITUDE—the DIVINE PERSONAL WISDOM and GOODNESS."

This brief abstract conveys no adequate idea of the telling argument of which it is a summary. The two sections in which it is developed, on "the Sense of Fitness and Order," and "the Grounds of Certainty," are models of moral reasoning; and the thoughtful and sober eloquence of the style is in perfect keeping with the character of the subjects. At the same time, we are not able to assent without qualification to all that is advanced, even in the passage we have quoted, if we are strictly to interpret its every word. If we are to understand by the Moral Sense a conviction of the ineffaceable distinction between right and wrong, and of the intrinsic obligation of rectitude, we must demur to the assertion that—if taken absolutely alone, and separated from the framework of *actual* human experience—it necessarily "indicates that which is above itself and beyond itself," or "leads directly to the conception of an AUTHORITY," to which the mind experiencing it is subject. For such a moral sense we must attribute to God himself. And this Mr. Taylor, we presume, intends to do when he speaks of the Divine Being and man as "each endowed with intelligence and moral feeling,"—or else he is using the same phrase in the same connection in a

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different signification in the two cases. Then, on his principle, the search after a *paramount* moral Governor of the Universe would become as futile as the quest of natural theology after a First Cause,—the "moral feeling" of each being indicating an authority above it, and so on for ever; just as in the parallel instance, what we call the "First Cause" logically demands a prior, quite as much as any of those earlier in the series. It is not (we may venture to suggest) the mere discrimination of right and wrong, and of the supreme claim over us of the former, which leads us to consider ourselves subjects of a higher power. For —if we attribute moral qualities to God at all, and without them He can scarcely be a moral ruler—that discrimination must exist in Him far more perfectly than in ourselves. By the special experience of human nature, we should rather think, and not by any intellectual necessity, this feeling of subjection to a divine authority comes in with the consciousness of *defective* moral power, and *violated* obligation, and expresses itself in trust, remorse, and the instinctive fear of retribution. Again, it rather jars with the lofty and ethical tone of the rest of the argument, to read that "the idea of AUTHORITY, or of a relationship between two beings, each endowed with intelligence and moral feeling, supposes that the *will* of *the one who is the more* POWERFUL *of the two* has been in some way declared." *Moral* authority is the ascendency of the better, *as such*; and not of the "more powerful." It does not depend on relative degrees of strength. It is not as the *All-mighty*, but as the *All-good*, that the Divine Being has authority over the free souls of His children. Indeed, "this independence," which Mr. Taylor insists upon as "intervening between one will and the other will," of itself implies this. The points to which we have taken exception may be mere oversights, simply flaws of statement. Their removal would strengthen, as their presence tends to invalidate, an argument in which they have place, by contradicting its essential spirit.

Having led us to this crowning truth, in which metaphysics passes into theology, Mr. Taylor brings to a close the first division of his work, and enters upon the science of mind properly so called. In a few pithy and pointed pages, he distinguishes its sphere from that of animal physiology, and illustrates the impossibility of solving mental problems by reference to physical conditions. The (animated) "world, as known to the ancients," is there eloquently contrasted with the conception of it which the revelations of the microscope on the one hand, and the discoveries of geology upon the other, force on the cultivated modern intelligence. They compel us to take into account, and recognise our partnership with, the creatures around us. We

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do not share in that feeling of annoyance which the contemplation of human affinity with other orders of animal being, seems to awaken in many minds that we should have thought superior to such emotion. We entirely sympathise with Mr. Taylor's rebuke and exposure of it. It is simply on the ground of irrelevance to the topic he is discussing, when correctly viewed, and of special unfitness for the purposes of an elementary treatise, that we have felt constrained to protest against the inclusion of matters remote from consciousness within the limits of a dissertation on a subject known to us exclusively through consciousness. We therefore decline to be delayed by the hazy and eloquent passage, in which he aims to "look abroad upon the field of animal life away from that point of view from which it is only seen in contrast with the more highly developed faculties of the human species;—to think of it in its absolute quality, or such *as it is*; or such as it would seem to be, if we could take a positive fear out of humanity." All that is said in this connection may be very true; but it cannot be proved to be so. Alike in what is affirmed and what is denied of the prerogatives of the lower animal races, we feel the want of verification. It is simple conjecture, more or less plausible. The degree in which the different orders of animated being are susceptible of pleasure from colour and sound,—whether this pleasure ever amounts to a perception of beauty and an ear for music,—how far their moral and affectional emotions rise above the level of instinct, and fall below that characteristic of human nature,—the sources and extent of the happiness they enjoy, and its disturbances,—all these are questions which we are never likely to have any *data* for solving satisfactorily. They resemble the speculations of *savans* as to the plurality of worlds. They are interesting and ingenious, but they settle nothing. At any rate, they are out of place where we find them.

More legitimate are our author's speculations as to the primal rudiment of mind, which he determines to be Power; or, as he oddly phrases it, *Mind-in-act toward matter*. He is led to this conclusion by two separate, but, as he thinks, converging lines of argument. Taking the chronological path, he borrows from the animal physiologist the fact, that muscular movement takes place in the embryo "long before the animal has conversed with the outer world, by the eye, or the ear, or other senses;" that it therefore "precedes sensation, unless it be some undefined consciousness that is earlier dated than parturition."

From the nature of the case, however, the external observer can have no cognisance of sensation in the embryo before parturition. We attribute sensation to other beings than ourselves only by noting in them muscular motions which suggest it, and

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which, as we remember, have followed upon a particular feeling in ourselves. Action *must* be the first phenomenon *observed* by us in an organisation foreign to ourselves; but that it is the first phenomenon occurring in that organisation, it is altogether gratuitous to assume. Mr. Taylor's physiological fact is worth nothing. In admitting the possibility of "some undefined consciousness" earlier than the first movement of the embryo, he deprives it of all its significance. Indeed, we can hardly conceive power, *i.e.* mind in act towards matter, except as the result of some prior condition, as the outcomes of feeling, or as the deliberate aim at a preconceived end, without falling into sheer casualism. In the one case we assign precedence in time to *thought*, in the other to *sensation*. It is not difficult to make our choice between these two in the instances under examination. Mr. Taylor's anxiety to vindicate a real causative power in man has led him into assumptions which cannot be maintained, and which moreover are not essential for his purpose. Indeed, we cannot reconcile the doctrine on which we are remarking with his admission towards the end of the volume, that the "inherent force," which he attributes to mind, requires to "be put in movement *from without*. An admirable mechanism is before us; but it is at rest, and will for ever remain at rest, unless a finger—a force foreign to itself—give the start to the pendulum" (p. 394).

The second method of arriving at the "rudimental in the constitution of things,"—*i.e.* power,—is by the path of analysis, in which case the simplest element must be considered as primal. Here we are led to the same conclusion as before. "Sensation," it is alleged, "is composite: it is the product of two or more (?) forces from without, acting upon an organisation that is complicated in its structure." The complication, however, of the organic frame is quite irrelevant to the matter in hand. Volition, as well as sensation, takes effect through a complex structure of nerves and muscles; and if this fact does not deprive it of *its* simplicity, neither does it interfere with that of sensation. In the same way, the number of forces which act upon the organisation from without is quite beside the question. The subjective character, and not the external conditions of sensation, are what we have to deal with. "There are five, six, or more kinds of sensation," we are told; "and when these are compared, any one of them with any other, or when, in turn, we compare one with all the others, we find room for distinctions and descriptive statements." There are of course distinctions which we feel, but which in many cases do not admit of being put into words. It would be impossible to *explain* to the blind man mentioned by Locke, who thought that the colour of scarlet was

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like the sound of a trumpet, or to a seeing man either, who makes no such mistake, in what they differ. Sensation is, it is true, of many kinds; but individual sensations may be, and often are, uncompounded. We are not able to assent, therefore, to our author's conclusion, from the premises which we have given, that "in sensation more is implied than a single and simple rudiment." Sensibility to impressions from without, and an originating power within, are endowments neither of which can be analysed into any thing more elementary, and which manifest themselves together. In granting an independent and underived power to the will, all is conceded that an accurate pyschology will allow, or that—though this is a consideration not scientifically admissible—the moralist can require. In this section, the author discusses, in the briefest form, the origin of our idea of externality, the process by which sensations are transformed into perceptions, the gradual development of the personal consciousness, and other moot-points of pyschological inquiry. He passes over these subjects with so light and quick a hand, that it is not easy always to say precisely what his doctrine is; but, if we make allowance for an occasional want of precision in language, it seems to coincide in its main features with the views laid down in their clearest form in Sir William Hamilton's writings.

The point at which the human mind begins to diverge from the brute, is the entrance of a distinct feeling of individuality—a consciousness of personal identity, and with this of moral freedom. In childhood, "the mind itself, or, if we choose to say so, its active rudiment, is much in advance," Mr. Taylor urges, "of the appetites, wants, desires, of the animal nature. Man, at this spring-time, has very much more of a vague impulse to act than of any definite motive for acting. . . . . It is now that he is learning to take his position as possessor of a freedom apart from which there could neither be intellectual expansion nor moral progress."

Again:

"In the absence, or during the abeyance, of powerful animal influences, and while there is a large suggestive fund of ever-shifting imaginations—as the incitements of volition, and an exuberance of energy which must be spent—the human mind is coming into the use of its inherent liberty; it is tasting the enjoyment of its birthright—its sovereignty in relation to motives of all kinds. Among these motives, whether they be stronger or weaker in themselves, it takes its sport, refusing to be enthralled by any, and spurning every despotism: 'it is learning to be free.'"

It is impossible to sound the depths of the problems here started. But we confess that the presence "of a vague impulse to act," and the absence, or faint urgency, "of the appetites,

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wants, desires, of the animal nature," do not seem to us the conditions of freedom, unless we are to say that the feather, blown lightly hither and thither by every stirring of the air, is *freer* than the stone which falls, at once and without deflection, earthwards. The state which Mr. Taylor describes is one of anarchy rather than of incipient liberty. It is only in the presence of "definite motives for acting,"—in the choice between two or more determinate courses,—that we become conscious of a self-directing power superior to the solicitations of circumstances, and learn to discipline ourselves to its exercise. Indeed, it is significant that we always think and speak of the freedom of the will as *moral* liberty. Until considerations of right and wrong enter, we are not conscious of its possession; till then, the most pleasurable sensation or the most powerful impulse has undisputed mastery over us. There is no question of an alternative. When, however, *this* is discerned to be *right*, and *that wrong*,—when what is pleasurable is forbidden, and that from which we shrink urged upon us, by a mysterious voice, which yet *only* enjoins and does not constrain,—we become aware that it is in our power to obey or to disobey. In the first conflict between natural desire and the moral sense, human nature at once learns and vindicates its freedom. It is raised from the level of a *conscious* thing to that of a *person*, and enters upon the prerogatives which, so far as we know, mark it off from all other orders of animal being. We regret that we cannot follow Mr. Taylor as he traces the various features and achievements of human nature, in its highest development, to its possession of the spontaneous, underived, and self-directing power of the will, acting upon the impressions communicated from the outer world. It would require an essay as long as his own to discuss them worthily: and to reproduce the ideas of another in any other words than those in which he has thought out and embodied them, and deprived of the illustrations which give them vitality, is to do them injustice. The postulates, we may briefly state, on which he bases his philosophy of mind, are (1), the independent and real existence of the outer world; (2) the genuine causative power of the will; and (3) the assumption, "that in the original structure of the mind there is nothing fallacious, nothing contrary to the reality of things, nothing that is spurious or factitious, and which, when we come to be better informed, we shall reject or denounce as a disguise of which the human race, or the uninstructed many, is doomed to be always the dupe and victim." These principles command our fullest acceptance. To the first of them Mr. Taylor is scarcely faithful, at least in some of his expressions. His language often slides into that of "cosmothetic idealism." He speaks of our "notions," our "conceptions," of an outer world,

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as if we had not a direct apprehension, but only a mental representation of it: and his doctrine of space as an abstraction implies the same thing. It is strange, that after the researches and criticisms of Sir William Hamilton, this ambiguity should characterise the language of well-informed writers, who certainly in substance and in spirit adhere to the doctrines of "natural realism." The use which is made of the second postulate as the basis of morals and theology, so far as their speculative foundation is concerned, has already been seen. The third (which, properly speaking, includes the former two) is applied to the refutation of the selfish and utilitarian theories of the social emotions, and to the determination of man's relations to the unknown and infinite. This enumeration presents but a few of the topics discussed. In dwelling as we have done on the small points of difference which divide us from the author, we have principally had regard to the claims of his work as "an elementary book." We have, therefore, animadverted principally on those portions of it which seemed to us likely to lead to misconception on the part of those using it as an introduction to mental science. But in quitting it, we desire to express our conviction that, if not precisely fitted to answer the purpose intended, it will discharge a function yet more important. Within the same bulk, we know of no work on the higher philosophy abounding more in veracious, subtle, and suggestive thought, clothed in a style which, if occasionally somewhat too elaborate and involved, wanting in simplicity and directness, yet well reflects the finer and more delicate shades of the meaning it conveys.

Art. VIII.—MR. COVENTRY PATMORE'S POEMS.

The Angel in the House: Book I. The Betrothal. Book II. The Espousals. By Coventry Patmore. Second Edition. London: J. W. Parker and Son, 1857.

Tamerton Church-tower, and other Poems. By Coventry Patmore. London: J. W. Parker and Son, 1857.

It is impossible to imagine any works, admitting of comparison at all, more remarkably contrasted than those of Mr. Alexander Smith, reviewed in our last Number, and those of Mr. Coventry Patmore, which we propose briefly to notice in this. They differ not only in merit, but in all those qualities which leave the question of merit undetermined. They are each the other's antithesis. What Mr. Smith is, that Mr. Patmore emphatically is not. Inferior in command of words, in richness of imagery,

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in the music of his rhythms, in all, in fact, that constitutes the mere vesture of poetry, to the author of the *Life Drama* and the *City Poems*, Mr. Patmore is infinitely superior to him in all that is essential. His fancies are not, like Mr. Smith's, and the earth, "upon nothing hung." He has thoughts to express, a definite meaning to convey, often subtle and suggestive, and sometimes deep and true. And his language is transparent to his thought. It fits it closely, like hand and glove. It is free from all meretricious ornament. Simplicity is its characteristic. His muse is not clad in a coat of many colours, but "white-robed and pure."

Nor does he differ more from Mr. Smith, and the spasmodic school generally, in the characteristics we have named than in his views of art and of human life. With genuine poetic gifts, he has improved them by sedulous culture and study. He is not eaten up with an ambition to produce a poem which shall "make pale the braggart cheek of the world," nor a victim of the delusion that such a poem can be produced "at a dash." His aim is rather to "instruct and warn." He feels that a worthy muse should be employed upon some worthy subject. The poets of the spasmodic school appear to think that the greatness of their powers will be best shown in contrast with the meanness of the topic on which they employ them; just as the alchemist's triumph would be the greater, the baser the metal which he converted into gold. And if self-display is their object, they may be right. Mr. Patmore has expressed a different doctrine in the following lines, which stand near the commencement of his last poem, and embody its distinguishing tone and spirit:

> "How vilely 'twere to misdeserve
> The poet's gift of perfect speech,
> In song to try, with trembling nerve,
> The limit of its utmost reach,
> Only to sound the wretched praise
> Of what to-morrow shall not be,
> So mocking with immortal bays
> The cross-bones of mortality!
> I do not thus. My faith is fast
> That all the loveliness I sing
> Is made to bear the mortal blast,
> And blossom in a better Spring.
> My creed declares the ceaseless pact
> Of body and spirit, soul and sense;
> Nor can my faith accept the fact,
> And disavow the consequence."

We have said that his views of human life are in contrast with those of the spasmodic school. In Mr. Dobell's *Balder*, the hero,—who, so far as serious intention can be ascribed to the author at all, is evidently designed to be the type of poetic

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genius,—is anxious to enrich himself with a varied and Goethe-like experience of human nature. He is desirous of tasting

> "*All* thoughts, all passions, all desires,
> *Whatever* thrills this mortal frame."

But to do this, it is necessary that he should know what *remorse* is. Therefore, to gratify himself with that sensation, he kills his innocent wife and (we believe) her infant child. And all this in the interests of high art. Mr. Patmore's conceptions of the moral discipline of the poet are very different. He should be "girt with thought and prayer" for his task. To him "strong passions mean weak will;" while

> "He safest walks in darkest ways
> Whose youth is lighted from above."

Like those of most young poets, his earlier productions were of a somewhat dolorous cast. His heroes were sadly unfortunate, mostly in their love affairs. But there is nothing of the "curse God and die" style of sentiment, which seems to be considered natural and impressive under such circumstances. On the contrary, the one lesson is variously enforced:

> "Best fruits come not of sunniest years;
> Good use have griefs; they try
> The sacred faculty of tears,
> And man with men ally."

We are aware that it is asserted by many that the poet has nothing to do with moral considerations; that art cannot have an ethical purpose without forfeiting its own proper character. And examples enough can be quoted of great poems—though not the greatest—which seem to show that the two are not necessarily connected; that views of life little pure and elevated are compatible with the loftiest imaginative genius. On the other hand, the proof is yet more abundant that the most excellent morality may be embodied in very wretched verse. But, of course, if the essence of poetry is truth, the more and the deeper the truth it teaches, the higher, other things being equal, will be the poetry. The moralist starts from certain principles and convictions, and looks about him for the means of most powerfully enforcing them. The poet is possessed with a conception, the ideal of a character, the picture of a scene, the grouping and mutual action of various connected circumstances and persons. He will be able to embody them with most effect in proportion as he sees *all* the relations that are involved in them, and can make the visible symbolise the invisible. And as there are few things which do not involve ethical considerations, or considerations still higher, so there are few topics to which such considerations will be foreign. Only they should appear as a part of

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the work, involved in its completeness, and not as an inference syllogistically deducible from it. They should shape and inform it like a pervading spirit, rather than enter any separate appearance for themselves. Mr. Patmore is far from being a didactic poet,—a phrase which involves a combination of ideas that we find difficult to realise at all; but pure and high aims and convictions breathe through all he writes.

The "spasmodic school" is so widely and deeply influencing our contemporary literature, that Mr. Patmore's freedom from its characteristic vices is worthy of distinct record and commendation. Of living writers, if we except Carlyle, none has impressed himself so powerfully on the age as Tennyson. His genius and spirit, if they have not yet sunk down into the lower strata of society, have been absorbed into, and have thoroughly interpenetrated—or, perhaps, rather have expressed and consciously represented—the mind of all classes partaking even the least tincture of cultivation. Not only are his minutest peculiarities of thought and phrase echoed back upon us from almost every volume of verse that issues from the press, but works of the highest scholarship and philosophy find in his nobler lines the fitting illustration and embodiment of their views. Yet Tennyson's latest poem must be pronounced spasmodic. That he should have influenced the school so named, is not to be wondered at; we may "trace the noble dust of Alexander till we find it stopping a bung-hole." But that he should be influenced by them in return, or even seem to have been so, is a phenomenon worthy of brief consideration, and not so remote as it may appear from the criticism of Mr. Patmore's writings. The origin and popularity of the spasmodic school have had their causes, and these causes may be discovered. They are the natural result of tendencies long working in the English mind. Paradox as it may appear, that school is the direct though degenerate offspring of the meditative and philosophical poetry of the last generation; it does not trace its lineage through Byron and Shelley, with whom it has obvious affinities, but through Wordsworth and Coleridge, with whom it seems to have nothing in common. A few words may make this clear.

The more popular, and, in their several ways, not less illustrious contemporaries of these great poets,—Scott and Crabbe and Moore, and the others we have named,—deal with romantic adventure, with vigorous and pathetic delineation of human action and suffering, with the strong utterances of individual passion or the lighter play of fancy. There is scarcely a trace in their writings of *thought*, technically so called. The universe and its mysterious allotments do not press on them as problems needing and demanding solution. They are not "full of the riddle of the pain-

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ful earth." Shelley may seem an exception to this remark. But he is so only in appearance. He did not doubt. There is no trace of perplexed hesitancy in him. Definite, and even fierce, convictions (negative though they were) underlie all that he wrote. He is essentially dogmatic,—the propagandist of a creed into which an impulsive nature and untoward circumstances drove him, rather than the meditative and open-minded student of nature and of life. Almost equally with those whom we have named with him, he was a stranger to

> "those obstinate questionings
> Of sense and outward things,
> Fallings from us, vanishings,
> Blank misgivings of a creature
> Moving about in worlds not realised,"

which haunt the poetry of Wordsworth and Coleridge.

From the conscientious and reverent meditation of these transcendent themes, a certain amount, at best a passing and recurring shade, of scepticism is scarcely separable. And generally they bring with them a period of desolating doubt of all that it is most sacred and essential to believe, under the shadow of which nature and life lose all their glory and peace. It was Hamlet's scepticism which coloured the universe with the melancholy hues in which to his eyes it was clothed. There are few minds which have not at some time or other seen the expression of their own saddest moods in these well-known words,—"This goodly frame, the earth, seems to me a steril promontory; this most excellent canopy, the air, look you,—this brave o'erhanging,—this majestical roof fretted with golden fire, why, it appears no other thing to me than a foul and pestilent congregation of vapours. What a piece of work is man! How noble in reason! how infinite in faculty! in form and moving, how express and admirable! In action, how like an angel! in apprehension, how like a god! the beauty of the world! the paragon of animals! And yet, to me, what is this quintessence of dust? Man delights me not; no nor woman neither." In closest connection with this frame of mind are the bursts of passion which urge Hamlet (like a spasmodic poet) to

> "unpack his heart in words,
> And fall a-cursing like a very drab,
> A scullion;"

and the practical irresolution "which debars him from enterprises of great pith and moment," and even from the single clear duty, to which a voice from the dead has summoned him.

Just in the same way, the feverish exaggerations and petulant complaints that make up so large a portion of Mr. Tennyson's *Maud* are a not unnatural (though by no means the inevitable)

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issue of the lofty and unanswered questionings of *In Memoriam*. There is a logical as well as a chronological connection between the two works. There was, however, an alternative, which we hope may be yet realised. It may yet be given to Mr. Tennyson to teach us how a shelter may be found from "the doubts, disputes, distractions, fears" to which he has given such impressive utterance,

> "In the soothing thoughts that spring
> Out of human suffering;
> In the faith that looks through death,
> In years that bring the philosophic mind."

If Mr. Patmore does not solve this problem for us, he abstains at least from setting it. Many popular writers, in whom there is no trace of any real experience of the perplexities and sorrows spoken of, seem to assume them as a prevalent literary fashion—as being (what is called in theatrical parlance) "good business," and affording opportunity for many telling points. From this affectation he is altogether free.

It is a remark of Coleridge's, that all men of genius have what he calls a *feminine* element in their characters. If we have any complaint to make of Mr. Patmore, it is that this feminine element is somewhat in excess in him; or, at any rate, that it is not sufficiently balanced by more masculine qualities. He proscribes war,—"hasty, home-destroying war,"—as a subject of poetry; and sees in Inkermann and Balaclava only

> "The courage corporate that leads
> The coward to heroic death."

Although it is impossible for any one of refined and cultured taste to read *The Angel in the House* without sincere admiration, without recognising in it the hand of a true poet, a correct instinct tells the author where he will find the fullest echo of his own thoughts:

> "Praise then my Song where'er it comes,
> Ladies, whose innocence makes bright
> England, the land of courtly homes,
> The world's exemplar and delight."

We do not say this at all in the way of disparagement. Indeed Mr. Patmore, with his delicate insight into the relative excellence of the sexes, must consider it as the highest compliment that could be paid him. But perhaps his feminine readers are too conscious of his non-intellectual estimate of them to accord him very fully the praise he asks.

His muse, like the love it sings, is essentially the "nursling of civility." The graces and courtesies of a refined English home, which are not the less natural in that they are touched by a delicate art,—fenced round by decorous ceremonial,—are the themes

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on which he delights to dwell. It is one which poetry has been somewhat shy of touching,—which she has rather proscribed as common. Generally, when she has dealt with it, she has become sophisticated and conventional, giving us nothing better than light *vers de société*, or the brilliant, satiric, surface-delineations of Pope and his school. As Crabbe pictured the life of the poor, showing us little more than its hard and degrading accessories, the tragedy of the outer lot; so writers of this class have never penetrated below the exterior life of the rich, and have shown only the follies and affectations, the pharisaisms and stifling formalities, which mark it. It was a part of Wordsworth's much larger mission to reveal to us the real poetry of feeling, which may inspire even "the poorest poor," and to bind them to us as by the conviction that "we have all of us one common heart." Mr. Patmore has aimed at something of the same sort for certain aspects of life among the rich and well-endowed. Few will deny that the qualities indicated in the following graceful lines are fitting subjects of poetry. They possess an intrinsic beauty and fascination, which simply requires to be fairly set forth:

AN ENGLISH HOME.

"....something that abode endued
With temple-like repose, an air
Of life's kind purposes pursued
With order'd freedom sweet and fair.
A tent pitch'd in a world not right
It seem'd, whose inmates, every one,
On tranquil faces bore the light
Of duties beautifully done,
And humbly, though they had few peers,
Kept their own laws, which seem'd to be
The fair sum of six thousand years'
Traditions of civility."

Where there is this essential dignity and purity of character, it gives grace to all the media, commonplace and artificial though they be, through which it expresses itself.

The Angel in the House is the history of a love-suit, from its commencement to the wedding. The progress of the passion which the author depicts is related with delicacy and spirit, and with a subtle insight into the moods and sentiments, the lights and shadows, of that most sensitive and capricious of human affections. Mr. Patmore has, what very few of his contemporaries appear to possess, a keen eye for individualities of character, especially of feminine character. His women, though sketched in the merest outline, suggested rather than delineated, are living personalities. In this respect he differs from, and has the advantage over, Tennyson. The Adelines, and Madelines, and Claribels of that great poet's earlier effusions are scarcely more real and hu-

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man than the merwoman whom he celebrates in not dissimilar strains. The Amy of "Locksley Hall" has no definite personal characteristics. But in "Tamerton Church-Tower," in the "Yewberry," "The Falcon," and the "Woodman's Daughter," of our author's earlier volume, and in the three sisters of *The Angel in the House*, we feel that we have distinct and individual portraits, of whose originals we can shape images to ourselves. They live and move; they are not mere abstractions.

Interspersed between the several portions of narrative verse, which tell the story of the wooing of *The Angel in the House*, —prefixed to each section of it,—are short poems which the author styles "preludes." They are indisputably the finest portions of the work. They bear much the same relation to their more happy theme as the mournful lays in *In Memoriam* do to sorrow and the sense of bereavement, painting it in all its changing hues and aspects,—at least in all the gentler ones. The author touches often a deep truth with a delicacy of touch and beauty which it would not be easy to excel. The brief passages which follow will partly, and only in part, illustrate this; though we quote them rather for their brevity than for their superiority over many others that might have been chosen:

"An idle Poet, here and there,
Looks round him, but, for all the rest,
The world, unfathomably fair,
Is duller than a witling's jest.
Love wakes men, once a life-time each;
They lift their heavy lids, and look;
And, lo, what one sweet page can teach
They read with joy, then shut the book.
And some give thanks, and some blaspheme,
And most forget; but, either way,
That and the Child's unheeded dream
Is all the light of all their day."

"Till Eve was brought to Adam, he
A solitary desert trod,
Though in the great society
Of Nature, angels, and of God.
If one slight column counterweighs
The ocean, 'tis the Maker's law,
Who deems obedience better praise
Than sacrifice of erring awe."

Mr. Patmore has probably seen in too many homes the unhappy effects of a neglect of the wise counsel thus given:

LOVE CEREMONIOUS.

"Keep your undrest, familiar style
For strangers, but respect your friend,
Her most, whose matrimonial smile
Is and asks honour without end.

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'Tis found, and needs it must so be,
That life from love's allegiance flags,
When love forgets his majesty
In sloth's unceremonious rags.
Let love make home a gracious Court;
There let the world's rude, hasty ways
Be fashion'd to a loftier port,
And learn to bow and stand at gaze;
And let the sweet respective sphere
Of personal worship there obtain
Circumference for moving clear,
None treading on another's train.
This makes that pleasures do not cloy,
And dignifies our mortal strife
With calmness and considerate joy,
Befitting our immortal life."

It was necessary, in order to preserve the unity of his work, that Mr. Patmore should confine himself to the one affection whose rise, growth, and progress he set himself to delineate, and whose purity and worth he nobly vindicates. But the effect of the exclusion of all reference to the incidents and interests of other kinds which must always co-exist even with the most absorbing passion, gives a somewhat effeminate tone to at least parts of the poem. He seems to take a too "fond" view of human life. This impression is aided by the metre, which, though correct and smooth, is monotonous. Reading considerable portions of it, it is impossible to avoid falling into a kind of sing-song, which, however appropriate to such passages as this,—and there are many like,—does injustice to others:

"'Dear Felix!' 'Dearest Honor! There
Was Aunt Maud's noisy knock and ring!'
'Stay, Felix; you have caught my hair.
Thanks. Is it smooth? Now will you bring
My work? Good morning, Aunt.' 'Why, Puss,
You look magnificent to-day.'
'Here's Felix, Aunt. 'Fox and green goose!
Who handsome gets, should handsome pay.'
'You 're friends, dear Aunt!' 'O, to be sure!
Good morning! Go on flattering, Sir;
A woman's like the Koh-i-nohr,
Just worth the price that 's put on her.'"

Indeed, mastery of metrical forms is not one of Mr. Patmore's excellences. He has no ear apparently for the finer cadences, the "dying falls," "the linked sweetnesses long drawn out," which in some poets make the sound a subtle echo of the sense, and spiritualise the mere mechanism of verse. Some of his poems are written in long lines, and some in short ones, some with alternate, and others in immediately recurring rhymes; but this is all the difference. There is scarcely a variation of the accent throughout the two volumes. "Tamerton Church-Tower" is a tale well told,

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containing many fine passages. But it is impossible to read it without profane recollections of "John Gilpin," which do much to reduce it to a burlesque. Take one verse:

> "Quoth Frank, 'I do: and thence foresee
> And all too plainly scan
> Some sentimental homily
> On Duty, Death, or Man.'"

Nor has Mr. Patmore the power, so remarkable in Tennyson, of colouring the scenery he describes with the mood of mind to which he wishes to make it subordinate; of grouping external objects as accessories to his main idea. This idea, indeed, Tennyson often gives merely through the accessories; it is the resultant of their several forces, a kind of exhalation or efflorescence from them, without any separate substantive expression of its own. There are many illustrations of this in *In Memoriam*. When independent utterance is given to both, it is of the briefest kind, at a flash, as it were; as in an outburst in "Locksley Hall:"

> "O my Amy, shallow-hearted! O my Amy, mine no more!
> O the dreary, dreary moorland! O the barren, barren shore!"

This *instantaneity* is needful to effective comparison. If the symbol is dwelt on too long, it loses its symbolic character, and distracts the attention from its own purport. Mr. Patmore has not sufficiently guarded against this error. In "Tamerton Church-Tower," and, to a less extent, in other of his poems, we have the state of mind of the hero described at considerable length, and then the scenery minutely painted to correspond. These rapid and frequent transitions from the "subjective" to the "objective" are occasionally a little bewildering. It is only on repeated perusal that we see their significance, and the effect they were intended to produce. The name of the poem to which these remarks are principally applicable is a case in point. The piece, we should premise, extends over fifty-three pages. At the commencement the narrator leaves

> ". . . the Church at Tamerton
> In gloomy western air."

We do not hear of it again till the last verse, when

> "O'erhead the perfect moon kept pace,
> In meek and brilliant power,
> And lit, erelong, the eastern face
> Of Tamerton Church-Tower."

The church symbolises his own fortunes; but it has been so lost sight of in the course of the story, that its reappearance hardly serves any purpose of illustration or deeper impression. But we do not wish to part with Mr. Patmore in a carping or

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detracting spirit. In *The Angel in the House* he has written a work which, if not marked by the attributes of the highest genius, is yet, in its way, a genuine poem. He has been happy in the choice of a subject which is interesting to all men at least once in their lives, and to most women during the whole of their lives; and which, whatever other changes the world may see, is not likely to grow obsolete. And his gifts are just those which fit him for the appropriate treatment of his theme. If we can scarcely venture to prophesy with him that he will rival the fame of Petrarch and Dante,—will live, in his own words,

> "To be delight to future days,
> And into silence only cease
> With those who loved and shared their bays
> With Laura and with Beatrice,"—

we think that he has a fair likelihood of a more modest immortality. For the permanence of a work does not altogether depend on the magnitude of the powers which have been expended upon it; but on the correspondence of the powers to their task, and their faithful and conscientious devotion to it. An unassuming vignette, minutely finished in its every detail, may outlast gigantic historic pictures, which exhibit only great and unrealised designs. *The Angel in the House* will, in any case, carry purifying and elevating influences into many existing homes, and help to impart a healthier tone to the poetic literature of the day. This surely should be to the author a sufficient, if there be no further, recompense.

Art. IX.—CIVILISATION AND FAITH.

History of Civilisation in England. By Henry Thomas Buckle. Vol. I. J. W. Parker. 1857.

The author of this very learned and remarkable volume has elaborated and defended in his introductory chapters a very startling theory of civilisation. The civilisation of tropical and arctic countries, he remarks, has been retarded by the dominating influence of physical nature over man; in the former case through the excess of her productiveness, in the latter case through the excess of her sterility. In Europe alone has there been a fair equipoise between human and natural forces; and in Europe alone has civilisation been progressive and permanent. Turning then to Europe, Mr. Buckle finds that mental laws have rapidly gained upon the physical; so that the history of European civilisation

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becomes a history of the progress of the human mind. Further, when, looking into the mind itself, we distinguish between those elements which have been stationary and unimportant, and those which have been cumulative and progressive, he finds that the moral and religious nature of man may be eliminated from this inquiry. The religion of a nation is a symptom of its state, not an influence changing that state. Even Christianity was too "mild and philosophic" for the world; and it quickly appeared, after it "had received the homage of the best part of Europe, and seemed to have carried all before it," that "nothing had been done." The only *moulding* influence which changes man, Mr. Buckle asserts, and which refuses to be changed by man, is intellectual knowledge. The history of Europe is a history of the European intellect. If, startled by this assertion, you point out that civilisation is to some extent a matter of individual experience; that every man well knows what it is within him that makes him a better member of society, more of a true *citizen*, and what it is which resists the true laws of social unity; and that the result of such experience is by no means favourable to the supposition that the binding force is purely intellectual, nay, that social obligation is intellectual at all,—he will simply reply, that you are on a completely wrong track; that it is a complete and fundamental mistake for a man to imagine that individual experience can throw any but a misleading light on the greater movements of human society; that history and statistics are your only safe guide. The ground of this strange refusal to look *within* the nature of man for any key to the problems of his history we must briefly state and criticise. It seems to us to be so deep and so pregnant with false conclusions, that it vitiates Mr. Buckle's whole conception of history; and if logically carried out, will compel him to distort the history of civilisation into a history of the merest *surface* of civilisation. He deliberately maintains, first, that the deeper you plunge into the *individual* life of man, the farther you are from any thing that affects his social history; and next, that it is a most fortunate circumstance that this should be so, inasmuch as the only kind of observation which is scientifically worthless and fruitless of all result is individual self-observation. These are Mr. Buckle's deliberate convictions:—that what most people call the *deeper* part of man, his affections, moral nature, faith, are eliminated as mere "disturbing influences" by any comprehensive survey of his history; while the only part of human life which is constantly affecting the history of the race (in temperate climates) more and more, is the intellectual part. More than ordinarily good desires in one section of society cancel more than ordinarily bad desires in another section; temporary impulses of fanaticism in one age cancel temporary impulses of doubt in

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another. Take European society as a whole, and while other elements fluctuate, only one element changes according to any law of progressive increase, and that is the intellectual life and acquisitions of man. "We are all sensible," he concedes, "that moral principles do affect nearly the whole of our actions; but we have incontrovertible proof that they do not produce the least effect upon mankind in the aggregate, or even on men in very large masses, provided that we take the precaution of studying social phenomena for a period sufficiently long, and on a scale sufficiently great, to enable the superior laws to come into uncontrolled operation." And again, he argues, "In reference to our moral conduct, there is not a single principle now known to the most cultivated Europeans which was not likewise known to the ancients." "Now," he adds, "since civilisation is the product of moral and intellectual agencies, and since that product is constantly changing, it evidently cannot be regulated by the stationary agent; because, when surrounding circumstances are unchanged, a stationary agent can only produce a stationary effect. The only other agent is the intellectual one." And on this one argument alone he bases the very startling proposal to eliminate all moral and religious influences from his enumeration and history of the determining causes of civilisation. "I pledge myself," he adds,—surely somewhat rashly,—"to show that the progress Europe has made from barbarism to civilisation is entirely due to its intellectual activity." That a thinker so able as Mr. Buckle should so completely be imbued with the notion that knowledge, in some shape or other, is the only power that can introduce any new force into human life, as to overlook quite unconsciously the very transparent confusion in the solitary argument we have quoted between the stationary character of man's *knowledge* of moral principles and the stationary character of man's *obedience* to moral principles, and of their living *influence* over him, is one of the most surprising testimonies we have ever seen to the narrowing power of a school of thought. The whole question at issue Mr. Buckle passes by without a sign of recognition; the question, we mean, whether or not civilisation depends, not on the "*discovery*" of moral truth, but on the fidelity to moral truth, and on the influx of new and powerful spiritual influences into human history, which, while adding nothing to the discoveries of truth, add infinitely to men's fidelity, and the willingness of their allegiance to truth. Quietly assuming that if there could be any new moral influence on society at all, it could be given-off only by new moral discoveries, he of course excludes at once the possibility of admitting volition, or sentiment, or trust, which can only add new force to old feelings, into his scheme of civilisation.

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He easily leads us, therefore, to the conclusion that the "totality of human actions" depends entirely from age to age on the successive "totalities of human knowledge,"—action, so far as it is not governed by knowledge, succeeding in cancelling itself.

"The gigantic crimes of Alexander or Napoleon become, after a time, void of effect, and the affairs of the world return to their former level. This is the ebb and flow of history, the perpetual flux to which by the laws of our nature we are subject. Above all this, there is a far higher movement; and as the tide rolls on, now advancing, now receding, there is, amid its endless fluctuations, one thing, and one alone, which endures for ever. The actions of bad men produce only temporary evil, the actions of good men only temporary good; and eventually the good and the evil altogether subside, are neutralised by subsequent generations, absorbed by the incessant movement of future ages. But the discoveries of great men never leave us; they are immortal, they contain those eternal truths which survive the shock of empires, outlive the struggles of rival creeds, and witness the decay of successive religions. All these have their different measures and their different standards; one set of opinions for one age, another set for another. They pass away like a dream; they are as the fabric of a vision, which leaves not a rack behind. The discoveries of genius alone remain; it is to them we owe all that we now have, they are for all ages and all times; never young, and never old, they bear the seeds of their own life; they flow on in a perennial and undying stream; they are essentially cumulative, and, giving birth to the additions which they subsequently receive, they thus influence the most distant posterity, and after the lapse of centuries produce more effect than they were able to do even at the moment of their promulgation."

But Mr. Buckle's most characteristic application of this doctrine is to his conception of what history is and should be. Having laid the foundation by eliminating moral elements—not, we must carefully remember, from human society itself, but from the law of social *change*—he goes on to argue, that history ought to record those facts only which bring with them social variations; and should pass by as insignificant those which merely help us to realise the essential unity of the human race, and to see in the past the same hopes and fears, the same curiosity, and the same passions, and often too the same fluctuating faith, which constitute the essential parts of human life. The historian is not to paint the men of days gone by in their essential identity with, and their characteristic differences from, the living; it is his main duty to record these facts which are changing the social condition of nations, and to pass by all life and incident that is insignificant of progressive movement, as the mere anecdotes and gossip of the past. "In the study of the history of Man," he says, "the most important facts have been neglected, and the unimportant ones preserved. . . . . The vast majority

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of historians fill their works with the most trifling and miserable details; personal anecdotes of kings and courts; interminable relations of what was said by one minister and what was thought by another; and, worse than all, long accounts of campaigns, battles, and sieges, very interesting to those engaged in them, *but to us utterly useless, because they neither furnish new truths, nor do they supply the means by which new truths may be discovered.*" The last sentence goes to the root of Mr. Buckle's philosophy of history; what he principally values is the discovery of intellectual truth, not a deeper hold of *all* truth. He evidently conceives of man as an object of interest, because his history is capable of "successive generalisations," instead of holding that these generalisations (if true) derive their interest mainly from their remote connection with man. He does not care to know what a man was, what he felt, what he thought, how the world looked to him, how far he looked through the world to a divine life beyond it. Art, and we believe also literature, he expressly states to be "lower" than science.* History he indignantly hopes to rescue from the hands of "biographers." He warns us how apt is the historian to "sink into the annalist," and instead of solving a problem, merely to "paint a picture." Surely it depends something on the kind of problem solved, and the kind of picture painted, which is the higher work. Mr. Buckle cannot too deeply express his dignified satisfaction in the discovery of any of those "successive generalisations," by which it is, for instance, ascertained that "the number of marriages bears a fixed and definite relation to the price of corn;" or that the number of suicides in London attains a maximum in the hottest months of the year. But a historian who only fixes for the future the flying colours of the past, though breathing into it nevertheless the living spirit of the present,—who only tells us, for instance, how, at the Theban banquet before the battle of Platæa, the Persian officer, overpowered by strong forebodings, predicted with streaming eyes to him who sat next him at the feast the inevitable fate of the hosts of his countrymen, and his own helplessness to avert it; or who merely records how each of the Gracchi, in his own characteristic fashion, won the ear and heart of the Roman multitude,—the elder by his quiet authority and self-restraint, the younger by his restless and eloquent passion; or who only paints for us how Cromwell "turned the tide of battle on Marston Moor;" how Clive hesitated on the eve of Plassey; how, in the opening of the French Revolution, the moody and miserable women of Paris burst in upon the palace of Versailles; how Robespierre ruled, and how desperately he struggled before

* p. 648.

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he fell;—historians who do this for us, and nothing more, are contemptuously classed by Mr. Buckle as "biographers, genealogists, collectors of anecdotes, chroniclers of courts," or as mere compilers, who "trespass on a province far above their own." We are not sure but that any painting which helps us to realise vividly one living crisis of past history is a deeper lesson in historic wisdom than to master the whole train of "successive generalisations," which can be got exclusively by comparing the different "totalities of human knowledge" at different ages of the world. In fact, history does not its work for us at all unless it teaches us to distinguish between the variable and the essential in human existence; and this it cannot adequately do unless it makes us realise how the deeper life of the past had as vivid a ripple of temporary interest on its surface as our own. We are apt to lose half the wisdom that history might give us, by disconnecting the dim historic forms that flit before us from the detail and characteristic "anecdote" of outward and daily life. Perhaps Plutarch has taught the world full as much as Thucydides. We do not realise even what ancient vices and ancient virtues mean,—we do not see the significance of faith, or idolatry, or law,—until the minute biographic touches, which Mr. Buckle seems so much to despise, are added to those "generalisations" concerning the "totalities of human knowledge" which he appears to consider the exclusive work of the historian. Even, therefore, if the intellect *were* (which we do not in the least believe) the dynamic or moving principle in human history, we should utterly deny that a historian who should exclusively narrate those events which "furnish new truths, or the means by which new truths could be discovered," had performed even the most essential portion of his task. We read history to see what man *was*, not only to see what he *became*.

But though this be true of history, is it equally true of the history of civilisation? Is not civilisation a state of *becoming*, not a state of being? Though our author does not take the distinction for himself, we may fairly take it for him. He might say truly enough that the historian of a nation's civilisation is not bound to give the picture of its whole life; but of the modifications only that arise from time to time in that life, as its society became more and more (or less and less) civilised. And this is true enough; but still these changes, as they arise, must be *connected* with the deeper workings of the national life, otherwise it is certain that they will not be truly recorded at all. According to Mr. Buckle's theory of civilisation, this is not in the least necessary; for the moral life of nations is eliminated when you look at them on a scale sufficiently large. The good and evil, the justice and the injustice, the humility and the ambition,

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are, on the whole, in equilibrium; and to write the history of a nation's civilisation is to write the history of its intellect, which alone can inherit the experience of the past, and alone, therefore, sways the social changes of the present. The intellect of past ages raises the platform on which the intellect of this age stands; but it is not so with conscience and emotion. We do not distinguish right and wrong more vividly; we do not love and hate more intensely; we do not believe with increasing and more unquestioning trust,—because our fathers have weighed right and wrong, have loved and hated and trusted, before us. We can distance them more and more in knowledge; but the moral level of age after age fluctuates between nearly the same limits.

This is Mr. Buckle's argument; and we will willingly concede that the intellect is becoming a more and more powerful *instrument* in human civilisation. But the instrument of civilisation is one thing, and civilisation itself quite another. It is not in the least true, but the reverse of true, that the intellectual laws are the "superior" laws, which gain more and more upon the physical, moral, and spiritual laws. It is not in the least true that the intellect is the superior faculty,—the faculty that is capable of the most indefinite expansion, and which assumes therefore constantly increasing proportions to the physical, moral, and spiritual faculties. The intellect has not more expansive force than many other faculties of human nature, and not so much as some. When Mr. Buckle distinguishes between the intellectual nature of man and his moral and spiritual nature in this, that the first is more "essentially cumulative" in its influence on human history than the latter, no doubt he meant to express an observed fact. But what is the fact which he had observed? No doubt this,—that all moral and spiritual truths need, as we may say, perpetual verification and re-discovery, in order to exert an influence at all; while intellectual truths exert a large influence as mere machinery,—as fixed data which the practical man turns into practical convenience. Embody the discovery of the atmosphere's weight in a barometer; and even if the truth on which it rests should ever be forgotten, the invention which was the offspring of that truth might still survive to accommodate mankind. But embody the truth that "the more familiar we are with moral evil, the less we know of it;" or that "the word of God is quick and powerful as any two-edged sword,"—in any form you will, and they convey no meaning at all, except so far as the spirit in which they were first recorded is still alive; and if they are crystallised into moral or religious institutions, those institutions must become sheer dead weights on society in proportion as their spiritual significance dies away. This is clearly Mr. Buckle's meaning, and no doubt it is correct; but it is very ill expressed by saying that

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intellectual power is cumulative, and moral or spiritual power not so. For it is exactly in proportion as intellectual power is capable of yielding fruits which are non-intellectual, that it is more cumulative than moral or spiritual power. In other words, so far as the intellect can be made the effective instrument of other human desires and capacities beside the intellect, so far is it more cumulative than faculties which have no end out of themselves. But this is only saying that intellectual agencies are subsidiary and instrumental to moral and spiritual agencies, while the latter are not subsidiary and instrumental to the former. Suppose for a moment that it were necessary for all the intellectual processes which *lead to* scientific results,—to the telegraph, or to the manufacture of cotton, or to the cure of disease,—to be more or less adequately realised by all who benefit by them,—as it is in the case of moral and spiritual truth,—and we should soon find that intellectual truth was far less cumulative than moral or spiritual truth. It is not so with the *results* of intellectual discovery, simply because these results become subordinate agencies to other and more active portions of human nature. The intellectual laws are, in fact, immediately subordinated to the physical, moral, and spiritual desires. The results of intellectual discovery in the streets of London are accumulated, distributed, consumed, far less in accordance with intellectual laws than with those primitive wants and desires of human nature which they are the mere instruments of satisfying. For example, Mr. Buckle has formed the marvellous and, for a man of his intellectual attainment, almost incredible conviction, that Adam Smith's *Wealth of Nations* is "probably the most important book that has ever been written." Now, supposing it were so, how much could that book have effected through purely intellectual agency, if its conclusions had not been directly subsidiary to some of the strongest passions of human nature—the desire for subsistence and wealth, and all to which wealth is more or less subordinate? Much, no doubt, of the commercial greatness of this country is caused by the *clearer vision* which, through Adam Smith, these desires have attained. But what could the theory have done without the desires? Which was the cumulative, and which the merely subordinate, agent? The legislator learned of Adam Smith, and set commerce free. But this might have been done and not a step gained, had not the eager forces of physical and moral desire pushed in to fill at once the ground thus gained. The intellect is cumulative in Mr. Buckle's sense only because its results are fitly instrumental to desires that are other than intellectual; while the higher capacities of human nature have their fittest ends only in themselves, and are utterly distorted and defaced by being made the instru-

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ments of lower capacities. The transit instrument, the church, the school, the shop, the locomotive, the organ, are all more or less results of intellectual power; but all, excepting only the first of the series, exhibit the intellectual power in service to other than intellectual desires; and it may be affirmed without hesitation, that it is rather the weakness or strength of these desires than any intellectual consideration which determines the civilisation of a nation. Why has India stood still for ages? Not for want of intellectual faculty, but for want of spiritual, moral, and physical energy,—from languor of wish, and languor of will, and languor of conscience, and languor of trust,—because the intellectual faculty has found no active employers,—because the "slave of the lamp" has never been summoned to his work. Why, too, did Mr. Buckle take no note of the decay of Greece and Rome, where the intellectual conditions were all present, and were not "cumulative" because the moral forces which used them were all in anarchy and selfish discord? It is worth noting, again, that there is no trace of any tendency in the intellectual faculties to gain way on the other elements of human nature. No doubt they are developed in a larger *proportion* of the people of modern days; but their intrinsic capacity for *relative* expansion is as limited by the pressure of other wants and desires as ever. No intellect of later days has ever equalled that of Plato. Probably in the intellectual classes of Greece the relative power of the intellect in proportion to the remainder of human nature attained its climax, because it was then *disproportionately* strong.

Mr. Buckle's deeply-rooted impression that the intellectual laws of society are the "superior laws," that they exhibit the "dynamics" of social existence, the moving forces, instead of the merely facilitating conditions for other and deeper forces to work upon, is fostered by his extraordinary preference for statistics over psychology as an index to the real laws of the human mind. He tells us that self-observation can never lead to any accurate result, that it misleads metaphysicians into all sorts of falsehood,—that the observation is made through a disturbing medium, because the watching consciousness is subject to the very fluctuations of temper it needs to watch,—that, in short, the laws that statistics reveal are certain because they are laws independent of the accidents of individual character, while the individual observer must be in danger of generalising what is peculiar to himself. Thus he proves free-will to be a chimera by the statistics of crime and suicide, which show an unchanged average result for unchanged physical and social conditions; and he explains to us that "parallel chains of evidence" "force us to the conclusion that the offences of men result not so much from the vices of the individual offender as from the state of society into which that

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individual is thrown." We must devote a few words to this statistical aspect of civilising causes, because we believe it to be one of the most telling fallacies which sustain Mr. Buckle and his school in the refusal to look *within* the mind, at the sources of volition, for the sources of national decay and national greatness; while it really is one of the very shallowest fallacies by which acute intellects can be deceived. The advocates of this theory do not see that statistics could not reveal the *real* laws of any phenomena at all unless the phenomena studied were subject only to one simple law of causation. No doubt statistics might and did reveal the law that falling bodies pass through spaces due to the earth's attraction in the successive seconds; but this is only because the attraction of the earth is the one force, totally overpowering all complicating and disturbing forces. But as applied to a complication of causes, all that statistics can possibly show is the *residual* force,—the feather that turns the scale. Statistics can indicate by no sort of sign the powerful forces which are counteracted by other powerful forces. If the opposite scales are weighted with powers that, uncounteracted, would move the world, the putting in of the feather will still be followed by the descent of the scale, just as if they had both been empty; and the statistician writes down the feather as the sole cause of the event. Now how such a process, which necessarily eliminates all the temporarily counterpoising forces of human nature from its consideration altogether, can be supposed to reveal the proper laws of the human mind seems marvellous enough. Statistics, if carefully drawn up, may be very useful in detecting slight *residual* influences; but as superseding investigation into the mass of the powers really at work, it leads to mere delusion; and as an attestation of the necessarian doctrine, it seems to us a thoroughly wonderful piece of juggling. No man supposes that the will is uninfluenced by motives, though he may believe that it has a power of determining to what solicitations it will surrender. No man denies that the more temptation there is, the more crime there is likely to be; the only question being, whether the proportionate increase is always so exact that it leaves no room for the intervention of a certain expense of resisting power. And if any man can speak certainly for himself that his pressing temptations have *ever* increased in a greater proportion than his moral restraints without producing a proportionate increase in his surrender to those temptations, he has solved the problem for himself at once and for ever. The indeterminate influence of the will, which, if really free to choose between opposite solicitations, might necessarily be thrown into either scale, could not possibly be discovered by statistics without a previous certainty of the equilibrium of other tendencies, which it is impossible to ascertain. And even

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then, in judging for a large mass of men, the number of cases in which the will's casting vote went for right might be cancelled by the number of cases in which it went for wrong.

Mr. Buckle's objection to the medium of psychological investigation, on the old ground that the observing mind is clouded by the very intensity of the experience it wants to observe, is clearly not without weight; but, at all events, it is the only medium through which we can hope to get a scientific knowledge of the laws of mind at all: and against the special defects of the observing medium must be set off one or two special advantages which other sciences do not possess. When Mr. Buckle states, that except a few of the laws of association, vision, and touch, "there is not to be found in the whole compass of metaphysics a single principle of importance, and at the same time of incontestable truth," we can only say that we are quite unable to acquiesce in his arbitrary dictum, and that we believe the ethical school founded by Bishop Butler is destined to elaborate a genuine science of the moral and active affections of man. We are surprised to see that, in enumerating the ethical theorists of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, Mr. Buckle completely passes over one so vastly superior to all those whom he enumerates, in depth, breadth, and, above all, reality of thought. And we are fully convinced that a little more sympathy with that great thinker's fundamental assumption of primitive forces proceeding from and original in the mind,—not mere reflex states ($\pi\alpha\theta\eta$) produced by the action of the external world, but impulses social and individual, *urging* man into an external world,—would have given a life and truth to our author's interpretations of national history, which must have rendered it far more worthy of the extraordinary learning and not ordinary generalising power that those interpretations evince. As it is, the active parts of national character vanish wholly away beneath Mr. Buckle's treatment; or are seen but dimly, as spiritual soils absorbing a gradually accumulating dew of knowledge, which gathers by its own beneficent laws, and somehow carries those beneficent laws with it into the formless national life into which it sinks.

We have analysed briefly our author's philosophy of civilisation, and shown what we believe to be its radical errors. Before touching on any of his historical illustrations of his theory, we shall, we think, best illustrate our theoretical criticisms by discussing what sort of strength or virtue it is that barbarism may lose, and often has lost, in passing into civilisation. It is a simple matter of fact, that barbarism has often degraded much by the steps which ought to have civilised, nay, which in some spurious sense did civilise; but which left men mutually

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dependent without any mutual respect, because they left men in a social combination that had ceased to be life-giving and natural without ceasing to be needful. If we do but survey the history of the world, we shall undoubtedly find more cases of unsuccessful than of successful civilisation. Mr. Buckle has himself noted and discussed a few—not the most important—of these; and we shall have occasion to examine the partial solution he proposes. But he does not comment any where on the essential moral degeneracy which often marks the transition from barbarism to a more refined and complex social life. Yet it is obvious, that the various nations of Mahometan faith have every where seemed to part with their finest characteristics,—to lose the gleam of many stern and brilliant military virtues,—when exposed to an atmosphere of tranquil industry and accumulating wealth. The Turk, as we know, scarcely resists the decomposing power of that European civilisation into the heart of which he so successfully fought his way. The Turkoman Mussulman in India had virtue enough to conquer a country which he had not virtue enough to hold; and yet the dynasty which has just ended the foulest of imperial careers at Delhi gave promise of really great qualities when Baber was fresh from the wild regions of Transoxiana and Cabul. In China, too, the Northern Mongols have ever triumphed over the Chinese by a superiority which they immediately lose through mere contact with the civilisation they have beaten. It looks as if the life of the desert and the soldier were a needful preparatory school in the East for the life of the cities of the plain, and that not unfrequently the former stage of civilisation has been tempted too soon into the latter. But it is not perhaps till we come to the civilisation of Greece and Rome that we find any distinct and conscious expression of national distrust as to the tendencies of civilisation; and these cases Mr. Buckle utterly passes by. It is clear that, to the Greek and the Roman, civilisation, though an inevitable process, often seemed a very doubtful good, sometimes a very certain evil. They perhaps did not very clearly define to themselves what they meant by it. But though they would not have disputed Mr. Buckle's definition that it is measurable, in part at least, by "the triumph of mind over external agents," they certainly gave it a much fuller meaning, and saw clearly that it often ended in the triumph of external agents over mind. They thought of it as a centralising process, which tended to bring widely distant limits into the range of one similar and homogeneous social condition,—as a process which enabled men to interchange with greater ease the fruits of labour, which widened human resources, and enabled the many to avail themselves of the intelligence, ability, and wisdom of the few, and which enabled the few to avail

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themselves more easily of the labour, strength, and reverence of the many. They thought of it as an influence which promoted thought; which gave those who had eyes to see, and ears to hear, a wider range of experience, and the opportunity of communicating what they saw and heard to others who had no such opportunity. They thought of it as a force favourable to the mere *administration* of justice, which did away with the necessity that every man must be able and willing to protect himself. And yet they also thought of it as a tendency promoting luxury, aggravating social inequalities, estranging the higher classes from habits of self-denial, estranging the lower classes from habits of self-respect, giving to society generally a tinge of effeminacy, and to all classes, even including the soldiers, a spirit of self-conscious license more dangerous than the ferocity of barbarous periods; and weakening in all classes the traditional faiths which, having been born of isolation and hardship and budding national ambition, lose all their reality amid the levelling influences of civic traffic, civic levity, and the contagious helplessness of civic fears.

It is a remarkable fact that, in every nation of classical antiquity, there was, at the height of their civilisation, a reactionary school which professed either scorn or dread of the main results of civilisation. Plutarch smiles at Cato the Censor for asserting that when the Romans had once thoroughly imbibed the literature of Greece they would "lose the empire of the world." Yet the event justified the fear, not because the Greek *literature* was especially dangerous, but because the Roman character was not sound enough to bear—and felt that it was not sound enough to bear—the enervation arising from a wide division of classes into classes of wealth and classes of labour, classes of literary leisure and luxury and classes of stern military enterprise. And thus, not only in Judea, where it was natural, and in Eastern countries, where such habits of thought are indigenous, but in Greece and Rome, there sprang up among the rich and educated a school of ascetic philosophy to express its profound fear of the moral dangers which civilisation had bred. The fact is more remarkable, because we must remember that it has no parallel in modern history, although in modern times the arts and luxuries known to the ancient world have been multiplied a hundredfold. And if we should now deem it a foolish and unmeaning anachronism for an emperor of France or Austria to lead the austere life and inculcate the ascetic doctrine of Aurelius,—if we should conceive an English statesman obviously insane, who should practise and recommend to the House of Commons as the best fruits of his wisdom the severe frugalities and physical self-denials of Phocion,—it seems clear that there is in the popular mind and heart of Europe less dread, and less reason for dread, of the moral dangers which civilisation

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brings than there was in the ancient world. We recognise that as a mark of strength in them which would be a singular weakness in ourselves; and the reason is obvious, the world in which they lived was a world in which civilisation *needed to be undone*. It implied a loss of all the manliness and purity of the old traditions. The barbarous nations were no doubt still at the beginning of their career; but the civilised nations were, in moral condition, *behind* the beginning. They had to unravel the web of their civilisation before they could begin again. And we honour those therefore who, being the first to perceive this, strove, however fruitlessly with regard to others, to anticipate as it were in their own lives the subsequent history and discipline of their nation,—to keep personally clear of the staining impurity and practical paralysis of mind which the fiery adversity of centuries was scarcely able to eradicate from the national character of their fellow-countrymen.

What is it, then, which has done away in modern history with this fear of civilising agencies, which evidently possessed the highest minds of the highest nations of antiquity? What is it that makes us look upon this suspicion of the arts, and sciences, and literatures, and luxuries, of the modern world as something either ignorant, or at least essentially narrow and antique, and wholly unworthy to enter practically into the policy of a State? We cannot say that it is merely our superior knowledge which leads us to see—that what Sparta fought against by immemorial policy, what Rome dreaded, and Rome's most characteristic statesmen inveighed against by life and precept, what the deepest philosophic school of Athens rebuked as the root of political rottenness, what the religious enthusiasts of every Oriental nation renounced as by common consent,—was not really dangerous after all. For all these nations were, in fact, decomposed by the very influences against which their own teachers raised their fruitless testimony. They saw the process going on, and we see it complete. The fear with which it inspired them was by no means a confused fear of all new forces, such as we now see in the Conservatives of modern Europe: it was the instinctive fear of conscious decay. And in us it has no similar vitality, because it is not thus accompanied by dwindling strength and growing license; by the frightful antithesis of strong ignorant superstition in the multitude, and cultivated aristocratic scepticism in the few; by the relaxation of law, the despair of philosophy, and an intellectual development among the learned out of all proportion to their intellectual discoveries and convictions. But to say thus much, is only to state the problem in another form; and we may still ask, How could the very same agencies cause or aggravate the mortal diseases of ancient nations which at least co-exist with, if they do not tend

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to produce, health in nations of modern days? Let us briefly note what *were* the recognised elements of evil and misery in all the ancient civilisations. This evil and misery showed itself, we believe, first in an exaggeration of the classifying tendency of civilisation, that is, by the rapid growth of impassable chasms between class and class; next in what we may call the *absorbent* power in the social influences of civilisation, or, in other words, in the tendency of general society to drain individual and domestic life and faith of all their distinctive strength and character; finally, by the general confusion and identification of social ends with the external pleasures which civilisation accumulated as occasions of social relaxation, the higher tie itself losing its binding power as the glow and enthusiasm of a common popular life became more and more dependent on the stimulating food which the tyrannic appetites of the multitude speedily craved. These, we take it, were the three stages of social decay, in one or other of which all the ancient civilisations were wrecked; in other words, first, the stage of class-hatreds, in which human nature shows itself too *selfish* for the larger claims of society; next, the stage of relaxed purity, in which it surrenders to social temptations the strength of individual character and fidelity proper to the primitive household traditions; finally, the stage of social corruption, in which even the social tie becomes utterly selfish, and the social body has become a sensual body without a soul. Mr. Buckle alludes only to the first, and to a very small part only of that stage of decay; but what he says upon that is very characteristic.

That civilisation begins at once with *classifying* men, our author sees clearly; and he has illustrated with much acuteness, and with his usual inexhaustible learning, the great influence which physical conditions have in exaggerating the divisions between wealth and poverty,—the class of masters and the class of slaves. But here, as throughout his book, he is content with exhibiting mere negative conditions favourable to the state of things he is describing, and yet speaking of them as the "dynamics" of society, while he entirely neglects positive causes. For example, he here refers the miserable results of almost all the Oriental and also of the old Mexican and Peruvian civilisations to one physical circumstance alone, the immense fruitfulness of the soil in proportion to the wants of the population. He points out that wherever this has been the case, accumulations of wealth are inevitable; so that civilisation, so far as regards the classification of society into labourers and capitalists, is certain to begin. But as a little labour yields a vast deal more than is needful to support itself in these warm climates and fruitful soils, it is at least possible for the capitalist to appropriate as profit a very large reward after the labour has been paid for. In climates where the

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soil is less fruitful, and the physical wants of the labourer more extensive, this is no longer so easy. For industry yields a smaller produce, and at the same time absolutely requires a larger share of that produce. It is therefore obvious, *cæteris paribus*, that large and speedy accumulations of wealth by a very small class are far more natural in rich tropical countries than in Europe. And Mr. Buckle points out with great care that this state of things has been, as a matter of fact, favourable to what we may call a hothouse civilisation, of very rapid growth and very feeble stamina. In India, in Egypt, in Mexico, in Peru, the splendour of the rich was only matched by the helpless indigence and misery of the multitude; and it is clear that the enormous crops which rice and dates, and dhourra and maize yielded to the cultivator, were in this way extremely unfavourable to the slow and steady progress of the mass of the people.* But even in this case it is false, and in its consequences a falsehood of some importance, to say that these favouring physical conditions are the operative *causes* which produce this sort of result. It would be too self-evident a criticism, to point out in these cases that it is the selfishness or absence of self-restraint in human desire which, availing itself of these favouring conditions, really works out these results, were it not that the neglect of this very simple observation has vitiated the fundamental assumptions of Mr. Buckle's book. No doubt, in popular language, we call any thing a cause the removal of which would greatly vary the effect. But it is obvious enough, that without the active forces of human desire, the mere productiveness of the soil could have no effect whatever on the distribution of wealth. The products of the soil do not, we imagine, distribute themselves. Were there any prudent self-restraint among the labourers in adjusting their claims and employing their savings, or any benevolent self-restraint among the capitalists in enforcing their advantage, then, even in a tropical country and with a soil that produces four-hundredfold, there could not grow up such vast and impassable chasms between the various classes. It is the unrestrained desire on each side that really brings

* Mr. Buckle's book is very defective in method, or what Sir W. Hamilton used grandly to call "architectonic power." He frequently introduces thoughtful and valuable digressions quite irrelevant to his subject. For example, it is no doubt physiologically very interesting to show that in hot countries the human body needs "oxidised" food, which is almost entirely vegetable, and in cold countries "carbonised" food, which is almost entirely animal; but it is only at the next step, with regard, namely, to its plenty or scarcity, that this affects the history of the race. Men know if it is abundant; they do not know that it is "oxidised," nor would they be affected by it if they did. In like manner, we might say that the neighbourhood of the sea has a very important effect on human civilisation; would he on that account go a step back there also, and analyse carefully the scientific antecedents in the history of the globe which cut off England from the continent of Europe?

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about this result,—the limitless and unscrupulous passion for gain on one side, the limitless fear of power and love of immediate gratification on the other. Now this would be a very trivial and carping criticism, did not the whole history of civilisation show that the great difference between the degraded and unstable civilisations and the stable civilisation of modern times lies, not in any difference of physical or intellectual conditions, but in controlled inclinations, in a new influence over men's impulses and wills.

The new element has been introduced through no channel of external opportunity, but at the deeper fountains of desire itself. The three ancient nations which have most influenced the history of the world—the Romans, the Greeks, and the Jews—all inhabited lands in which the unfavourable conditions of which Mr. Buckle speaks were not to be found. And, in point of fact, the vast chasms between class and class that did exist in each of these nations were not primarily due in any of them to rapid or vast accumulations of wealth. They were due to the unequal accumulation of privileges, but not of physical wealth. Throughout the greatest age of Rome, the political monopoly of the highest class was not grounded on riches at all; throughout the great intellectual age of Athens, the intellectual aristocracy was quite independent of any property-distinction; and through the long religious history of Judea, the theological oligarchy of the nation had no power that was founded in wealth. Yet we find that the selfishness and the unrestrained desires of men acted as powerfully in condensing into a very limited social area political, intellectual, and theological privileges, as they did in Oriental countries in aggregating physical wealth. There was the most genuine exclusiveness in each of these cases. The Roman patricians not only fought hard for their privileges, but they had no wish that any class should be *fit* for political power but themselves. The Athenian philosophers avowed their belief that the higher wisdom was not suitable for any but a select few; that action was vulgarising, and spoiled the mind for intellectual vision and meditation; that only the privileged golden natures were born for speculation, while the common artificers had souls of brass or iron, like the materials they used. The Jewish Pharisee, again, was "not as other men were;" and on the strength of his superior sanctity he did not scruple to say, "the people that know not the law are accursed." In none of these instances was it, perhaps, the class-divisions or class-spirit alone which ultimately undermined the constitution of society. For class-divisions as great, and a class-spirit even more bitter, has been overcome in modern times, when the exclusiveness of selfish privilege had to cope with the struggles of a popular life sound at the core. But

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in these cases it was not so. The life which struggled to ascend was as corrupt and more ignorant than the power which struggled to keep it down. The truth seems to have been that, in the classical world, whatever purity and vigour there was belonged mainly to the most favoured classes; the close contact of the poorest classes of freemen with slavery poisoning completely the social atmosphere they breathed.

But though the wide class-chasms of the ancient world were not the main cause of the decay of ancient civilisation, yet the accumulation of each nation's highest function,—in the case of Rome, political and legislative power, in that of Athens, intellectual and literary ability, in that of Judea, the dogmatic authority—in the hands of a small and unrecruited section of the nation, was a sure sign of a tendency to decay. Even Mr. Buckle feels this. The only hint he gives us of the cause to which he ascribes the decomposition of Greek and Roman society, is in the following words: "The distance between the ignorant idolatry of the people and the refined system of the philosophers was altogether impassable; and this is the principal reason why the Greeks and Romans were unable to retain the civilisation which they for a short time possessed." No doubt; but why was that distance impassable? It cannot in this case be ascribed merely to the unfortunate conditions of the physical world. It was due to the same predominance of selfishness, the same absence of noble ambition and self-restraint, which we saw were the really active causes of the unequal distribution of wealth in tropical countries morally less favoured. The absence of any *diffusing force* to equalise spiritual, moral, intellectual, and physical blessings, is the one striking fact about these ancient civilisations; or rather, the presence of a steady selfish pressure and a steady stolid indifference *resisting* their diffusion. We see great national gifts quickly appropriated by a class; we see that the other classes have not even virtue enough to desire, for any true and unselfish reasons, a participation in those gifts. Surely it is evident that if civilisation is ever to be purified and deepened, the purifying power must be applied deep beneath the surface of the physical and intellectual life, among those hidden springs where alone the desire to give and the desire to take such blessings as these can have its source.

The second marked stage in the decay of the classical civilisation was a visible relaxation of the naturalness and reserve of individual and domestic life amid that strong fermentation of national habits which accompanied the first conscious awakening of the social intellect of the community. In Athens towards the time of the Peloponnesian war, in Rome during the last century of the Republic, the life of general society drained all the

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interior and independent strength of domestic and personal morality; and while increasing the splendour and literary activity of the social intellect, exhausted all the reserves of inward power from which the social intellect drew its life. It is no doubt the necessary tendency of all civilisation to drain off for general social purposes, whether of public business or amusement, the mental and moral energies which would otherwise find much of their natural exercise in individual and domestic life. The reserved strength is tempted *outwards*, often too rapidly for the health of the community, and social life becomes more vivid and brilliant at the expense of the ties which keep men in a narrower sphere. This process is of course much accelerated by the existence of slavery as an institution, especially in the form in which it existed in the Greek and Roman world. A much larger number of citizens were thereby set free for the indolent life of the agora or the forum. The public intellect and sentiment grew rapidly under the process; but it consumed the life by which it should have been constantly fed. At Athens the development of this process was especially rapid; and therefore the exhaustion of those narrower spheres of duty and self-discipline from which the public life was renewed was especially rapid also. Mr. Grote has shown, no doubt, how much public virtue remained in Athens after the traditions of private and domestic virtue had ceased to command general reverence. But even he cannot deny what Plato's dialogues incidentally prove, that, while so much generous and ardent public impulse still lingered in the brilliant republic, the deeper habits of private life were being poisoned from which those impulses could alone have drawn permanent strength.* The elasticity of their civilisation was giving way. The social life had still some nobility in it; but the virtue and strength was rapidly drawing off from the interior reserves behind the social life. Whenever a calamity should come to shatter the general frame of *society*, there was no self-restoring power in the smaller elements of that society like that which so often enables semi-barbarous nations to recover from such a shock. It required but the concussion with a power so vigorous as Macedon to disorganise the Athenian civilisation for ever. And what is true of Athens, is true at a later date of Rome. During the later Republic, the class-barriers gave way; but no new and purer power was poured into the State. The sacred simplicity of the old domestic life was fast disappearing; slaves and slave-labour became more

* Mr. Grote says, that Plato's standard of criticism was as theoretic and dreamy for Athens as Mr. Owen's for London. As a political theorist, this may have been true. But we *know* what Plato's notions of license, and avarice, and fraud were; and we know them to have been quite practical, and very far from strained. The facts Plato alleges as to the general private wickedness of Athens cannot therefore be reasoned away.

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and more profitable; the free peasantry died away, or entered the army; the plebeians who rose into power degraded instead of invigorating the tone of public life; they came from a class in close contact with slavery, and tainted with all its vices; the small rural landed proprietors—almost the only respectable class left—were, as in almost all nations they generally are, an inactive-minded body of men, who influenced but little the social mind of the State, and though no doubt constituting a conservative power, yet quite incompetent to resist the corrupting influence of that slavery in the advantages of which they shared so largely: and thus, as in Athens, there was only weakness and corruption below to reinforce the decaying faith and simplicity of the ruling class. The nation was still great as a nation; but the elements of its greatness were decomposing fast. The elastic force was giving way within. The Jews cannot be said ever to have reached this stage. The character of that "ignorant and barbarous" people, as Mr. Buckle not untruly calls them, resisted too effectually the absorbent forces of social life ever to be in any danger of losing individuality and the strength of private ties. The individual passions were so much stronger than the social passions—the ties of family, and tribe, and nation, were so much stronger than those of intellectual interest and social sentiment—that they perished suddenly and violently as a nation, in the first stage of selfish and passionate class-conflicts, without experiencing the full dissolving power of selfish refinement on the national vitality. And yet it was from them that Civilisation derived that which afterwards rendered it as durable as it had hitherto been shortlived in its most brilliant efforts.

The last stage in the dissolution of the classical civilisations was that in which even the sense of social unity expired, and human nature may be said to have been almost dissolved again into the physical world, on which it had gradually become more and more grossly dependent. This was the stage in which the reaction of a small and helpless minority against the feebleness and degradation of the age became so loud and despairing; when the dying civilisation of Rome fairly absorbed the dying civilisation of Greece; and because it had lived a stronger and hardier life, struggled harder at last against a harder death. Every symptom of political and social rottenness showed that the selfishness which had corrupted civilisation had at length destroyed it by reducing it to its lowest form,—the unrestrained subordination of the arts, of literature, of government, of social life, in short, of all the powers of man, to physical excitements, or the intellectual justification of physical excitements. The remaining teachers of the world fed men with empty words, the husks of *thought*; and their pupils learned to feed themselves gladly on the husks of

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things, "the food that the swine did eat." That spurious school of philosophy that called itself Neo-Platonic attempted to show its reverence for the noblest and the most spacious intellect the world has ever known by stretching those few problems as to our human faculties which Plato had left as indeterminate till they covered with doubt all those far greater problems of which he had determined the solution; in short, by presenting his solutions as the only difficulties, and stating his difficulties as the only solutions. When the Neo-Platonist Carneades proved to the wondering youth of Rome that the most opposite moral convictions were equally true and equally false, no wonder that the old Roman censor had an indistinct feeling that Rome had never got her iron hold of the world by building on such sand as that; and no wonder that he asserted that the reception of such a creed (if it could be received) must undermine the empire. But even then it *was* undermined, and social corruption was making room for the intellectual unreality by which it is always followed. The young Romans drank in the verbiage of the Greek schools, and were now and then startled by the negative wisdom of the Stoic reaction. But even an Epictetus was a poor remedy for a Domitian; and in order to prevent the inordinate growth of human desire from resolving man back again into the literal dust of the earth, it required the intervention of a mightier faith than Stoicism, and stronger representatives than either Aurelius or Julian. And when, after the Christian faith had been preached for centuries, Justinian at length abolished together the nominal consulship of Rome and the schools of Athens, he did but take away what had long been the mere monuments of two extinct civilisations; for the faith of Christ had long proved itself stronger to construct civil order than Rome under her strongest consul, and more powerful to cope with the intoxicating selfishness of human society than the Academy under its greatest teacher. The wonderful political shell of the great Roman system had been entered and appropriated by a more enduring power; and the wonderful intellectual shell of the great Platonic system had been entered and appropriated by a more enduring genius.

We see, then, that civilisation—or the tendency which draws men into wider and more varied social intercourse—has no charter of indemnity against the morally corrupting influences which exist in uncivilised and civilised man alike, but rather that they act *more* powerfully through social channels. There are three marked stages in which these influences have been seen to disturb and decompose the social fabric which civilisation forms. First, the selfish desires of man resist the natural *distribution* of the physical, intellectual, nay, even the moral and spiritual, blessings that civilisation brings, and create the wide class-chasms of the first

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stage of civilisation. Next, if these are broken down, the same disease has shown itself in exaggerating, if we may so say, the socialising force itself, and tempting men away from those inner spheres of life in which their fitness for society is formed, and thus sacrificing individual, domestic, and local obligations to a wider and more superficial, though more intoxicating, class of influences. And lastly, there is the stage in which society, thus decomposed within, becomes a social body without a soul; and recognising selfish need as its only remaining bond, gradually breaks up into destructive anarchy, and resigns back again to a state far worse than any barbarism, those whom it could never have drawn together at all but for their recognition of some higher law.

It is strange indeed, with such a history as this before him, that Mr. Buckle can suppose intellectual activity to be the real dynamics of society,—drawing men from barbarism into civilisation. Was there ever a day or a people whose intellectual activity was so marvellous, or the attempts of philosophy so full of promise, as in Greece in the time of Aristotle and Plato? The Greeks had the inductive method on which modern science builds so much; and Mr. Grote has told us what a revolution its first application by Socrates caused in the world of thought. They had the deductive method with which to reinforce and extend the results of inductions. They used both with brilliant success. True, replies our author, but there was no *diffusion;* the knowledge was not among the people, it was not the atmosphere they breathed, but in a separate stratum of society. What is this but to say that intellectual activity, taken alone, has no diffusive force adequate to its task of civilising man,—that it has not within itself any principle of contagion so strong as to "find its own level" in the great human society,—that it does not kindle, even in those of whom it does take strong hold, any enthusiasm for the work of carrying it abroad to the minds of the dull, the indifferent, and the ignorant lover of pleasure,—in short, that, as is the case with physical wealth, the ordinary forces of human nature tend to accumulate it in fixed masses, not to spread it equally over the race? But if intellectual activity does not counteract the selfish spirit of monopoly and the selfish spirit of inertia in human nature, far less does it counteract the other tendencies which we have noted in the decomposing stages of civilisation. The history of the revival of learning in Florence and Rome in the days of the Medicis would alone show, if the civilisation of Athens were not a sufficient example, how brilliant intellectual activity may in itself even *aid* that absorbing intoxication of society which trenches upon the strength of individual character, and breaks up the minuter circles and weakens the more primitive bonds of family life. It provides a common

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source of enjoyment fitted for a wide social field, draws men out of their own narrow field of experience, and distracts them from haunting memories of broken purposes and neglected claims, just because it is not *mere* hollowness, because it is not so easily exhausted, as mere artificial social life. Nevertheless it fails utterly as a permanent bond even of the outer framework of society at large. For the passions, which it does not even strive to repress, soon snap the slender threads of intellectual esteem and sympathy; and the intellect is soon got under by coarser forces, from its pure lack of power to hold the reins of the mind.

The utter incoherence of all states of society in which the only unity was intellectual, is an historical fact which Mr. Buckle apparently regards as accidental. His three counter-statements appear to be—(1) that if civilisation require any other than an intellectual aid, the matter is hopeless, as religion, and every thing indeed except scientific truth, contracts immediately to the moral dimensions of the people to whom it is brought; (2) that what our author terms the *greatest* evils of the world's history, war and persecution on account of private opinion, have been lessened by the intellect, and by it alone—while the one has been fostered, the other almost produced, by religious faith; and (3) that in point of fact the periods of most rapidly advancing civilisation in modern history have been periods of sceptical inquiry. Here is a general issue enough, which no one who has a tenth part of Mr. Buckle's knowledge, without his somewhat antiquated prejudice for the mild gospel of the enlightened understanding, would hesitate for a moment to accept. He is perhaps nearly the only learned and moderately able thinker of the present day who still believes implicitly that "calm inquiry" is the one remedy for the manifold sins and miseries of social existence;* who still regards war as unmixed evil, and cannot see what a purifying discipline it may prove for deeper ills; or who would compare for a moment the evils of dogmatic persecution, frightful as they have been and are, with the putrid diseases of some really intellectual and many non-persecuting civilisations. If Mr. Buckle indeed thinks, as he would seem to think, that Marcus Aurelius and Julian were more mischievous to the civilisation of their day than Commodus and Heliogabalus, simply because the former were persecutors and the latter were not, we find his moral measure of things so totally different from our own, that there is scarcely a common basis for discussion.†

* Mr. Buckle's mild dogmatism is often very amusing. After a thin argument, demonstrating that intellectual excellence is "far more productive of real good" than moral excellence, he adds naïvely, "These conclusions are no doubt very unpalatable; and what makes them peculiarly offensive is, that it is impossible to refute them."

† See pp. 167, 168: "There is no instance on record of an ignorant man who,

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Mr. Buckle's first plea, that faith, as a civilising agent, is zero; that it is not, and cannot be, a plus quantity in the agencies of the world at all; that it so immediately contracts to the shape and quality of the minds it enters as to become whatever they already are, no more and no less,—is not easy to refute, except by the facts of history. It arises, however, in the confusion, which is completely ingrained into Mr. Buckle's book, between an opinion and a trust. He would not deny, we imagine, that a real reliance, a *leaning* on a higher *human* being,—a being morally and spiritually higher than ourselves,—does affect the character, and draws it up *towards* that higher mind. It is because he regards a faith as a mere moral and intellectual product of the state of mind, spun like the spider's web out of the mind, that he doubts this in regard to religion. He would be very much surprised to hear it argued, that his own sympathy with, and reverence for, a friend could not change him, on the ground that his friend's image must be immediately coloured and affected with all his own characteristics of thought. He would reply at once, that if so, individual and social life are the same; that no man can change society, and that society can change no man. And yet that is his argument concerning religious trust; although, as is evident from one part of his book, he does not question the real existence of the object of faith.

But the only effectual answer to Mr. Buckle's argument, that Christian faith could not have done any thing for civilisation, is to take a little evidence as to what it did. He will scarcely deny that it did something for the societies of the early Christian church; that it did something for St. Paul, for instance, and for some of his followers. Finding such a society as we have described, during the downfall of Greek and Roman civilisation; finding a society stained by vices such as those with which Corinth and Rome were but too familiar, as we do not need St. Paul's letters to testify; finding a decaying body, full of all rottenness,—his faith restored to it, in St. Paul's mind and that of his disciples, a spiritual unity, a new life, a cohering power, which no human shock could destroy. Society reassumed, through their new trust, so far as their influence reached it, the

having good intentions, and supreme power to enforce them, has not done far more evil than good. But if you diminish the sincerity of that man, if you can mix some alloy with his motives, you will likewise diminish the evil that he works." And then Mr. Buckle instances the cases above mentioned. We do not suppose he means to weigh Aurelius and Julian, in their whole personal influence, against Commodus and Heliogabalus; but unless he means to weigh their respective influence on civilisation, there is no point or meaning in the illustration. There can be no doubt that the pure lives of Marcus Aurelius and Julian really did far more for Christianity, by showing the moral exhaustion of the noblest pagan philosophy, than they could possibly have effected had not their lives been so strenuous and faithful to their own standard.

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unity it had lost; and St. Paul speaks of the various members of the "one body" as though he had again forgotten the utter corruptness he had so often alluded to, in the profligate Greek city to which he writes. The mere opening of a few Christian hearts to the trust that, amid all this confusion and evil, men were still capable of doing the will and receiving the purifying power of God, gave the system of society a new strength and soundness, and enabled them gradually to withdraw their life from the slavery to social impurities, in which they had plunged the deeper that they could never appease their hunger for something deeper and more exciting still. This sudden access of religious fervour, Mr. Buckle might say, is a well-known phenomenon,—the fanaticism of the world's reaction from its own excesses, assuming the form of a strict and visionary fraternity. No doubt; but nevertheless the phenomenon had a vitality; for from that time the history of social decay was measured back again in the reverse order. First, the social bond was renovated, assuming a purely religious character, and often renovated even at a temporary expense of other ties; then those other ties were gradually purified and strengthened; lastly, class-divisions were softened and shaded away. But, first of all, the new religious constitution of society bore down almost all other ties before it: "Those of one house were divided, the mother against her daughter-in-law, and the daughter against her mother-in-law." Secular social relations, too, were left untouched. This new faith had not yet strength to remodel the old civil ties on a new principle, or even to recognise their essential importance to the healthy action of social life. But when the religious tie became firm and indissoluble, Christian faith inevitably busied itself with the general secular relations of men, alleviating soonest those that were most obviously oppressive, recognising least completely the divine character of those that were most spoiled indeed, but spoiled by no outward wrong, and remediable rather by internal than by external influence. The Church soon became the richest power in the community, and very soon, therefore, possessed a large proportion of the slaves: she was the kindest power, and therefore soon raised their condition above that of slaves. A recent writer thus describes this state of things:

"She became rich; and her riches were not only calculated in provinces, but in hundreds of thousands of human beings. These beings were chained to her will as they had been chained to that of the Roman patrician or Frankish chief, who had bought them at Treves or London. She did not, however, manumit; for she could not do so without destroying the value of the property she had acquired. Her lands were worthless without cultivators; and none but slaves were left or adapted for that work. She, however, gave an earnest

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that they had fallen into better hands, by ameliorating their servitude. She treated them mildly, remitted labour on Sunday, and brought the possibility of freedom within reach. . . . . She began to teach boldly that the difference between the serf or slave and the proprietor was a social difference only; that the eternal particle of each was of equal value; and salvation, unlike worldly honour, was to be won by means which the slave, as well as the baron, could command. Her teachings were followed by actions. She began to plead the cause of the slave in her councils. At Orleans, in 538, she directs that serfs who have sought the church as an asylum against Jewish masters, shall be bought, not restored. Again, 541, if Christian slaves of the Jews have fled their masters and demanded liberty, having given just price, they shall be set at liberty. In the same council it is ordained that if a bishop has made a number of free men from serfs of the Church, they shall remain free. At Clermont, in 549, 'As we have discovered that several people reduce again to servitude those who have been set at liberty in the churches, we order that every one shall keep possession of the liberty he has received; and if this liberty is attacked, justice must be defended by the Church.' In the canons of a council at London, in 1102, it is ordered that 'no one from henceforth presume to carry on that wicked traffic, by which men in England have hitherto been sold like brute animals.' "*

But it was not simply that Christian faith worked back from the religious renovation of the social tie to the renewal of secular ties; it gave a new life to that very literature which in Greece and Rome had died out from inanition. "If institutions could do all," says M. Guizot, contrasting the state of the civil or pagan with that of the Christian or religious society of Gaul in the fourth and fifth centuries, "the intellectual state of Gaulish civil society at this epoch would have been far superior to that of the religious society. . . . Roman Gaul was covered with large schools. . . They were taught philosophy, medicine, jurisprudence, literature, grammar, astrology, all the sciences of the age." The Christians, he says, "had only their own ideas, the internal and personal movement of their thought." "Still the activity and intellectual strength of the two societies were prodigiously unequal. With its institutions, its professors, its privileges, the one was nothing and did nothing,—with its single ideas the other incessantly laboured, and seized every thing. All things in the fifth century attest the decay of the civil schools. The contemporary writers, Sidonius Apollinaris and Mamertius Claudianus, for example, deplore it in every page, saying that the young men no longer studied, that professions were without pupils, that science languished and was being lost." Compare with this the same writer's remarkable account of the healthy vigour

* *Influence of Christianity on Civilisation.* By Thomas Craddock. Longmans, 1856.

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of Christian literature at the same time. There is no truer sign of the health of literature than this,—that its deepest things come out quite incidentally in the discussion of occasional questions. Then, and then only, can we be sure that they constantly occupy the mind. "Literature, properly so called, held but little place in the Christian world; men wrote very little for the sake of writing, for the mere pleasure of manifesting their ideas; some event broke forth, a question arose, and a book was often produced under the form of a letter to a Christian, to a friend, to a church. Politics, religion, controversy, spiritual and temporal interests, general and special councils,—all are met with in the letters of this time; and they are among the number of its most curious documents."

Now, does Mr. Buckle conceive that this is the picture of a life utterly unchanged by faith? Wherever we look,—to the decayed Roman, decayed Greek, or undecayed barbarian world,—the picture is the same—a new society, new morality, new institutions, new literature. The effete Greek philosophy takes a new life and power in the pages of Justin, Clement, and Origen. The effete Roman eloquence gives out a new warmth of conviction in Lactantius, and a new Roman force in Ambrose. Even the tropical African blood that beats passionately in the gross and virulent invectives of Tertullian, does not urge him to seek the conflicts of civil life; for he feels that the most real passions of that day, as well as its most real thoughts, concern the spiritual world, and touch eternity more than time. And here in Gaul it is still in the Christian church that the barbarians are learning eagerly and fast, while the Roman aristocracy are rapidly deserting the schools. Here is little enough sign that civilisation arises in intellectual activity. The new faith steals away Greek and Roman from their hollow intellectual discipline, and the barbarian from his servile toil; and after it has united them in a religious society, begins to organise a new law. It holds back the hand of the master; it stirs up the lethargy of the serf; and not only remodels the relations between the powerful and the poor, but opens their minds by a new literature. If this be the *spontaneous* progress of the popular mind, why did it not arise in the Roman schools? why did it not start from the last antecedents of the old world? why did it not build on the old foundations? Because men believed in a new bond, because they had a new vision. The "life" had been "manifested," they said; and they saw it. And much as they degraded and narrowed what they beheld, in the process of giving it the form of a practical creed, yet their trust was living enough to give it an influence on their life. The change was slow, and often retrograde; and after the outward church had given

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much, she began to take away. She had had faith to loosen and dissolve some of the most galling oppressions of secular society; and now secular society had gained faith to loosen and dissolve the most galling oppressions of the church. In the North at least, Luther restored to political, secular, and family life the freedom, and ultimately the sacredness, of which Hildebrand and the sacerdotalists had striven to rob it. Nor was it intellectual activity which gave the strength for this encounter. In Italy, where opinion first became heretical, the moral scepticism and license had too much undermined social courage to admit of a revolt; and in Germany, when the conflict came,—the intellect was not the assailant. Long before Luther's time a religious fraternity had arisen in Germany, free rather in the freedom of their religious affections than in any audacity of thought. Nor could Luther have moved Germany as he did but for the moral and devotional reaction from formal and legal religion nourished in the popular school of Bonaventura, Gerson, and Tauler.* The assertion that all the civilisation of the last few centuries in England and abroad is due to sceptical inquiry is a mere confusion of terms. No doubt it is due to that sort of scepticism which challenges foreign and arbitrary authority to impose its dictum either as to right or truth on the human mind; but this is a scepticism rooted in a profound trust that self-attesting truth and right *are* accessible to human conscience and reason. When Mr. Buckle classes scepticism like that of Hobbes and Montaigne with scepticism like that of Chillingworth, or Locke, or even Bentham, he uses the same terms to denote opposite states of mind. The implicit belief of Locke and his school, and of many even of the grossest utilitarians in the absolute reality and attainability of truth, is utterly unsceptical. The one-sided and short-sighted externality of their views may have involved intellectual denials; but their method, their eagerness, their profound conviction that something was coming, is of the very essence of trust. The truly and profoundly sceptical schools are those of Hume and Montaigne,—schools founded in the belief that there is "nothing new, and nothing true, and no matter." And where or when was this ever found to be a bond of civilisation, or any thing but a source of indolence, apathy, and therefore of rapid corruption? Could Luther have done his work at all on Montaigne's moral ground? Was there ever yet a great social revolution effected in the face of such a storm without the help of the faith which carried Luther through?

Mr. Buckle's assertion, that faith has often fed dogmatism,

* Hallam's *Literature of the Fifteenth, Sixteenth, and Seventeenth Centuries*, vol. i. p. 135.

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and sometimes leads to a military-despotic tone of mind, is true enough; and yet would seem strange enough at first sight. It would seem that nothing has so much tendency to frame a weak and ill-knitted socialism as the fervour of religious piety: yet it actually drew together the strongest, widest, and most elastic system of society the world has ever seen. While it purified society, it gave it radiating centres of strength. Instead of making the individual members of the social body lean too much on the general society, as is the case with all other socialisms, the general society received all its strength from the innumerable and impregnable spiritual strongholds which were garrisoned for it every where by a mere handful of sentinels. It was a system in which all the moral *nerve* that had left the old civilisations was suddenly restored a thousandfold. The new trust not only gave social strength, but solitary strength — strength to the smallest groups in a proportion as full as it gave to the largest. And this strength of trust often became confidence, audacity, zeal, intolerable dogmatism, iron cruelty. In truth, it gave all the military virtues; and these were often fostered into military vices. The process is clear enough. Men did not doubt, they *knew* that God was ruling the world and them. They leaned upon Him; they knew that He was. There is nothing that gives such edge, such keenness, such promptitude, to self-convictions of right and wrong as this. Till you believe that God is in you, you do not feel clear about your own convictions at all; you will take any one's word that you are right, any one's word that you are wrong, however much it confuses the simple undefined perceptions of your heart; you hope that you believe, you believe that you think, you think that you feel. All is in a mist. Any one's word is better than your own, for it adds more to the confusion. Suddenly trust comes; and then, "if your heart condemns you, God is greater than your heart, and knoweth all things." It is a word of command; if a rebuke, it is an inevitable condemnation,—a sentence to be executed and accepted. Every sentence that flashes through the heart is written also in the heavens; and, even if the sentence here is but half-legible, still elsewhere—with God—it is clear as the sun. Here is the foundation of every military virtue,—of that instant and unflinching obedience, that sense that death itself is *service*, that uncriticising attitude of mind towards the superior, that severity of expectation from yourself and your subordinate,—which is the essence of manly conflict. And only add to it blind confidence that your conscience and spirit is the measure of every other man's; that you may judge *for him* what it is written for him to do,—and you have all the horrors of bigotry of which Mr. Buckle speaks as one of the two worst evils of human society. If evil be measured by suffering, no doubt it is evil

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enough; but the most pitiless persecutor, who identifies for the time his own cruel will with that of God, strikes less severely at civilisation than many who help to spread the infection of a soft sneering renunciation of all law except the law of selfish pleasure. But fortunately there is no need to choose between the two. The highest trust essentially gives decision and sharpness, determination,—spring, in short, to civilisation: but not in any way at the expense of liberty; for in its most personal form it is inconsistent with judging others. The humility it cannot help inspiring, saves it from persecuting rigour. No era of intense personal trust has been a persecuting period. St. Paul persecuted while he was in the old pharisaic stage of belief in a rigid system; but trust in a living person made him the most large-minded of men. The most genuine school of personal religion throughout the history of the catholic church, up to the time of Fenelon and Madame Guyon, has been the school with a bias to mysticism—a school noted for its humility and charity. Dogmatism is utterly inconsistent with a living trust; for it believes that it is saved by the anxious elaboration of connected views; and only dogmatists have ever been persecutors. And yet we imagine the average "mystic," George Fox, for example, who was far from enlightened, would be the very pattern Mr. Buckle desires of an ignorant and holy faith. It is only at the point where faith transcends the limits of its own experience,—the limits of personal trust,—that it hardens into a dogmatic standard for the belief of others.

Mr. Buckle's book is one of encyclopædic learning and great general ability. If we have seemed to depreciate it, it is only because we have dealt rather with the philosophy than the history; and that does seem to us pale, shallow, and almost pompous. But the power of seeing the right facts to classify, and the power of classifying them, which the book contains, gives much promise for the ability of the work as a whole. The great want of the book is a little more human nature; it is humane, but not human, and smiles on men and nations with the sort of benignity with which a kind-hearted person treats tame domestic animals. Mr. Buckle has no kind of perception how frightfully *dull* a thing civilisation would be if it were what he describes. The refutation of the main error of the book lies within the compass of every man's own nature. We *know* what it is that civilises us; and we know what it is in us that resists civilisation. Intellectual activity does neither the one nor the other. It is merely the instrument of discoveries which heighten social influences a thousandfold both for good and for evil. Railways and telegraphs would not be *used* much, we think, by pure intellects, though they had been invented by them. And were the intellect the overmastering power Mr. Buckle believes, the volcanic forces that tend so con-

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stantly to break up social unities would not be possible. In fact, without the bond of a common trust, civilisation would be unendurable by strong minds, and would enslave weak minds. The fever of society, its superficial courtesies, its external smothering of passions which it gives no spiritual power to restrain, its half-latent pressure of opinion, its unsatisfying intercourse, its glimpses of higher things, would far oftener draw men into solitude, but for that faith which not only gives access to an eternal solitude, but habituates them to see in faint signs the images of deeper realities, and to recognise the apparently shallow channels of social life, as conveying to them an influence which is not measured by the light action and the passing word.

Art. X.—THE MONETARY CRISIS.

Report from the Select Committee on the Bank Acts; together with the Proceedings of the Committee, Minutes of Evidence, Appendix, and Index. Ordered by the House of Commons to be printed, July 30, 1857.

Debate in the House of Lords on the Bank-Issues Indemnity Bill, on the 11th December 1857. Reported in *Times* Newspaper of December 12th.

Debate in the House of Commons on the Reappointment of the Bank-Charter Committee, on the same day, and reported in the same journal.

For once the serious attention of business-men is applied to the subject of the currency. The recent commercial crisis, bringing anxiety to all active merchants; the failure of many houses believed to be solvent, and of some who really were so; the suspension of the act of 1844, which, being a repetition of what happened in 1847, *looks*, to say the least, like an indication of defect in that famous piece of legislation,—these circumstances and others have called to the topic of the currency the real minds of many who generally regard it as the *peculium* of dry economists, and the puzzle of captious speculators. In Lombard Street, on Thursday the 12th of November, there was no denying that the bank-note question was a practical one. Some months ago, a parliamentary committee elaborately investigated much of the subject: it was curious to compare the listless curiosity of its speculative interest with the eager queries,—"Will the act be upset?" "What will the Govern-

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ment do?" "Is the Governor come back from Downing Street?"

This crisis throws a more remarkable light on our banking practice and currency legislation, because it does not seem to be the result of any circumstances so peculiar that we may not often expect to see others of which the effects may be the same. The circumstances of 1847 have been put aside of late years as exceptional. The extreme errors of the Bank directors, the railway mania, the bad harvest, were singularities of that time, and might never be expected to recur; at least, not all of them at one time, or in so aggravated a form. The present year has no such peculiar features. Our domestic trade—the trades of banking and money-dealing perhaps in part excepted—is, on the whole, sound.* Considering the enormous development which our commerce, whether of export or import, has recently undergone, few thoughtful men looked without some apprehension at the probability of a severe pressure. Most of them perhaps really anticipated a good many mercantile failures from domestic and personal causes. There have scarcely been any; of large firms exceedingly few. The trade of two important foreign markets has been deranged by circumstances peculiar to *them;* we have been affected, naturally and inevitably, by these derangements; but, except among a few bill-brokers and money-lending companies, no one, even with the acute anger of disappointed theory, has been able to find blamable error in our national trade.

The time is not yet come for attempting to estimate or analyse the causes of the American panic, or of the extensive failures in the North of Europe. We have hardly as yet the facts before us. We have enough to refute a few old popular fallacies. We know that they did not arise from any excess of paper currency; for in Hamburg, where the disasters have been greater than any where else, they have a pure metallic currency; and in New York, which seems the centre of the monetary disasters of America, it has been proved by figures that there was no extension of the bank circulation of any importance at all.†

* The chief exception to the remark that our trade is of itself sound, occurs in the houses connected with the North of Europe, who, contrary to what might have been expected, have not stood so well as the American houses. This exception is not, however, one of sufficient importance to affect our general argument.

† The *Economist* of the 28th November 1857 gives the following figures as representing the state of the New-York banks at their respective dates:

	Capital.	Circulation.	Specie.
August 1847	43,214,000	25,098,000	11,983,000
June 1856	92,334,000	30,705,000	18,510,000
September 1857	107,507,000	27,122,000	14,321,000

Yet many considerate persons still impute the disasters of the country to the

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Our knowledge is only as yet, however, sufficient for the purposes of refutation; we do not know enough to advance a comprehensive and positive theory. We clearly discern, however, that the trade of the North of Europe has been conducted for a very considerable period on a most unwholesome system of fictitious credit. Houses in Hamburg have given their names to acceptances for which they did not know what was the equivalent—for which, in point of fact, there was no equivalent. These acceptances were discounted on the faith of the acceptor; and, though with changes of amount and detail, in reality renewed whenever they became due. The acceptor of course ran a great risk, as his liability was for a very large sum; but he considered that he was remunerated by a commission, of which doubtless the proceeds were considerable. Every system of renewed acceptance is, however, unpleasantly affected by a tightness in the discount market: the old bill becomes due with an unfailing rapidity, but the new bill which is to replace it can only be discounted slowly, after a hesitation, after a conversation with the banker—in the end, cannot be discounted at all. Such a pressure in the discount market was produced at Hamburg by the continued drain of silver to the East—silver being there the standard of value and the metal stored as bullion—and by the American panic, which largely affected the continental city most immediately connected with the Transatlantic trade. After all that has been said of the "dashing" system of Liverpool trade, after every concession to the opponents of "rediscount" and "fictitious" bills, it is nevertheless not without pride that we may compare the consequences of the American panic on the North of England with its effects at Hamburg. The stability of Liverpool, Manchester, and of the vast industrial region which is situated round them, can only be explained by a generally sound state of industry. At what former period could a great failure of remittances, a great contraction of accommodation, a ten-per-cent rate of discount, have been borne by the most enterprising of our traders with so few disasters? We can only hope that the next time an American panic occurs, it may find us equally well prepared; very much better, we fear, looking to the past experience of commerce, it would be over-sanguine to expect. That panics will occur every now and then in many of the countries with which in our ramified trade we largely deal, it is impossible to question. We may not in many cases be able to trace them by very indis-

mismanagement of the currency. Even Mr. Cardwell, in the debate on the reappointment of the Bank Committee, allowed himself to use language which would *convey* such an impression: "You have gone through a great disaster, emanating from a country, let it never be forgotten, that has this convertible currency, every bank of which has suspended payment," &c.—*Times*, Saturday, December 12th.

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putable reasoning to causes we *know* to be real: at the present moment there is a mist over the whole topic of the American disasters; we indistinctly discern a vast series of investments in railways, hastily planned, and still more hastily made; we think we can see that an incautious course of banking has very extensively aided these over-rapid efforts. Thus, though we are suffering from the effects of the disease, we have not yet been able to set forth in facts and figures an accurate description of its causes. The point, however, which it behoves us especially to have in our minds, is that neither at Hamburg nor in America have any events happened so singular or out of the common course of mercantile things that we can be sure of their *not* happening again,—that we cannot reasonably anticipate any thing but an occasional repetition of them, either in the same places or in others,—that we must settle our mercantile usage, our banking practice, our currency laws, to suit the recurrence, not unfrequently, of events very similar and as dangerous.

If we look attentively at these subjects, as the very great importance of these remarks should incline us seriously to do, we shall perhaps be struck by two conspicuous facts,—the development in this country of an extensive—possibly a too extensive—system of credit, and the existence of a law which aggravates all disturbances and hesitations in that system of credit.

Nothing can strike the mind of an observer, who can sufficiently abstract his thoughts from the crowding detail of affairs to be alive to the just impression of great facts, more than the slight effect which the recent monetary panic, which we have seen pass like an epidemic across the two sides of the Atlantic, has produced on the trade of France. This time last year we heard many complaints that the imperial government, its stock-jobbing courtiers, the *Crédit Mobilier*, had produced a state of things in that country fraught with danger to European nations. At that period we took occasion to show, that though these accusations by no means appeared to be without a foundation, yet that the speculative temper so induced did not penetrate very deep into the country, and that its common and legitimate commerce was in all likelihood sound. The trial has come, and the truth has been found to be so. In fact, the trade of France is, as compared with the trade of more enterprising nations, so strictly a *ready-money* trade, that it is not possible to create any wild panic among those who are concerned in it. If you trust no one, you need not be in a fright as to those you trust: the deferred payment for extensive purchases is the primitive element of commercial credit; it is this which creates bills of ex-

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change, promissory notes, drawings, indorsements: where that element does not exist, there is no occasion for credit and confidence; every thing is settled at the time. The same is the case with lending and borrowing. Where every body keeps his own money, no one need be alarmed, or need care as to the solvency of those around him. All banking, as well as all "the industry of credit," is based on trust. The revolutions which have been so frequent in France, by inevitably disturbing all contemplated transactions, have been so fatal to this essential confidence, that no ramified system of commercial credit has ever grown up there. Something too—such at least was the doctrine of Burke—of a timorous and peddling spirit may lurk in the recesses of the national character. At any rate, the result is certain; the trade of France is so little based upon borrowing or trust, that it is not exposed to a panic such as Lombard Street and Wall Street have experienced.

Our own system of commerce is precisely the reverse. A certain energy of enterprise is the life of England. Our buoyant temperament drives us into action; our firm judgment makes us steady in real danger; our stolid courage is inapprehensive of fanciful risk; an impassive want of enjoyment in that which we are prompts us to try to be better than we are. Accordingly our commercial men have for years been prone to great undertakings; possibly there may not be in the world at this moment a single large and adventurous speculation in which there is not some sum of *Anglo-Saxon* capital. The probity which, after every deduction, is really, as compared with most active nations, a conspicuous feature in the English character, has enabled us to aid our enterprises by a vast and elaborate system of credit, based on defined trust, and tested by verified anticipation. Both of the two elements of commercial credit, of which we have just spoken incidentally, exist among us to a greater extent than any where else in Europe. A deferred payment for large purchases is more general than elsewhere; wholesale dealers, as a rule, give and take very large credit. Our borrowing and banking systems draw from the pockets of the people every sixpence which is not wanted at once; and place it, through the intervention of bankers and brokers, at the command of the mercantile and active community. So deeply has this penetrated among the mercantile community, as to have become, perhaps even to a perilous extent, the habit of the money-lenders themselves. A correspondent of the *Economist*, who writes under the signature of "A Banker," has described this plainly: "The certain fact is, that, according to the existing practice, no private banker keeps more actual coin than he wants for daily necessary occasions. In London, the Bank of England is the bankers'

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bank. Especially since the admission lately of the great joint-stock banks to the clearing-house, no London banker keeps in his till more coin, or even more bank-notes, than the minimum he can get on with. If there is any unusual demand on him for payments across the counter, he draws a cheque and gets it cashed at the Bank. The Bank of England is to him what he is to his customer—the source of supply in case of need. Country bankers probably for the most part keep more cash, because they are further from the focus. As they have further to send when they want fresh supplies, their supply of current cash must be larger. This does not, however, affect the principle. Country bankers, I apprehend, as well as London bankers, only keep the minimum in their tills which their ordinary business plainly requires; the rest of their reserve is kept at the bill-brokers', or with London bankers, who all keep accounts at the Bank of England, and who, as I have said, keep nothing any where else except the narrowest and most necessary minimum. The consequence is, that there is no other large pecuniary hoard in the country on which a drain of bullion can act except that which is in the vaults of the Bank." The inevitable consequence of this is, that when by any terrifying circumstance or perilous calamity the confidence between man and man is disturbed, our danger is considerable and our suffering extreme. We have made necessary to our vast transactions a system of delicate machinery; by some blow from without, or defect from within, that machinery will be occasionally impaired. Our hard capital is clothed in a soft web-work of confidence and opinion; on a sudden it may be stripped bare, and with pain to our prosperity.

We may perhaps doubt whether this system of enterprise and trust has not occasionally been carried too far. When we consider the vast extent of English trade, it is not satisfactory to think that a single establishment holds our entire bullion reserve. The fact is a consequence, not of the natural growth of commerce, but of legislative interference with that growth. By a series of enactments and a course of policy which, even if we had the space, it would be inopportune at present to describe, the English Government have given to the Bank a vast, and, until lately, a nearly absolute predominance in the London district. The consequence has been, that, not unnaturally, all inferior banks have clustered around it. As there was no doubt of the solvency of the Bank of England (seeing that, even in 1797, when the Bank had no money, the Legislature intervened and said it *need* have no money), all other bankers, instead of running the risk—and, as experience has shown, the considerable risk—of keeping their own metallic reserve, place that reserve at the Bank, and draw it out by cheque as they want it. Obvious

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convenience has fixed the habit too deeply in our existing system to permit a hope of its removal; but it has the inevitable, and perhaps dangerous, result of placing under the uncontrolled management of a single set of directors the sole hoard of actual cash—the only fund we have to draw on for international payments, for foreign wars, or domestic panics. Under a more natural system, a set of banks of nearly equal magnitude, and nearly equal *prestige*, would have grown up, as very recently the London joint-stock banks have in fact grown up; and each of these, having no reason for particular friendship with any other, would have kept its own reserve. We are almost reviving the Aristotelic definition when we say that oligarchy is the government of wealth; but in real and modern truth, the tendency of a mercantile community in each trade is towards the supremacy of a few large establishments enjoying the means of carrying on their respective trades at the greatest advantage, and, as the case may be, trusted by or giving credit to the smaller firms grouped and collected around them. The Bank of England is a τύραννος, who has overthrown this free constitution, and maintains by irresistible usage its unnatural supremacy. The effect has been seen lately; what the act of Sir Robert Peel sets aside as the banking reserve has recently been reduced from several millions to 959,000*l.*; and then, by a violation of the law, to less than nothing. Even if we disregard the technical provisions of that statute, the entire bullion reserve held, both for the banking credit and the paper currency of England, was on the 18th of November 6,684,000*l.*; a very small amount, as will be almost universally admitted, when we consider the vast amount of the contingencies and liabilities against which it is held; and that, in addition to these, it is liable to sudden calls to replenish in case of need the cash stores of Scotland and Ireland. We can hardly, with these circumstances before us, deny that we have pushed our system of credit rather too far,—have relied on too small a basis of actual capital, and incurred serious and needless danger from any vicissitude of foreign speculation.

Another circumstance, which has been much more dwelt on, but to which we ascribe much less importance, is the system pursued by the joint-stock banks of the north of England of lending the whole, or more than the whole, of their capital and deposits on the spot, and obtaining the necessary funds by re-discounting the north-country bills in London. Like every other contrivance of money-lending, this may be carried to an extreme at which it becomes dangerous; but within reasonable and proper limits, the system seems a proper and even an excellent one. The bills of Liverpool must be, in the main, good; for with all this pressure,—a pressure, too, likely to tell with unusual effect at

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the port which is the outlet and inlet of our American commerce, —very few Liverpool houses have suspended payment, when we consider the number of houses there are, and the complication as well as magnitude of their transactions. The Liverpool bills therefore are, in general, good securities for those who have money to lend. By the course of banking business, the bill-brokers and similar traders in London will have much to lend. The agricultural and nearly uncommercial counties of England, as any one may see by looking at the map, are many: none of these, especially during the recent prosperity of agriculture, any thing like employs its own money; the surplus funds of all these counties, by a natural gravitation, seek an outlet in the capital, which is the focus of national finance, and the market for securities best known and most accessible to the whole country. These funds are lent to bill-brokers and joint-stock banks, who carry on a similar business—who are, in truth, bill-brokers as well as bankers; and by these they are employed in re-discounting the bills forwarded to London by the northern banks. In its essence, the system is this: A man in the north is trustworthy, and wants money; a man in the south has money, but does not know who is trustworthy; a middleman in London knows who is trustworthy, and lends the money of the south to the man in the north. Of course, as re-discounting is a system of extensive borrowing, it is exposed to all the evils incidental to every system of extensive borrowing. The banks which require re-discounts should, as a rule, confine them within limits which they can be sure of obtaining in times of adversity as well as of prosperity—should have distinct arrangements with bill-brokers to re-discount within those limits—and should select good bill-brokers who are able to perform those engagements. These are, *mutatis mutandis*, the same conditions which every prudent merchant who requires discounts would make with his banker who gives such discounts; and if these conditions be duly complied with, both re-discounts and discounts are safe to the borrower, and distribute with singular advantage the capital of the nation.

It is much to be regretted that members of parliament should have spent, in attacking the really beneficial system of re-discounts, the moral influence which might be applied with so much effect to other parts of our banking system. The obvious convenience which we have explained will insure to that system a longevity far greater than that which can be expected by peer or representative. The use of parliamentary eloquence is not to bewail fixed habits, but to improve improvable habits. If the re-discounting system has been pushed too far, as is possible, the effect is owing to the condition of the bill-broking trade in London, the state of which is certainly not in accord-

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ance with strict principle, and may not perhaps be practically safe.

In its theory, nothing can be sounder than this trade. Money is received commonly in considerable sums; an interest is paid for them, smaller if they are to be repaid on demand, and greater if they are only to be repaid after the expiration of a notice: this money is employed in the discount of commercial bills,—the kind of security which runs off most regularly and most constantly, and which in times of scarcity and anxiety admits most easily of being curtailed. On the surface this would appear the safest kind of banking; the way of employing the money is the best; so much of the money is only repayable after a notice, that the reserve which need be retained is smaller than usual. This apparent safety, however, is at present vitiated by a single fact. The rate of interest now given is so high, that the business would become unprofitable if any reserve were kept at all. Of this fact, which is familiar to those who are in any degree acquainted with the practice of Lombard Street, there is a very distinct explanation in the recent parliamentary inquiry furnished by a very experienced witness. The most influential partner in the house of Overend, Gurney, and Co., the most important house in the bill-broking trade, is examined as follows:

"5206. You are aware, as you have referred to the habits of banking business, that it is the habit of the Bank of England, as well as, I believe, of other bankers, to keep a certain amount of their deposits in bank-notes in reserve?—Certainly.

5207. Do the money-dealing houses in Lombard Street act on the same principle with regard to that money which is left in their hands at call?—They could not afford to do it; it is not the nature of their business, except under circumstances of danger as to the currency; they could not afford to pay interest for money and not to use it; it is the nature of their business to bring into action and useful employment the banking money of the country; it is their business to use it.

5208. Do you, then, think that they may safely use all the money which they borrow, in lending it out at interest, provided it is on safe security?—Assuming that they employ it on bills of exchange falling due *de die in diem*, then experience shows that they may do it safely, without any hazard.

5209. Without keeping any reserve beyond a banking balance?—Certainly. How could I afford to pay five or six per cent for money if I did not use it? It would be certainly the road to ruin."

At first sight this seems contrary not only to abstract argument, but to evident prudence. How can other people's money be securely kept, a good deal of it on demand and the rest of

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it at a short notice (seven days is the usual period), if all of it is invested, and if none is retained in the till to meet sudden demands? The doctrine that a reserve is necessary to borrowers so situated has been maintained *ad nauseam* by all theorists on banking. The same authority, however, has explained the expedient by which it is rendered, as he thinks, safe, and, as all will agree, less entirely insecure. The explanation is rather long, but is curiously illustrative of real life:

"5192. Then you think that the Bank of England could not stop discounting for the discount houses in Lombard Street, at particular times at least, without creating great injury to the commercial community?—I think it would create very great injury indeed. Of course the Bank Directors would use their own discretion; if they saw these houses discounting very long bills with them, and bills which were not suitable in any way, I take for granted they would not take them. Of course that would not affect the general question; but assuming that there is a drain upon the monetary system, and that the great money dealers are driven to convert their bills more quickly than they fall due, I think it would be a very great calamity for the Bank to hesitate for a single moment; I cannot conceive any greater.

5193. No matter what the reserve of the Bank of England was at the time?—Certainly.

5194. Then you think that that is one of the grounds, in addition to those four which you have stated, which ought properly to be included in an act of parliament as a ground for infringing the act?—I hardly understand that point.

5195. You gave four grounds as reasons for an alteration of the act at particular periods, but you did not enumerate that to which I have just alluded. Do you think that that is one which ought to be included in the provisions of the act of parliament?—I will mention a case, if you will allow me to refer to the house which I represent, because this is a fact which has taken place before. About twenty years ago, the Bank tried to adopt that course; I am obliged to speak personally, which I hope you will excuse. I happened to have been absent from London for three or four weeks; I came back to town, and found the whole of Lombard Street as if we had had a dark cloud hanging over it; our desk was piled with bills of the very finest commercial character; I said to my partner, 'Mr. Gurney, what in the world has happened? Why do you not discount these bills?' He said, 'Because the Bank have intimated that they are doubtful whether they will discount for us.' I said, 'It is impossible.' He said, 'It is perfectly true; and therefore we will not discount the bills.' I was quite shocked; I went over to the Bank, the Governor then was Sir John Rae Reid, and Sir Henry Pelly was the Deputy Governor; it was about 1839. I told them exactly what had taken place, and what the effect of their act had been. I said, 'We have taken care of ourselves; it is not that we want the money for ourselves, because we have our bills to rely on,

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and unless there is a regular conspiracy, we shall not mind any body. But we have to supply the public. You have stopped the issue of notes to us; and if you, who have been in the habit of supplying us with money when we required it, will not do so now, we, on the other hand, will not supply the public.' I satisfied them that if they wished to curtail transactions, which was really their object, the way to do it was to make us act harmoniously with the Bank. Sir John Rae Reid said at once, 'I perfectly understand you;' and after a little consultation he said, 'If they are all proper bills, go and discount away; and if you want money, come to us.' I went home, and told them what had taken place. It not only affected us, but it affected the whole of Lombard Street; this dark cloud disappeared, and a perfect sunshine took place in an instant. We discounted every thing; and, as far as my memory serves me, I do not think we went to the Bank for a shilling; there was no interruption to the ebb and flow of the banking money. But when the Bank of England said, 'You shall not have it,' the effect was to lock up millions immediately; for a large portion of the banking money deposited with us is in great masses, because the parties know that they can have it in a moment. If, in our own arrangements between ourselves and the Bank, the Bank say, 'We will not do this,' all that is stopped in a moment; and those millions, which would otherwise be of benefit to the public, under existing circumstances become immediately locked up; because people say, 'We would rather have no interest at all, than have a doubt about our getting the money in case we require it.'"

Probably this is a satisfactory resource if the Bank of England is ready at all times, and willing at all times, to give the re-discount required. A man may advance every shilling of borrowed money on securities which he is sure that he can pledge in any quantity and at any time. But can these traders be sure that the Bank will be at all times so able and so willing?

Of the willingness of the Bank there need be no question. Its leading director has explained the system on which it acts. Mr. Norman is asked:

"3527. The advances of the Bank of England are made through what is called the Discount Office?—The greatest part of them.

3528. What is the nature of the Discount Office?—It is a very anomalous institution, because the Bank is supposed to hold out an offer to every body to lend money to any amount on bills of exchange at a rate of interest fixed by itself, and subject, first of all, to variations in the rate of interest, and then to certain other contingencies, such as a diminution in the *échéance*, and an occasional rejection of securities ordinarily admitted.

3529. Is it not principally by raising the rate of interest that you check the amount of discounts which may be so demanded of you?—Yes; we have found, contrary to what would have been anticipated, that the power we possess, and which we exercise, of raising the rate

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of discount, keeps the demand upon us within manageable dimensions. There are other restrictions which are less important. The rate we charge for our discounts we find, in general, is a sufficient check."

The *power* of the Bank is far less evident. If Sir R. Peel's act is to be retained, and really acted on during a crisis of difficulty, that power would, if we may trust our experience, not exist. When there was less than a million in the reserve of notes, it was quite certain that the Bank could not make *unlimited* advances. Unquestionably, by keeping a much larger reserve in times of security, the Bank may retain the power of making these sudden and large advances in times of insecurity. And if the Bank directors in the forthcoming inquiry mean to support the act of 1844, they most certainly should assure the public that they will in future adopt that expedient. It is idle for them to undertake to make very great loans, and also to defend an act which limits their means, unless they can show us that by judicious management these means can be made practically adequate to such advances. They must either abandon the argumentative defence of the statute of restriction, or they must show us how the business which they profess to carry on can be managed within the provisions of that statute. And even irrespectively of the conditions of this act, a cautious banker hardly likes to be under an engagement to make advances however great, in times of difficulty however severe. It may be safe, but it does not *sound* safe. A much larger reserve of bullion than six or seven millions seems quite necessary to render the profession to afford such advances even plausible.

We are therefore of opinion, that though the state of other trades in England was as satisfactory during the present autumn as we can in general hope to have it, the condition of the money-lending trade was critical, and perhaps perilous. We think that the reserve held by the Bank for its banking liabilities was dangerously low; especially when we remember that this is the only actual *cash* reserve for all the banking liabilities of the country. We believe that the bill-brokers of Lombard Street incur serious risk in depending on the ability of the Bank to make unlimited advances at moments when money is remarkably scarce. On both these points we have the same fault to find with the money-lenders: that they have developed too highly the system of credit—in more graphic, though less elegant words, that they have "used up their money too *close*;" and do not keep enough of it unemployed to meet the contingency of an occasional pressure.

As we are using phraseology so similar, we would desire, however, to distinguish ourselves particularly from those per-

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sons who impute the principal error in the over-development of the system of credit in London to the joint-stock banks, which are now so remarkable a feature in its pecuniary system. We have no desire to enter the lists for every thing which these banks have done; we should be inclined, on a proper occasion, to maintain that they have committed errors; and that, in consequence of the law which requires that every shareholder shall be liable for the debts of the bank to his last shilling and his last acre, there are defects in their management which it will be difficult to amend. Still, on the whole, the joint-stock banks of London have stood remarkably well; not only have none of them failed, but none of them have been in danger of failing. They have now gone quite safely through a general pressure, and some time since they passed through a special pressure consequent on the failure of the Royal British Bank; and in both cases the result has been beneficial. It is quite true that they have adopted the bill-broker's business; but they have divested it of the dangers of which we have spoken. Being possibly conscious that, as apparent, and perhaps in some degree real, competitors of the Bank of England, they might not find extreme favour with the authorities of the "Discount Office" the joint-stock banks do not rely on the support of that establishment in times of difficulty. Mr. Chapman the bill-broker, whom we have more than once cited, has given evidence on this point which we must believe to be conclusive, as it is in favour of those whom he admits to be his competitors. "Is it," he is asked, "within your experience that the London joint-stock banks, such as the London and Westminster and other banks, re-discount their bills?" "I never heard of such a thing." "Then in that respect the London joint-stock banks differ materially in their mode of carrying on business from that which is adopted by the discount houses in Lombard Street, do they not?" "Certainly they do; because it is our business to sell our bills again, and they do not sell their bills again that I know of." These banks are enabled to carry on this course of business without recourse to the expedient which those who first practised it have been compelled to rely upon, because their situation is in one most important respect far more advantageous. The bill-brokers pay an interest for all the money which they borrow; the banks which compete with them have a great deal of money on the balances of drawing accounts for which they pay no interest—they can afford to keep idle some of their cheap money in order to provide for the occasional withdrawal of the money for which they pay highly. Of course they do this at the expense of a diminution in the profits which they might derive from the other

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parts of their banking business. If they did not keep their money idle for this peculiar purpose, they might employ it in the common way, and obtain a profit upon it. But this is a matter which may be safely left to the practised pecuniary judgment of the managers. If they carry on such a business, we may without rashness infer that it is a profitable one. Possibly they may, from an implied engagement to give for money one per cent less than the minimum rate of discount, have been recently induced to give higher rates for deposits than we shall be likely to see again; perhaps the time of notice in which they hold their interest-bearing deposits may be too short; but these are points of detail—on a general view of the subject they must be considered to have diminished one of the most serious risks of the bill-broking business, at the same time that they have continued to afford to the public all characteristic advantages.

We do not consider as important arguments in favour of the conclusion that the system of credit has been perhaps too largely developed in England, the reckless advances which appear to have been made by the three large banks which have failed in Scotland and the north. In a great country like this there will always be some unsound banks, as well as some insolvent merchants. Two of these banks nearly suspended payment, and perhaps should have suspended payment, in 1847; and the other has been well known in the banking world for a speculative and exceptional business. We would not ground our conclusion on any singular and casual facts. We wish to base it solely on the small amount of cash, especially of cash available for banking liabilities, held by the Bank of England; and on the exclusive reliance of Lombard Street, and indirectly of the rural bankers, on the Bank of England.

This extreme development of credit must of course be attended with peril during a crisis, in whatever manner that crisis may be occasioned. Every crisis must disturb confidence; and credit is the effect of trust and confidence. We cannot but believe, however, that during the last two months the peril of this inevitable disturbance of credit has been much enhanced by our peculiar legislation. The proof of this seems to us to lie on the surface of the subject. The cause of panic is the expectation of insolvency. People who have during many years given long and large credit, become apprehensive, and wish to be paid in cash immediately. The peril of this state of feeling is measured by the amount of cash which is available to meet the demands for such repayment. As we have explained, the sole reserve applicable to such repayments dur-

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ing a pressure on Lombard Street is the banking reserve of the Bank of England. Previously to the Act of 1844, the Bank of England resembled the Bank of France, and held a single reserve of coin and bullion against *all* its liabilities, whether to note-holders or depositors. If this state of things had continued, the reserve of cash applicable to a domestic panic, and its proportion to the claims upon it, would have been shown by the following figures:

	Liabilities.	Bullion.
	£	£
"October 3	39,070,000	10,662,000
„ 10	39,032,000	10,109,000
„ 17	37,017,000	9,524,000
„ 24	36,711,000	9,369,000
November 4	37,862,000	8,497,000
„ 11	39,286,000	7,170,000
„ 18	41,679,000	6,684,000

"The result of which is, that the Bank reserve, beginning at about one-fourth of its general liabilities, was reduced to between one-sixth and one-seventh of them in five weeks. In that space of time, while the liabilities have been increasing, *one-third* of the bullion reserve has been abstracted." This is evidently an account likely to create a serious feeling in the minds of attentive and cautious men. It would have convinced many of them, at least in our judgment, that our credit system rested on a basis dangerously small: but it is evidently an account requiring to be looked at with attention, and reasoned upon after consideration; it would not produce a frantic alarm in the minds of any of those who are incapable of steady reasoning, and are solely acted on by the tendencies of the moment, and the opinions of those around them. The extreme danger of a period of discredit consists in the frantic alarm which it occasions among such unreflective and undiscriminating persons. Sir Robert Peel's act enjoins a form of account which is felicitously apt to catch and rivet the minds of such persons. The amount applicable to the banking liabilities of the Bank of England, so long as the ordinary business of the Bank is going on, is the reserve in the banking department; this, it is true, consists of notes, but these are exchangeable on the other side of the Bank for bullion, and may therefore be regarded as tickets for so much bullion. The history of this reserve, and of the liabilities to which it is applicable, is as follows:

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	Reserve.	Deposits.
	£	£
"September 19	6,108,000	17,047,000
„ 26	6,014,000	17,654,000
October 3	4,606,000	18,245,000
„ 10	4,024,000	18,169,000
„ 17	3,217,000	15,965,000
„ 24	3,485,000	16,124,000
„ 31	2,258,275	16,649,000
November 4	2,155,000	16,781,000
„ 11	957,000	17,249,000

"Starting on the 19th of September with a reserve of more than one-third of the deposits, the Bank reserve was reduced on the 11th of November to less than one-eighteenth; and even supposing the 2,000,000*l.* said to have been withdrawn for Scotland and Ireland not to have been so withdrawn, that reserve would have been under one-fifth." Now these are figures which can be read not only by a man who runs, but by a man running very fast. The most inconsiderate mind must be struck by an account which shows so frightful a decrease of available resources. Every one, in truth, was so struck at a much earlier period than the last of the above dates; and the result was the panic of 1857. We think all candid persons should allow, that whatever other advantages the act of 1844 may have, its effect just then was to aggravate seriousness into apprehension, and apprehension into terror.

This effect is the more perverse, because the first of the accounts, as legal authorities tell us, represents the real state of the Bank, and the other only embodies a theoretical form of account. This may seem unlikely to persons only slightly familiar with the subject; but it will not seem so to those who have studied the controversies in which the theory of the Act of 1844 originated. According to the accomplished persons who suggested that theory, it was desirable that the amount of the paper circulation (whether including the reserve of notes in the Bank of England, or excluding it, was by no means clear) should conform to the fluctuation of the bullion in the Bank; that for every new five pounds of bullion there should be a new five-pound note somewhere, and that for every new five-pound note there should be a new five pounds of bullion somewhere. The framers of the act looked at the matter with the eyes of the economists rather than with those of lawyers. They wished that the five-pound note and the five pounds of bullion should always co-exist; but they did not care to appropriate or earmark the bullion for the payment of the note. They wished, as Lord Overstone has expressed it, that the note should be "the

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shadow" of the metal; but they did not especially care to enforce a legal tie between them. In the same way, the same school of legislators and thinkers enacted expressly that gold should go down to Scotland as a basis for the note circulation (above a certain limit); and yet did not at all specifically appropriate it to that circulation. In a word, it was rather the representative character of the note that they were anxious to secure, and not its convertibility, in its obvious meaning that whoever has a five-pound note should be sure of having five pounds in gold for it. It struck these theorists as immaterial whether the note-holder had the five pounds, or some one else had it.

The consequence has been, that a fictitious form of account, which really gives no priority to the note-holder over the depositor, *appears* to give such priority, and that the depositor is frightened into panic by the idea of his postponement; although it is not true.

The evils of a crisis so produced and so aggravated are of a complicated nature; and it would require much more space than we have at our disposal to specify all of them. A knowledge of one of them, however, is particularly important to a correct understanding of very recent events. By one of the most elaborate contrivances of our commercial system, credit, in its various forms, is largely employed as a currency. The bank-note is one of the most obvious forms of this; it is a mere promise to pay, but in its transference from hand to hand it closes bargains as effectually as gold itself. The bank-note, however, though the earliest and simplest, is not by any means in our refined commerce the most operative form of the credit currency. The large wholesale transactions, which really determine the general price of important articles, are rarely now settled in bank-notes. The real instrument of large operations is the cheque. It is within the familiar experience of every one, that all the ordinary purchases of private life are now so settled; the large purchases of trade are so also. Some people have a notion that a cheque is not currency because it is immediately paid and cancelled; but this is a mistake of fact. Very few cheques, in comparison with the whole number, are really paid over the counter in sovereigns. The person who receives a cheque probably keeps a banker, and pays the cheque in to his account with such banker: if the latter is the banker on whom the cheque is drawn, the cheque is "paid" by a simple transfer from the account of the drawer to that of the payee; even if the banker of the drawer is a different person from the banker of the payee, the process is the same. The rural bankers, as a rule, settle their accounts in London. All London bankers settle their accounts at the "clearing-house;" that is, they see

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what cheques each holds payable by the others, set off an equal amount one against another, and pay the balance themselves by a cheque on the Bank of England. Every London banker has an account at the Bank of England, from which the cheque so drawn, by a slightly complex machinery of book-keeping which we need not explain, is transferred to the account of the banker who is to receive it. By this artificial arrangement, cheques drawn in Dorsetshire or Lancashire are really paid by transfers in the deposits of the Bank of England. No sovereigns or notes pass at all; the whole is a matter of book-keeping. It is evident that all this supposes a general feeling of confidence in the banking community. If every person who received a cheque took fright about the stability of the banker on whom it was drawn, or the adequacy of the provision made by such drawer in the hands of that banker for its payment, the system would be at an end. If every person who received a cheque rushed at once to the banker and obtained coin for it, there would be no room for this currency of set-offs, and the work of the clearing-house would cease altogether. In times of panic there is a good deal of this. If at such a period there is a run on the bill-brokers of Lombard Street (as there is understood to have been last November for two or three days after the stoppage of Messrs. Sandeman and Saunderson), a good deal of it is taken in bank-notes. Nervous persons do not like to trust to the operations of the clearing-house, which they will not know for some hours; especially if they hold securities, they will be very unwilling to rely on this distant process, or to part with them except on the payment of bank-notes. The expectation of this process produces even a worse effect than its reality. Every money-dealer, especially every country banker, who cannot from geographical difficulties at once replenish his stores, strengthens himself to meet the sudden demands of apprehensive persons. He has no confidence that other people will have confidence, and he provides accordingly. The consequence is, that a larger amount of coin and bank-notes is required in times when credit is large than in times when credit is small, because in our elaborate commercial civilisation we have coined credit itself into a currency.

These considerations afford the best reply to those theorists who seem to consider the letter from Lord Palmerston and Sir G. C. Lewis, permitting an additional issue of bank-notes upon securities, as a "debasement of the currency." The exact state of things was this:—The knowledge of a limit prescribed by former legislation has produced a feeling of apprehension which has destroyed the efficiency of a portion of your currency. The real bargaining medium of the country is as much diminished,

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or rather is even more diminished, by the diffused nervousness which we have spoken of, than it would be by the failure of a country bank issuing notes. Yet it has been generally admitted that, in the case of such a failure, economical principle did not forbid, and obvious common sense warranted, an issue of other paper by solvent persons of credit to supply the vacuum which had been so created. We can acknowledge no distinction for *this* purpose between bank-notes and other forms of credit. The circulating medium of the country, in this relation, must be regarded as an entire whole; whatever by the course of usage settles our domestic transactions, is a part of it; and when any important part of it is destroyed or impaired, we can recognise no violation of principle in a development of that which is unimpaired. The place of that which is wanting may surely be supplied by the substitution of that which we have. In the instance before us, the case is even a stronger one. What caused the panic was the apprehension of the legislative limit; the mere removal of that limit was in itself equivalent to a great increase of currency, because it supported so much credit which by custom and habit was performing the functions of currency. Lord Overstone has observed of the circumstances of a former panic: "Look to the Government letter of 1847. What was the Government letter of 1847? Why, it was an indefinite increase of the Bank reserve. What was its effect? Not one note was put into what is called its active state. Not one single note passed out of the Bank in consequence of it; but the Bank reserve was instantaneously augmented. What was the result? *A miracle was instantaneously worked. The want of confidence was removed; every thing became smooth and easy. The whole machinery of the credit system of the country, which had been brought to a dead-lock, was immediately put in order, and every thing went on with perfect ease.*" Can there be a more satisfactory testimony to the effect of the limit upon the issue of bank-notes in impairing the efficiency of the "credit currency" of the country, or of the instantaneous rapidity with which that credit currency is repaired by its removal? On the present occasion it has been necessary not only to erase, but to overstep the limit. There is hardly any one, in the midst of the facts, but will find, however, that the amount of circulating credit impaired by apprehension is very much greater than the not very considerable sum which has been issued beyond the law.

This affords also the reply to the suggestion of Lord Grey, that an issue of Exchequer-bills or stock would be more appropriate than an issue of notes. Neither of these would, however, repair the deficiency. A portion of the transferable credit which effects the purposes of money in the community has

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become inefficient; you can only substitute for it some other form of credit which will *be* efficient; and neither Exchequer-bills nor stock are, in our present practice, capable of being used as money.*

There is, indeed, no other credit so well adapted as that of the Bank of England for sustaining and replacing other credits. Its central position, its great capital, its peculiar *prestige*, fit it especially for so doing; and if it kept a sufficient bullion reserve, and were unhampered by the restrictive operation of the Act of 1844, it could do so safely and without difficulty. The knowledge that it was able to do so would very likely prevent a panic; and a judicious use of its power would mitigate and relieve a panic if it should occur. We are aware that this involves the necessity of intrusting our entire bullion reserve to the discretion of the Bank directors. But, as we have seen, all of our bullion reserve which is held for the banking liabilities of the country (or, if any one likes it better, all the reserve of notes in the banking department) is at present intrusted to their discretion. They can, by errors in judgment and miscalculations of events, with facility reduce this part of our reserve to the zero at which it lately stood. Is there any great additional risk in giving them an entire control over the whole?

It is, indeed, alleged, and in part truly alleged, that the operation of Sir R. Peel's Act is to compel the Bank to make provision for a drain of bullion at an earlier period than it would otherwise have done. No one can deny that the Act of 1844 has been a most instructive scientific experiment; and the evidence recently given by the Bank authorities, as compared with that given by them ten years ago, certainly proves that they have learnt a good deal that is very valuable. But now that the precedent of breaking the Act is thoroughly established, we may well question whether the conduct of the Bank under it will be different from what that conduct would be without it. The resource of breaking the law will always be in the background of the mind. In overt argument the Directors may allege that they are not relying on such a resource; but patent facts *will* have their influence. They know that they can have a letter of license if they choose; and they will *never* act as though they could not have it. Although, therefore, Sir R. Peel's Act, and the reasonings on its working, have taught

* To the issue of Exchequer-bills there would be the further objection that they were scarcely saleable; and if there had been a dream of any large new issue, they would have become unsaleable. The high price of stock, and the readiness with which loans could be obtained upon it, arises from the number of trustees and similar persons who are confined by settlements, &c. to that investment.

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us much valuable caution, we cannot expect that the Act will enforce a degree of prudence on the Bank which it would not exercise otherwise,—certainly not that the degree of extra prudence which we shall so obtain is worth the feverish apprehension which the knowledge of the restriction is sure to produce.

Some theorists have indeed said, that there should be a warning now and once for all explicitly given that the Act shall be broken no more. We have seldom any faith in legislative "compacts" and promises fettering the inevitable discretion of future administrators. But in reality we have now something like a compact that the Act will be evaded when future circumstances are similar to those we have just passed through. Chancellors of the Exchequer are cautious men; the desire of cautious men is to be safe; the way to be safe is to follow a precedent. The boldest man in England would shrink from *not* following a precedent, when the inevitable and instantaneous result would be the failure of the Bank of England, and the consequent and irretrievable ruin of the banking and money-dealing community. No one who duly considers how formal is the habit, how extreme the prudence, and how tenacious the love of precedent in English statesmen, will have any idea that any of them will ever be so wedded by an abstract, an abstruse, and, in our judgment, an erroneous principle, as, in a pressing crisis, to accept such a responsibility.

Some statesmen have fancied they can elude the difficulty by carrying further the essential principle of the Act of 1844, vesting the business of issue in a Government department altogether and geographically separate from the Bank of England. We do not, however, perceive how, if that course had been adopted previously to the present crisis, it would have at all lightened our difficulties. The issue department of the Bank would have been at Somerset House; but the banking department would have been just in the same state that it was. The demand on it would have been the same, and its funds precisely the same. The destruction of the credit currency, such as we have described it, would have been exactly as important; the need of a remedy as urgent; the kind of remedy identical; public opinion would have pressed the Government to authorise an extra issue, just as now: indeed the pressure in all real likelihood would have been greater, because the interposition of an independent body like the Bank shields the Government from impatient clamour, and mitigates the apprehension of a factious political opposition. At any rate, men of the world will commonly believe that, notwithstanding the change of form, the Government would have done exactly what they

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have now done. You may make a rigid rule easily enough; but where will you find a rigid statesman to adhere to that rule?

The separation of the issue department from the Bank is supported, as he himself tells us, by Mr. Gladstone, because he believes that it is a confusion of the business of issue with that of banking, which leads to the notion that it is the business of the Bank to aid trade without limitation in crises of difficulty. We have seen, however, that this notion rather arises from the habit of the Bank (as explained by Mr. Norman) to make advances at all times, to unlimited amounts, on such securities as come within their peculiar rules, or only to check those advances by the greater rate of interest charged to the borrowers in times of scarcity. So long as the Bank has any such principle as this, no separation of the issue department from the banking department will weaken the pressure upon it. If the Bank of England were to define the limit of its advances to its regular customers, and not consider itself bound to make advances to any but its regular customers, no separation of the business of issue would be needful. We are not recommending this course, —for it is not in the parenthesis of an article that the fundamental maxims of the most important corporation of the country can be discussed,—we only say, if an alteration is needed, if it is undesirable that the Bank should be expected to advance without stint on occasions of scarcity,—this alteration of their banking practice will be absolutely necessary, and will be enough to effect that which is required. A change in the geographical position of the power of issue would have upon it no effect whatever.

The next suggestion which is made by those who wish to retain the essential peculiarity of the Act of 1844, and at the same time to prevent the necessity of extra-legal and recurring suspensions of it, is the "elastic clause." The details of this proposal have never been very well worked out, and probably differ much in the minds of different theorists. The essential principle of it, under all variations, however, is, that at a certain point in a commercial crisis, either the Bank Directors or the Government, or both together, should have the legal right to authorise an additional issue of notes upon securities. Some persons would restrict the power to occasions at which the bullion was below a certain point; others to times at which the rate of interest was as much as ten per cent or twelve per cent; and others again to times at which the exchanges were not unfavourable to the country: but these persons are all agreed that at some point or other in the crisis some such step should be taken, and some power of taking such a step without infringing the law should be provided. If the Act of 1844 is to

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be retained, we can scarcely question that such a power should be given; and yet there are many and great difficulties in settling the way in which it should be conferred, and the persons to whom it should be intrusted. We may dispose,—at least so it seems to us,—almost at once of the suggestion for an exact pre-appointment of the occasions on which this exceptional discretion is to be exercised. The circumstances of commercial crises differ so very much, that even for the few of which we know the details it would not be easy to fix a machinery which would be uniformly applicable; and it would be immeasurably more difficult to prescribe beforehand, and in an enactment, for all which the future may have in store for us. We *may* have a domestic panic when the bullion in the issue department is above any point which we can exactly specify,—when the rate of interest is eight per cent or ten per cent,—during a foreign drain of bullion, or after it. No practical statesman will, it is probable, frame an elaborate proposal of this kind; persons conversant with complicated affairs are habitually averse to minute predescription, and to any profession of foreseeing more than it is possible to foresee. The most plausible of these contrivances is that which would fix the minimum rate of interest to be charged during the time that the Bank may avail itself of such exceptional issues; but even this is liable to the two objections —that it may happen that the *minimum* is fixed too high; and that the necessity of changing it, in order to obtain the needful notes, may impose a needless burden on the public during a time of difficulty: and secondly, that it only in appearance limits the occasions on which the exceptional power may be exerted, since the fixing the rate of interest must necessarily be in the same hands as the exercise of that power, whether of the Chancellor of the Exchequer or of the Bank, or of both; and if those authorities at any time wish to avail themselves of the power, they can adjust the rate of interest accordingly. On the whole, therefore, if such a clause should be hereafter added to our legislation, it will probably be found necessary to leave the occasions on which it may be exercised, as well as the extent and manner of that exercise, to the unfettered discretion of some persons, and it will only be necessary to consider who those persons should be. At first sight, it seems absurd to place this expansive power in the sole discretion of the Bank directors. These are the persons, it should seem, whose discretion we cannot trust, and on whom we wish to impose a binding fetter; yet great difficulties arise when we attempt to vest any such power in any department of the executive government. As Mr. Gladstone has observed, nothing can be more foreign to our habits, and to the entire genius of our legislation and

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society, than that ministers of the crown should have to decide which commercial house or firm is to stand and which to fail. Yet in actual practice the discretionary employment of such an expansive power as is proposed does of necessity involve their having to decide such points. The power is only to be exercised in times of extreme pressure or of panic. What is to be the test of the extremity of the pressure? The only test is the stoppage or critical position of great commercial houses. The panic apprehension which brings such eminent firms into a crisis of difficulty can only be tested by communication with such firms, and an examination of their difficulties. No more delicate or unpleasant power can be placed in the hands of any minister, especially of a minister under a parliamentary government, who may be politically and closely connected with some commercial city, and have to decide on the ruin or prosperity of his warmest and most important supporters. Vesting the expansive power in the Government has also some of the inconveniences, just now so familiar to us, of a double government. In 1847, the Bank directors maintained that the state of the Bank was a perfectly safe one, that they desired no help from the administration, and that the issue of Sir C. Wood's letter was only desirable—if desirable at all—for the general welfare of the commercial community. We do not know if there was any such "coquetting" on the late occasion; but in her Majesty's Speech, and in the debate, ministers appeared to take on themselves the full responsibility of the extra-legal act. In this there is certainly some anomaly. The Bank directors ought to regulate, and ought to be responsible for, all the acts of the Bank, whether legal or extra-legal—whether they were done in the common course of business, or under the authority of an "elastic clause." The legislative creation of such an expansive power, assumes that its existence is necessary and its employment at times desirable. The authorities of the Bank can hardly be permitted to abdicate all responsibility at these times—to manage in ordinary periods as they did in the year 1847, so as to aggravate the intensity of a great crisis; and then, in the moment of the most harassing difficulty, to devolve the entire care of the banking community upon the executive government. The warmest admirers of a duplicate administration will scarcely recommend that we should have one set of authorities to get us into trouble, and another set to get us out. We can hardly question, that if there is to be such an elastic element within the limits of the law, the Bank should have a *share* in the responsibility of withholding it or of setting it free. Possibly the best solution of these conflicting practical difficulties would be, to vest the responsible discretion of making or not making such exceptional issues in the Bank and the Govern-

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ment *together*. We would recommend that there should be a distinct application from the Bank to the financial executive for the permission to make such unusual issues, and an official reply from the Government authorising such issues to be made. We should then clearly know who was responsible for what has been done: the Bank directors, having expressly asked for permission to overstep the ordinary limit, could not in any degree evade an important share in the responsibility so incurred; the Government, having acted at the request and under the *counsel* of the Bank directors, would be relieved from some part of the odium which attaches to the intervention of parliamentary statesmen amid the distressing personalities, and what must be to them the unaccustomed scene, of a commercial crisis. As we have formerly remarked, we believe that if such a discretion is to be given at all, it had better be an unrestricted discretion. Only a *doctrinaire* pedantry can, we think, presume to enumerate circumstances, or define the precise minute, at which it will be required.

The difficulty of framing such an "elastic clause" throws great doubt, in our judgment, on the advisability of framing it at all. This arbitrary limit, and authorised manner of overpassing it, have rather an appearance of artificiality and technical theory. All such schemes are likewise liable to the objection that the relief they provide us with, is, if the expression may be allowed, relief *with a jerk*. The panic is allowed to become imminent, and then is on a sudden calmed by an extraordinary and peculiar act. Under an unfettered system the relief might be given gradually, insensibly, and as a matter of course.

We are aware of the great feeling which exists in England against vesting an unfettered power of issuing notes payable on demand in any body whatever. We believe that this feeling, in so far as it is a just one, is founded on historical circumstances, especially on the insolvency of the old race of country bankers in times when banks were not allowed to be composed of more than six partners, and on remarkable misuses of its metropolitan monopoly during the same period by the Bank of England. Much might be said as to these historical circumstances in mitigation of these apprehensive feelings; but it is simpler to observe that the whole subject is a choice of difficulties. It may be an evil to have discretion; but the events of the last few months prove—and all that we have written is but an attempt to explain—the evils of a rigid rule which admits of no discretion.

Much of the apprehension which prevails in England as to "baseless paper" might perhaps be calmed if we adopted the plan of requiring from all issuers of it a specific security.

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If all notes were known to be secured by a deposit of consols, with a margin of consols taken at a low value, the fear of our being flooded with paper issued by insolvents, and representing nothing, might be mitigated. This might be extended to the country districts, and to Scotland and Ireland; and the currency of the three kingdoms would then be uniform, would be protected from panic feeling, and would be reasonably and justly relied on by the public.

The whole of our banking system is to be explored, it is said, before the impending committee, with an acuter attention, if possible, than ever before; and though we cannot expect a great deal of new light, we may perhaps hope to have some. We should especially hope that we shall not have on any future occasion the class of theorists who have beset us lately, and who maintain that the Government relaxation of the Act of 1844 is a debasement of the currency, and yet do not dare distinctly to impugn its propriety; with such speculators there ought to be no argumentative quarter. A debasement of the currency is a measure which can *never* be right under any imaginable conjuncture of events; it is a violation of a fundamental maxim of morality. We can imagine many reasonings under many circumstances for a suspension of cash payments; unfortunate events may prevent our paying our debts for a time, and it may be necessary to postpone all creditors, to avoid an unequal preference of some few. But we can imagine no circumstances in which it would be right to compel people to accept little shillings instead of large shillings. No words can be too mean for the subterfuge of professing to pay our debts, when we are really giving less than we contracted to repay. Those whose theory logically compels them to take this view of the Government relaxation, ought to have opposed it with a far greater decision and explicitness. As a matter of fact, we apprehend, however, that the practical good sense of the most accomplished of such persons really makes them feel that if they had been in the position of responsibility, they would have acted as her Majesty's Government have done; and accordingly, whatever a rigid logic may advance, their essential judgment is in its favour.

Notwithstanding the arguments of some eminent orators, the whole subject is not yet exhausted. There is no exhausting subjects on which experience daily accumulates, and of which the details daily change. We have only been able to touch on a few points in comparison of the many which are important, and yet we must have wearied our readers. We can only hope that other writers will be both more exhaustive and more agreeable.

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BOOKS OF THE QUARTER SUITABLE FOR READING-SOCIETIES.

The Epistles of St. John. A Series of Lectures on Christian Ethics. By F. D. Maurice, M.A. Macmillan and Co.

[This is, we think, Mr. Maurice's most effective and instructive work. He is peculiarly fitted by the constitution of his mind to throw light upon St. John's writings.]

The Indian Crisis. Five Sermons by F. D. Maurice, M.A. Macmillan.

[A fine series of sermons, on the spirit in which all Englishmen should interpret the Indian calamity.]

The Philosophy of Evangelicism. Bell and Daldy.

[A very able and thoughtful essay on something far wider than what is technically called Evangelicism. The style is, perhaps, a little too studied for the subject. To the writer's criticism on our last Number we may perhaps take some other opportunity to reply.]

The Philosophy of Theism. Ward and Co.

[This is a really able but hard essay, which shows much affinity with the Calvinistic metaphysics of the understanding.]

Sermons preached on various Occasions. By John Henry Newman, D.D., of the Oratory. Burns and Lambert.

[A volume of sermons, preached chiefly to the students of the Roman Catholic University of Dublin. It has Dr. Newman's general characteristics,—wide intellectual grasp, and every grace that style can give to very unsatisfactory moral premises; but there is less substance in the volume than in most others of the same author.]

The Orthodox Doctrine of the Apostolic Eastern Church; or, a Compendium of Christian Theology. Whittaker and Co.

The World of Mind by Isaac Taylor. Jackson and Walford.

[Reviewed in Article VII.]

Essays, Scientific, Political, and Speculative. By Herbert Spencer. Longman, Brown, and Co.

[This is a republication of Mr. Spencer's thoughtful and able essays in the various quarterlies.]

Thorndale; or, the Conflict of Opinions. By William Smith. 1 vol. W. M. Blackwood and Sons.

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Economy of the Labouring Classes. By William Lucas Sargant. 1 vol. Simpkin and Marshall.

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THE NATIONAL REVIEW.

APRIL 1858.

ART. I.—MEROPE: A TRAGEDY.

Merope: a Tragedy. By Matthew Arnold. London: Longmans, 1858.

MR. ARNOLD is no doubt following his own true bent when he devotes himself to what is called the classical school of literature. Certainly no living poet is so well qualified to familiarise the English mind (if that be possible) with the forms and substance of the Greek drama. The limits, as well as the quality, of his genius give him more than common facilities for such a task. His love of beauty is profound, and he loves best, perhaps by nature, and certainly from study, its more abstract manifestations, especially those of form. He uses the emotions as a field for the intellect, not the mind to subserve the heart, and his imagination is bound up with the former rather than the latter; it is a lamp that shines, not a fire that glows. He lays a cold hand on sensuous imagery; and there is a keen clear atmosphere about his pictures from nature, as if his muse had steeped his eyes in Attic air and sunshine. Thus gifted, he devotes himself to reproducing Greek poetry in an English dress, and presents us with an Athenian tragedy in our own language. We are not ungrateful for the gift. But Mr. Arnold is not content that we should accept it as a beautiful curiosity, or treat it as a rare exotic: he has written a preface to urge that such plants should be acclimatised; he boldly demands place in English literature for the forms of poetry which took their rise in Greek sacrificial observances, adapted themselves to Greek social habits, were limited by Greek ideas, and embodied Greek religion, Greek patriotism, and, above all, that which is most characteristic of a people,—the feelings with which it looks at the hidden arbiters

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of life, the controlling destinies of the world. That drama, which held these things as a wine holds its flavour and spirit, Mr. Arnold thinks should be studied in England; not. studied to know it, that we may rejoice in it and the knowledge it brings with it, but studied to reproduce it, that we may make the same kind of thing for ourselves. He thinks he can dig up the dusky olive from the plains of Attica, and plant it in our English wheat-fields; that he can take in its fullest development the most purely indigenous and the most intensely and narrowly national literature the world ever saw, and bid it find new springs of life some two thousand years later in a nation which has already found its expression in a dramatic literature evolved by itself. Did such an attempt ever succeed? A native literature in its infancy may take the impression of a foreign one; though even then, if it have strength to grow at all, it soon throws off, or carries only as a superficies, the marks of its early tutoring: but when did a foreign growth ever share the field with an indigenous one? A nation whose habits of thought were sufficiently congruous with those of some other, has plagiarised and adapted its literary productions: Terence went to Greece as Planché goes to Paris. But in these cases it is not a foreign form and spirit which is transferred, but the adapter merely studies his own idleness, or the poverty of his own resources, by borrowing a plot and a certain stock of wit and ideas; and his effort is to oust all that is specially foreign, or to transform it into a more familiar shape.

Is the epic a Greek form naturalised? It may be so; the particular form of the *Iliad* has been adopted in great measure as the model of all epics: but it is a form so broad and simple, has in it so little that is special or national, that it may be said to be a mode of embodying imaginative ideas common to all mankind. It is a form which is easily separable from the matter, and it is the form alone which has been borrowed. No great poet has ever written another Greek epic. We shall not be confuted by Glover's *Leonidas*. Every one has emptied out the old form, and filled it with his own native ideas. The *Eneid* is Roman; the *Inferno* is Florentine; the *Paradise Lost* is English. In the same way, Jonson in England and Molière in France adhered more or less strictly to the rules deduced by the critics as the true conditions of comedy; but applied them to modern manners, modern character, and all the wider range and greater richness, intricacy, and variety of modern ideas. When we speak of form, we are apt to confound two things. There is a form which is one with its spirit, and is its outer manifestation; there is another which is merely a sort of outside shell. It is this alone perhaps which in art one century or one nation *can*

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borrow from another; certainly it is this alone which we have taken in the epic, and in some of the broad rules which govern our dramatic constructions.

But there is what is called the classical school of tragedy. Is this what we have professed to think impossible,—a new birth of an art which rose like a star so many centuries ago, and after its brief but imperishable shining, fell headlong again into silence? Have France and Italy revived the Athenian stage? Mr. Arnold claims, and claims justly, for the tragedy of Athens, that though wanting in the richness of that of England, it has not only power and intensity, but speaks strongly to the highest artistic feelings in our nature, because it is steeped as it were, thoroughly interpenetrated, by a rhythmic proportion and correspondence which governs its spirit as well as its outer form. Has either the greatness of its matter, or the beauty of its forms, been preserved by Alfieri, or Racine, or Addison, men of no despicable genius? The Greek tragedy is not narrow for ancient Greece; that is to say, it occupies itself with the full field of Greek tragic thought: but the modern classical school is narrow. It has sought intensity by exclusion and limitation; it deepens the river, not by an abundance of waters, but by narrowing in the banks. Æschylus rolls along with a sound of great waters. Racine lashes a canal into foam. The peculiarities of form and the choice of subjects, which were natural and indispensable to Greek art, serve only as devices to countenance the poverty of that of France. The ancient tales are stripped bare, necessarily so, of the hallowed associations of religion and patriotism and ancestral piety which clung to them in Greece, and remain naked exhibitions of human passion. Sophocles gives us the deep-seated workings of the hearts of men, and the terrible and inscrutable mysteries of mortal destiny, set to solemn music, clear and penetrating in its tones, if not rich in its harmony; like Milton's scathed angels, moving

> "In perfect phalanx to the Dorian mood
> Of flutes and soft recorders."

But his field embraces more than this. It is not the vagaries and struggling passions of the simple human heart that inspire his tragedies, but of hearts which are the field of action for the dread supernatural powers,—hearts which are swayed from their nature by divine wills, which bear the burden of ancestral crimes, and embody the destinies of nations. But you cannot have this in modern plays. When Racine's Phèdre ascribes the fierce flames of her unlawful desires to the anger of Venus, and tells of her vain sacrifices on the altar of the goddess, the extenuation, which must have raised something of sublime pity in a

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Greek heart, falls dead and unmeaning on our ears; it seems trivial, a sort of classical decoration, which interferes with our interest, if it affects us at all. Phèdre does indeed agitate us powerfully, because our attention undistracted is tied down to the contemplation of a single frantic passion and a woman writhing under its torturing influence: it is not a play to be seen from a distance, or that could be acted in mask or buskin; but it needs an audience who can catch each altered tone and every change of feature, and calls for the heart-piercing cries, the working features, the pale flashes and spasmodic action of Rachel. French tragedy screams through all its monotonous cadence, its stilted diction, and its formal limitations of time and place and persons. The same in great measure is true of Alfieri, in whom, however, speaks, if not a higher genius, a stronger and more ardent nature. "Narrow elevation," says Mr. Arnold, "is the characteristic of Alfieri." Perhaps we should rather say narrow intensity; and one or the other is the highest tragic characteristic of the modern classical drama. Nor is the form of the Greek drama more clearly reproduced than its matter. Mr. Arnold well describes the influence and beauties of the Athenian choruses; their interpretive and enforcing functions; the repose that lyric song affords to the strained emotions; and the balanced rhythmic symmetry which their answering parts give to the whole play. But the French school dispenses with this characteristic feature; or uses it, if at all, stripped of what makes it most characteristic. In brief, the modern classical drama has borrowed not the form but the mere shell of that of Greece, and even that narrowed and angularised; and though it has preserved a set of classical ideas to which it appeals, and a sort of classical phraseology which it uses, these are conventional and external only. There is this marked difference between the influence of ancient literature on the modern literature of England and of France, that in the former, ideas and forms, so far as they were adopted at all, were digested and assimilated; in the latter they were simply employed to overlay and varnish: there was no native growth to swallow them up and be enriched by them; they were greater in every way than that with which they came in contact, and were cruelly hacked and compressed to meet its meaner requirements. Mr. Arnold is fully aware of this; but he makes some confusion: he uses the term 'classical school,' but what he really means by the term is the school of ancient Greece itself. He sees, or feels rather, that you cannot adopt its special and intricate beauty of form without adopting something of its inner essence; and when he enters the lists as a writer in this school, he writes something not like the *Cato* of Addison, or the *Irene* of Johnson, but as like as he can to

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"The mellow glory of the Attic stage,
Singer of sweet Colonus and its child."

But the true ancient drama, which could not strike root in France or Italy, can still less hope to do so in England. In architecture, we have done much as the French did in poetry, —we have introduced and used freely a dwarfed and conventional classical school. We have also built occasional specimens more or less true to the real Greek types; but these latter stand, and must ever stand, as curiosities. We cannot live in Greek houses, nor worship in Greek temples. Vain is Mr. Arnold's hope to see an English literature "enriched," as he expresses it, "with the forms of the most perfectly formed literature in the world." As well might he bid us retrieve the discipline of Sparta, or replant the "groves of Academe." When we have rebuilt the Greek theatres, it will be time to reintroduce the Greek drama.

But this is no reason why Mr. Arnold should not, if he pleases, write a Greek play. Such an exercise, involving as it does a close and minute study of the details of ancient masterpieces, may be of infinite value to the poet's self, cannot be read (at least if done as well as it is here done) without interest by educated men; and it may possibly exercise a wider influence. It is professedly an attempt on the part of the author to give English readers a knowledge of what Greek tragedy was— to teach them the secret of its beauty and power. And it is not impossible that something may be thus taught. True, there is no royal road which can give us any adequate knowledge and real appreciation of ancient art; true that this process is rather beginning at the wrong end, and that instead of *Merope* teaching us what Greek tragedy is, we ought to know what Greek tragedy was to understand what *Merope* is; true that those will read it with the greatest pleasure and the highest appreciation who have got a standard with which to compare it,—gathered associations to which it can appeal,—in whose memories it stirs the half-effaced recollection of those pleasures when the intellect and imagination in their first active spring reaped the fruits of schoolboy drudgery, and first comprehended how great a thing they had gained. Yet for all this, half a loaf is better than no bread; and many men possess an instinct which enables them to gather from secondary sources alone a real insight into the subject of their inquiry; they manage to get hold of a sort of imaginative touchstone, and by means of it to pick out what is genuine, and discard what is adulterated. You can learn less perhaps of Greek literature than of any other through the medium of translations and imitations; but you had better read translations and imitations of the things themselves than be con-

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tent with descriptions of them, and better read descriptions of them than know absolutely nothing of them.

Still, if Mr. Arnold's object was to extend the knowledge of Greek tragedy, and increase the English appreciation of it, he ought to have written a translation, not an imitation. He has stated his reasons for not doing so; and no doubt the latter is far pleasanter to write, and affords a better field for the powers of a poet; but, for evident reasons, it is far less valuable to others to have Mr. Arnold's idea of what a Greek play was than Æschylus' or Sophocles' idea. If he approach the English reader any closer by an imitation than a translation, it is by being so far false to his model of a true Greek play. If, on the other hand, his object is the resurrection of the Attic drama, we don't see why the imitation should stop short of the language. If it be advisable we should possess Greek subject-matter, expressed according to Greek ideas in Greek poetical forms, why not put it into Greek words too, and make an exact reproduction and a sealed book of it? Is ancient subject-matter, then, excluded from modern art? No; but it is one thing to attempt to reproduce ancient art, and another to use what we know of ancient life as the subject of modern art. It is difficult, indeed, most difficult, to do even this: on the one side is the danger lest by seeking for accuracy poetry become lost in antiquarianism; on the other, lest in our ignorance we content ourselves with delineating skeleton passions, and not men. Shakespeare did the most that can be done in his Coriolanus and Cæsar: he grasped ancient characters as firmly as he could; and then he delineated them, not only in English language, but in English forms of art, and through the medium of English ideas and English habits of thought. What we controvert is, the idea, openly expressed by Mr. Arnold, that there is an unworked side of English literature, in the direction of direct imitation of that of Greece.

Yet the play of *Merope* merits notice, if for no other reason, because the genius of its author stands very distinct among that of his contemporaries; and this work is an effort to exert and extend its most salutary influence. There is a pleasure in reading Matthew Arnold's poems which can be derived from few other poets of the day. It is not merely that his is the writing of an educated English gentleman, that barbarisms of language and puffed and gaudy metaphor are eschewed, that he scorns meretricious adornments, thinks sense of some importance, and is capable of escaping from himself;—it is that he has a nice sense of the beauty of form, and that to huddle together *disjecta membra* of poetry gives him no satisfaction; it is that he knows, and in all his writings proves that he knows, that finish of execution and harmony of proportion are essential to the completeness of a poem.

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It is doubtless this conviction on his part which has made him profess himself a follower of the classical school. For take that term in its widest signification, as embracing all the modern forms of art more or less directly based on ancient models, and it is impossible to deny that it is distinguished from that which, for distinction's sake rather than from any innate propriety, has been called the romantic school,—by a more uniform regard for the proprieties of expression, the justnesses of proportion, and the polish of details. Why this should be so it is not difficult to discern. It is not, as has been sometimes supposed, and as even Mr. Arnold seems tacitly to assume, because there is something in the very spirit and nature of the more modernly evolved literature which disregards the beauty of form; it is because it is an infinitely more difficult task to give perfect symmetry to the far more detailed and complex subject-matter of the latter. It is like the difference between drawing Retsch's outlines and painting Titian's pictures. The modern classical school not only obtained complete models of form, but by using for the most part classical subject-matter also, it made still narrower and easier than to the ancients the conditions under which perfection—or, we should rather say, correctness of form—was to be studied: for, as we have before observed, it is the mere skeleton of Greek interests and Greek ideas which can be handled by the modern artist. And this limitation reacted on the form; for the more refined and delicate beauties of Greek art being inextricably bound up with the niceties of its subject-matter, in losing its hold of these it discarded those also, and remained meagre in substance, and hard though exact in outline.

The highest poetry, as Coleridge has said, is an *organic* growth. Its forms are the natural forms into which the vital energy shoots. This is especially true of the romantic school, in which, even in the most artificial departments, as in the drama, the fixed rules within which the poet works are extremely broad and elastic. It is true also of the poetry of ancient Greece; and though, by reason of the religious and ceremonial origin of the drama, the conditions were more narrow and stringent, yet each great poet left his own impress on the forms as well as the subject-matter. It is not true of the modern classical school. A great scientific mind made some remarks as to the conditions and laws of the nature of the drama as it existed in his day; and these mere laws of the existing condition of an art have been made into laws of control, or rules, to guide the labours of future poets; and in later times they have both been narrowed and their domain extended. More or less modified, they became the basis of the modern classical school, and its followers have arrogated to themselves the claim of possessing a degree

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of art which others want. The claim, as we have said, is not entirely unfounded. They gain something; but they lose more. Given a square box, to fill it, is the French problem; given a seed, to grow it, is the English. Where the conditions are already furnished, it is easier, within the limits, to study symmetry, decorum, and appropriateness of detail. A defined path to walk in is an aid and a support to a mediocre genius; and English poetry, which suffered once from too narrow a conventionalism, is now rather in danger in an opposite direction from the disorderly venting of small and often incongruous spirts of imagination, which are not the branch and bud and flower of one single organic growth of the imagination, but mere scattered motes glittering in the sunshine. But liberty is not less great because some are too feeble to use it aright. Conventionalism of form draws with it conventionalism of phrase, and even of matter. Freedom is as noble and as essential in art as in life. In neither can we entirely dispense with laws: but the tendency of advancement is to reduce their number, and to generalise their enactments; and that moral nature and that imagination are the highest, which have within themselves the truest instincts of harmony, and follow them with the simplest spontaneity. The evils of an imposed set of rules in art are like the evils of a paternal government: the helps of the weak are the fetters of the strong and aspiring; and we see a genius like that of Racine cramped up in unities, tied down to a monotonous verse, and compelled to sustain itself on the faded traditions of an extinct national life and a religion dead and powerless. It is the glory of the romantic, and especially perhaps of the English school of poetry,—a glory which raises it above ancient art itself, and immeasurably above its modern resuscitations and copies,—that it has dared to be free. That few have been found worthy of that freedom is true. Perhaps, on the whole, German art is more harmonious and conscientious than English; it has not had to control imaginations so warm and daring; but where the air is freest grow the stateliest trees, and a literature which can show the names of Shakespeare and of Milton, of Dryden and of Pope, of Wordsworth, of Burns, of Byron, and of Tennyson, may claim at least to have profited by the great gift of liberty. Great as is Greek art, infinite would be the loss to England if her poets should, in admiration of it, be led aside from the nobler and more difficult task of attempting to give perfection of form to the works of their native school. But this much is true, that in the study of Greek literature a poet may learn much of the beauty that lies in form; and that what our modern literature most wants is a sense of the value of completeness and finish in this respect. An English masterwork which should fully develop the lofty grace

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and profound beauty that consummate form is capable of bestowing, would exercise, or at least has a field for exercising, the highest influence. We do not say Mr. Arnold should have attempted such a task. It is no derogation to his high poetical gifts to say that it is probably not within his power; and it is certain that his tastes and predilections lead him to occupy himself with less complex and difficult subject-matter,—we say less complex and difficult, because it is undoubtedly true that, though a modern poem may be as shallow and as narrow as you please, yet one which avails itself to the full of those materials which Christianity and Western thought and civilisation have laid up, must be infinitely greater than one which is restricted to the materials at the disposal of the ancient Greeks. And moreover, Mr. Arnold's work is a service in the same direction: it exalts and exemplifies the beauty of form—indeed, is specially devoted to this object; and though that beauty be sought under conditions different from those we now require, not easily appreciable by the mass of English readers, and which necessarily and deservedly prevent it from being popular, yet even thus it is no light gain to see it warmly and conscientiously sought after by a modern poet, and not inadequately set forth.

But while we admit that the three Greek tragedians handled their subject-matter with exquisite skill, and that they evolved from the conditions under which they worked the highest beauty of which they were capable, we by no means believe that they were ever sensible of the full capacities, and attained to the highest exercise of dramatic art, or that their plays, as *wholes*, are the highest models of form. We have neither scope nor call here to discuss the former of these assertions—few probably would dispute it; but Mr. Arnold's preface, which has drawn us into these general observations, invites some remarks on the latter.

English tragedy differs from that of Athens, not only in its forms, but in the mode in which the poet works, and in the materials he uses. The dramas of both countries have that of course in common which belongs to all tragic dramas. Both deal with the life of man; both find the centre of their imaginative life and interest in the contemplation of those dread aspects of his mortal destiny which have actually shown themselves, which, or their like, eyes have seen and ears heard. Both set forth at once his pride and his glory, and the slipperiness of the pinnacles to which he climbs; they contrast his energy and his vast capacity for joy and sorrow with the briefness of his day; they represent him fruitful in resource, yet feeble to break the web of circumstance; and in the hearts of both echoes the dim sounding of the mysterious all-surrounding sea which surges against this "bank and shoal" of time. Yet they differ to some extent in

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the sources which they explore and draw from, and widely in their artistic mode of presentment.

The Greek tragedy is much nearer narrative poetry than the English; the dramatic element is less completely developed. It deals for the most part with a single incident, which it dilates upon and impresses. It is *the fact* which is of importance to the Greek tragedians,—that these things happened whereof they speak; that the adultress thus slew her husband returning in the splendour of his triumph; that the son imbrued his avenging sword in the blood of the mother that bore him; that the king, noble in nature and fixed in power, found suddenly that by strange and terrible fatality he had unwittingly, yet most horribly, defiled the sanctities of nature, and in a brief revolution of the scene, from reputation and safety and a throne, was cast down into the dust, and thrust forth murderous and incestuous; his frame yet convulsed with the agony of his discovery, his sightless eyeballs yet bleeding, to grope his way with trembling hands an exile from the land his presence desecrated. It is in these and such-like special dread events that the Greek artist mirrored or illustrated human life. He showed them on a large scale, and with abundant comment; so much so, that six or eight persons at most, besides the chorus, and one or two actions, sufficed for the exposition of the small section of event which was undertaken in a single play. The Greek believed in an overruling necessity, part gods, part fate, mainly unmoral, whose control men were powerless to withstand. Hence bare facts in the life of man had a significance for him they have not for us. The Englishman gives a far wider causative effect to the will and nature of each individual human being: hence he studies the life of man in the lives of men; and the naked aspects of fact, however momentous and appalling, have little interest for him unless he can connect them with the character of men. The catastrophe of an English tragedy is developed out of the characters and actions of the personages introduced, mingled, as they are mingled in life, with sudden accident. The poet has no external powers, no gods to whom he can refer as an unfailing reservoir of forces, using men as half-passive instruments. Hence there is a unity in his work, arising out of its nature, to which the Greek play can make no pretension. The only unity of action the latter claims is that of selecting a single incident which in its nature shall be sufficiently severable from the story of which it is a part to have a commencement, and a sufficient resting-place at which to stop. There is none of that final silence and rest which falls over the conclusion of an English tragedy, and leaves the spectator in sad or trembling repose. The end of a Greek play is arbitrarily selected: the end of an English tragedy is determi-

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nately evolved; and death, which gives the completest ending, is necessary to this, while it is only incidental to the former. Nay, a tragic event which shall move all hearts may be represented without it, as when Orestes' cause is pleaded against the Eumenides; and in other plays, such as *The Suppliants* and *The Persians*, in which it is seen how easily the Greek drama melts into narration. But death is the unavoidable conclusion of an English tragedy; for this represents human life, as we have before said, not in isolated events, but in the whole lives and characters of single men; and without death, which rounds the course of fate, and is the crowning incident and full completion of the dispensations of life, no man's career could be fully depicted. Without it the life would be unended, and the character uncertain. For as no man is to be esteemed happy before his death, so no man is known before his death. Hence it is that death, and death only, is the consummation of English tragedy. It comes in various shapes, and wakens various moods. Its deepening shadow perfects the sadness of the story of Desdemona; it descends like judgment, and we tremble and exult as it hangs heavy over the head of the usurping Macbeth, or menaces Richard in his dreams; or it comes like pity, longed for with tears, and gives rest to the overtasked spirit of Hamlet, or loosens the cracked heartstrings of Lear. There are no such terminations to the Greek plays. Their fragmentary character is always apparent; there is always a piece over, something undisposed of, which draws the mind beyond them into the future. Compare the *Agamemnon* and the *Choephoræ* with *Hamlet*: both the latter end with death. In the first the hero comes home in his pride and his glory, and the adultress smites him in his first hour of confidence and rest; but the scene closes with the guilty wife and her paramour exulting in their guilt. In the second the son, the god-impelled avenger, reddens his hands in the blood of his guilty mother, and when all our interest culminates on his head he vanishes. He sees the furies glare, they thicken around him with their hideous eyes, and he flies the scene in horror. Both are but parts of one story, links in the chain of dread retributions which hang over the fated house and its bloody repast of slaughtered children: in both the action is complete, and the ancient requisites satisfied; but have they in their nature the entireness of Shakespeare's play, embracing the full development of so many men's characters, drawing so many threads of action into one knot, and wrapping all in rest with the potent poison which quite o'ercrows the spirit of Hamlet? The most curious mind cannot ask more; no distracting glances are cast into the future;

"Passionless calm and silence unreproved"

fall like consolation on the heart. Completeness is a thing of

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degree; but the desire for it—one of the deepest of our nature in connection with art—is in the English tragedy perhaps more fully gratified than in any other form employed by the poet. Within the boundaries of the play, the Athenian drama, however, possesses a greater and more obvious beauty of proportioned parts, more delicacy of execution as to form, finer clearer lines of grace; and mingles in its choruses an airy calm and sweetness that must have relieved with an inexpressible sense of repose the intervening tragic action. The very inferiority of the form, as a whole, made all this more possible; there was more room for it. A short event was displayed on a large scale. An English play, which must show lives and characters of men in a short space through the medium of action, must crowd in many actions and varied circumstances; it must be at once terse and detailed. In the Greek, on the other hand, the matter is spread out and enlarged upon; there is place for anticipation and comment, not only often occupying much of the speeches, but having provided for it the whole lyric element in the play, with its infinite capacities for beauty. All these things are drawn into an exquisite harmony, more easily appreciable, yet perhaps more easily attainable, and in its nature not so high as that complete fusion of all subordinate elements into the whole conception of the poet of which the English tragedy is, by its nature at least, capable.

We have said that the limitations of Mr. Arnold's genius drew him towards Greek art; and it is so in this particular. We have given him full credit for his love of finish and proportion; but his poems have every where shown that he is deficient in the higher power of conception, which requires unity. He balances strophe against antistrophe; but he gives us a play with two distracting interests. He is pure in language and clear in verse; but instead of a tragedy, he writes a melodrama with a separate tragical end to it. The story of Merope is as follows. We take it, simply for convenience, partly from each of two accounts which Mr. Arnold quotes in his preface:

"Cresphontes had not reigned long in Messenia when he was murdered together with two of his sons. And Polyphontes reigned in his stead, he too being of the family of Hercules; and he had for his wife, against her will, Merope, the widow of the murdered king. . . .

Merope sent away and concealed her infant son. Polyphontes sought for him every where, and promised gold to whoever should slay him. He, when he grew up, laid a plan to avenge the murder of his father and brothers. In pursuance of this plan, he came to King Polyphontes, and asked for the promised gold, saying he had slain the son of Cresphontes and Merope. The king ordered him to be hospitably entertained, intending to inquire further of him. He, being very tired, went to sleep; and an old man, who was the channel through

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whom the mother and son used to communicate, arrives at this moment in tears, bringing word to Merope that her son had disappeared from his protector's house. Merope, believing that the sleeping stranger is the murderer of her son, comes into the guest-chamber with an axe, not knowing that he whom she would slay was her son: the old man recognised him, and withheld Merope from slaying him. After the recognition had taken place, Merope, to prepare the way for her vengeance, affected to be reconciled with Polyphontes. The king, overjoyed, celebrated a sacrifice; his guest, pretending to strike the sacrificial victim, slew the king, and so got back his father's kingdom."

Such is the story of Merope. Mr. Arnold does not represent her as the wife of Polyphontes; otherwise, except perhaps to some extent in the character of the usurper, he has adhered to the tradition. We venture to say it is not well chosen for the purposes of a tragic dramatist. Its main interest—the anxiety of Merope for her son, her agony of grief for his supposed loss, and her narrow escape of killing him, followed by the joyful recognition between them—lies wide of tragedy. We do not say there are no models for such a drama in Greek literature—the *Electra* of Sophocles is very much in point; but we say there were far higher models, such as either play of *Œdipus* or the *Antigone,* and that there is an essential difference between melodrama and tragedy, and that the latter is of a nobler class in art. In saying this, we use 'melodramatic' for want of a better word, and as superior at least to 'tragi-comic' to express, not the exaggerated display of terrors, but the characteristic of plays in which terror is relieved and supplanted by joy; and we use 'tragedy' not in the general sense in which it is applied to the whole serious drama of the Greeks, but in the narrower and more determinate sense in which it is used in romantic literature. Escape has no place in true tragedy. The existence of it entirely changes the whole attitude of the mind. If it be said, that until the *dénouement* comes the attitude of the mind is the same in the melodrama, we say that it is not tragedy to the end, and that consummation is of the essence of tragedy; moreover, that even this temporary feeling can only be excited on a first reading or representation; and that a drama is not like a rocket to be expended in the first using, but must be little worthy the name unless it affords matter that will more or less repay a close familiarity and repeated perusal. Practically, it is not one in ten thousand who comes to a play or novel ignorant of whether it ends, as we say, well or ill. The details of a surprise may be concealed, and give pleasure; but rarely indeed can a work of art depend for its interest on a concealment of the direction of its conclusion; and where it does so, it is no very worthy source of interest. We may assume, then, that in the melo-

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drama the reader or spectator knows the safety that is in store; and this affects all his feelings. His heart leans upon the future: he sympathises, indeed, with present sorrows; but he is sustained by the knowledge that they are not to be lasting. Within the narrow limits of a play there is a sort of distraction between the emotion in the scene and the superior knowledge and different resources the spectator possesses within his own mind. It prevents *entireness* of sympathy. There is less simplicity, less reality, than in tragedy; and this is perhaps one of the main grounds of the superiority of the latter. Both are legitimate expressions of art, but tragedy the higher. Perhaps the reverse is the case in the novel. The passions are not moved in the same way. The interests are not so simple, exclusive, and swiftly accumulated. They are spread out and varied; the tragic element is intermittent, relieved, and softened, and a thousand minor sources of occupation to the mind and feelings are woven in with it. Tragedy rises like a cloud that spreads quickly over the heavens, and goes down with storm and night into the sea: a prose fiction dawns and shines and sets like a whole day of mingled weather, whether it be April, or August, or December. In the minuter detail and greater length of the novel, we require the repose we derive from our confidence in a happy termination. We cannot bear to be harrowed through three volumes, and find no relief at the end of them. The universal feeling is undoubtedly true. A novel that ends well is as much more perfect a work of prose fiction than one which ends tragically, as a tragic play is superior to a melodramatic one.

Merope, then, is not a subject that affords scope for the highest kind of dramatic art. Our interest in her story is one not tragical in its nature, but of *transient* grief and terror. Moreover, it ceases when, long before the conclusion of the play, the mother clasps her uninjured and recognised child in her arms. Henceforth for them the tale is told, and the play played out. All the passion and life of the poem are here concentrated: the author has carefully and skilfully used all the materials of the play to develop this crisis with simplicity and dramatic effect, and has employed the utmost vigour and pathos of which he is master to heighten the effect and to stir the emotions. We can give no extract which will do fuller justice to the genius that shines in the play than a part of this scene:

> "*Merope.* From the altar, the unaveng'd tomb,
> Fetch me the sacrifice-axe!—
> [*The* CHORUS *goes towards the tomb of* CRESPHONTES, *and their leader brings back the axe.*
> O Husband, O cloth'd

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With the grave's everlasting,
All-covering darkness! O King,
Well mourn'd, but ill-aveng'd!
Approv'st thou thy wife now?—
The axe!—who brings it?
The Chorus. 'Tis here!
But thy gesture, thy look,
Appals me, shakes me with awe.
Merope. Thrust back now the bolt of that door!
The Chorus. Alas! alas!—
Behold the fastenings withdrawn
Of the guest-chamber door!—
Ah! I beseech thee—with tears—
Merope. Throw the door open!
The Chorus. 'Tis done! . . .

[*The door of the house is thrown open: the interior of the guest-chamber is discovered, with* ÆPYTUS *asleep on a couch.*

Merope. He sleeps—sleeps calm. O ye all-seeing Gods!
Thus peacefully do ye let sinners sleep,
While troubled innocents toss and lie awake?
What sweeter sleep than this could I desire
For thee, my child, if thou wert yet alive?
How often have I dream'd of thee like this,
With thy soil'd hunting-coat, and sandals torn,
Asleep in the Arcadian glens at noon,
Thy head droop'd softly, and the golden curls
Clustering o'er thy white forehead, like a girl's;
The short proud lip showing thy race, thy cheeks
Brown'd with thine open-air, free, hunter's life.
Ah me! . . .
And where dost thou sleep now, my innocent boy?—
In some dark fir-tree's shadow, amid rocks
Untrodden, on Cyllene's desolate side;
Where travellers never pass, where only come
Wild beasts, and vultures sailing overhead.
There, there thou liest now, my hapless child!
Stretch'd among briers and stones, the slow, black gore
Oozing through thy soak'd hunting-shirt, with limbs
Yet stark from the death-struggle tight-clench'd hands,
And eyeballs staring for revenge in vain.
Ah miserable! . . .
And thou, thou fair-skinn'd Serpent! thou art laid
In a rich chamber, on a happy bed,
In a king's house, thy victim's heritage;
And drink'st untroubled slumber, to sleep off
The toils of thy foul service, till thou wake
Refresh'd, and claim thy master's thanks and gold.
Wake up in hell from thine unhallow'd sleep,
Thou smiling Fiend, and claim thy guerdon there!
Wake amid gloom, and howling, and the noise
Of sinners pinion'd on the torturing wheel,
And the stanch Furies' never-silent scourge,
And bid the chief-tormentors there provide
For a grand culprit shortly coming down.
Go thou the first, and usher in thy lord!
A more just stroke than that thou gav'st my son,

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Take—

[MEROPE *advances towards the sleeping* ÆPYTUS, *with the axe uplifted. At the same moment* ARCAS *returns.*

Arcas (*to the Chorus*). Not with him to council did the King
Carry his messenger, but left him here.

[*Sees* MEROPE *and* ÆPYTUS.

O Gods! . . .

Merope. Foolish old man, thou spoil'st my blow!

Arcas. What do I see?

Merope. A murderer at death's door.
Therefore no words!

Arcas. A murderer? . . .

Merope. And a captive
To the dear next-of-kin of him he murder'd.
Stand, and let vengeance pass!

Arcas. Hold, O Queen, hold!
Thou know'st not whom thou strik'st. . . .

Merope. I know his crime.

Arcas. Unhappy one! thou strik'st—

Merope. A most just blow.

Arcas. No, by the Gods, thou slay'st—

Merope. Stand off!

Arcas. Thy son!

Merope. Ah!* . . .

[*She lets the axe drop, and falls insensible.*"

The remainder of the play rests solely on the fate of Polyphontes. We have in this a true tragic element; and Mr. Arnold does all in his power to raise it up and make it replace the other interest which is exhausted. But the attempt is fruitless; not only so,—it ought not to have been made. It does not do to have two strings to a tragedy; you may have subordinate interests, but not double, still less shifting ones. You may write a tragedy of *Polyphontes*, or a melodrama of *Merope*, but not both in the same play. As it is, Polyphontes is neither strictly subordinated nor made the main interest. The *Electra* is better in this respect. After the recognition between the brother and sister, what remains, though essential, is cut short; Clytemnestra and Ægisthus are hurried briefly and swiftly to their doom, and Ægisthus never even appears on the stage until the last scene. In Mr. Arnold's play, where the natural strength of the interest is with Merope, he does all in his power to raise up a subsidiary one in Polyphontes, which he holds as a reserve when the former one flags. He binds the king up in the moral interest of the play; and he endeavours to give him such a character as shall occupy our attention, and attract our sympathies to his fate. The disquisitional parts of the play are skilfully managed, and give place for some thought and for stately and eloquent phrase and polished verse. When we say that the poetry here has something in it of coldness and the clear-cut edges, and, to us, almost bald senten-

* She was an Oxford woman.

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tiousness of his Greek models, Mr. Arnold will feel flattered, and his readers will feel disheartened. The main moral is simple and Greek enough, that blood demands expiatory blood; connected with which is another somewhat deeper and less Greek, viz. that no man can be so sure of himself and his motives as to be justified in making himself arbitrary judge of another, and in shedding blood and assuming power himself for the supposed welfare of others. We presume, at least, that this idea is to be conveyed, though it is rendered somewhat perplexed by the obscurity —we may say, the studied obscurity—which is cast over the character and actions of Polyphontes. His character, Mr. Arnold tells us, is not fixed by the tradition; and he feels free to deal with it as he judges best. "A finer tragic feeling, it seems to me," he says, "is produced, if Polyphontes is represented as not wholly black and inexcusable, than if he is represented as a mere monster of cruelty and hypocrisy. Aristotle's profound remark is well known,—that the tragic personage whose ruin is represented should be a personage neither eminently good, nor yet one brought to ruin by sheer iniquity; nay, that his character should incline rather to good than to bad, but that he should have some fault which impels him to his fall."

Curiously enough, however, instead of painting Polyphontes partly good and partly bad, the poet leaves it uncertain whether he is good or is bad. He paints two characters—the one of a man of a determined spirit, and capable of generous devotion to another, whom a deep sense of patriotism and justice had compelled to rise in arms against and sacrifice the life of the king whom hitherto he had faithfully served; the other, of a man who rebels against and murders his king that he may usurp the throne for his own advantage. Polyphontes represents himself in the one light, Merope represents him in the other; and the reader is furnished with no clue to judge between them, or to decide whether Polyphontes speaks truly or hypocritically. This doubt and perplexity as to the real bent of his character is carried on to the very end of the play. His death does not help to clear it, and Merope herself is unable to see her way out of the puzzle; her last words confess the enigma to be insoluble:

> "What meantest thou, O Polyphontes, what
> Desired'st thou, what truly spurr'd thee on?
> Was policy of state, the ascendency
> Of the Heracleidan conquerors, as thou saidst,
> Indeed thy lifelong passion and sole aim?
> Or didst thou but, as cautious schemers use,
> Cloak thine ambition with these specious words?
> I know not; just, in either case, the stroke
> Which laid thee low, for blood requires blood:
> But yet, not knowing this, I triumph not

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Over thy corpse, triumph not, neither mourn;
For I find worth in thee, and badness too."

A mixed character no doubt is fitted to tragedy; but a dubious character is fitted to no dramatic art whatever. This is not the case of a complex character not easily decipherable, but of two simple enough sets of opposite qualities ascribed to one man; and the play must be read to appreciate how nicely the see-saw between the two is kept up, and how distracting an influence it exerts. From the preface, indeed, we may gather which way the balance was intended to incline; and we presume (though even with this assistance we walk very uncertainly) that Polyphontes is intended to be represented as a man of noble nature, and whose rebellion was actuated in the main by noble motives; but in whose breast lay a vein of personal and selfish ambition half concealed, and but half concealed, from the consciousness of its owner. The fate of such a man might take a tragic interest which would deserve not to be eclipsed even by separate interests gathered round another: but if such was indeed the writer's aim, he has shot wide of his mark. The fact is, the forms of the Greek drama scarcely afford scope for the full development of such a character, which demands greater detail and variety of circumstance in its exhibition than can there be possibly afforded. Indeed, in placing such a character on the stage at all, Mr. Arnold can scarcely be said to be true to his model. The general language which Aristotle uses of a man not wholly good or bad, but leaning one way rather than the other, is very descriptive of the amount of human character which the Greek drama required. It uses the men to bring out the story. It does not dwell upon or seek to display the self-originating springs of action. Man stands there as a more or less passive instrument, on which destiny, the gods, and circumstance play; and the character assigned him is only as it were the setting of that instrument at a certain pitch. A character like that which we have presumed the author intends for Polyphontes confuses a Greek play; it raises a crowd of moral questions and dilemmas which have no place there. Merope's simple dictum on his death,—

"just in either case the stroke
Which laid thee low, for blood requires blood,"—

does not satisfy us. We are launched on the inquiry whether the blood was rightly shed: we seek to know whether the man was true to himself,—whether his own conscience exonerated him; and these are not questions either to be asked or solved in Greek tragedy. It concerns itself full little with the motives of action. Herein Mr. Arnold has scarcely been true either to the outward destiny-controlled morality of ancient Greece, or the

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placid acquiescences of modern Oxford. It is not this, however, but the duality of nature we have before spoken of, which prevents our taking an interest in Polyphontes, or even grasping him at all by the imagination. We read his speeches, and admire them; but have no notion of the man, and therefore care not for his fate. When Æpytus slays him, we feel indifferent whether he had struck the steer or the king: our only impression is, that an elderly insoluble riddle is dead. We are grateful, but not moved.

These are faults, and they are such as were to be looked for from our former experience of the author's writings. We suppose the phrenologists would say he wants individuality. He does not grasp wholes, or even the larger aspects of things. It is in his details we learn how fine a poetic faculty he really possesses. His is not a creative, it is an expressive genius. Hence some of his best poems are those in which he gives a direct voice to his own feelings. He has not that tranquil and complete imagination which without effort embraces a wide field, and compels it into a small and perfect circle of creative art; and which, working outward from an inner conception, stamps the harmony of its own nature on its work. Few indeed are the poets that possess it. Matthew Arnold's is a symmetrical rather than a harmonious genius. He creates parts, and adjusts them together. He wants depth and largeness of artistic power; but he has an exquisite taste, the faculty that detects at least minor disproportions and discrepancies. He has a nice sense of fitness and proportion, and, in all that goes to furnish beauty and finish of execution, it would not be easy to rival him among living poets. His poetry wants power: this play does not move you deeply, nor leave as a whole any profound impression; but step by step it is to be read with a high degree of pleasure, and of a high kind. For the author is rich in poetic instincts, and not devoid of the true poet's insight, and his work is informed throughout with an unfailing life of imagination and fancy. Moreover, his faculties are never strained—he strikes no note above his natural compass. The whole conception of the tragedy perhaps taxes his powers fully as far as they can bear; but in the conduct of it he every where displays the decent composure of moderate strength, none of the spasmodic effort of weakness. He has a reticence which enables you to enjoy him with a sense that there is more power in reserve, and sometimes a glowing coal breaks out through the lambent play of imaginative diction which generally characterises him—and it is imaginative, not fanciful. Almost always he writes from the deeper hold of the imagination, not from the lighter grasp of fancy. It is fancy, perhaps, though in her very highest mood, that speaks of

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> "lightning passion, that with grasp of fire
> Advancest to the middle of a deed
> Almost before 'tis planned;"

but it is imagination that gives their beauty to so many of the choruses, and to that exquisite piece of descriptive writing detailing the supposed death of Æpytus. He has come nearer, we think, than any other candidate to giving the effect of the Greek chorus. Though his verse wants something of varied cadence and music, and the changes lie within too limited a range: and though, too, the sharp incessant *ictus* strikes with something of an artificial sound on the ear, yet he has caught something of that warbling lyric effect which is most characteristic of the ancient choruses, and makes them more like the singing of birds than any other music.

"THE CHORUS.

Did I then waver *str.* 1.
(O woman's judgment!)
Misled by seeming
Success of crime?
And ask, if sometimes
The Gods, perhaps, allow'd you,
O lawless daring of the strong,
O self-will recklessly indulg'd?

Not time, not lightning, *ant.* 1.
Not rain, not thunder,
Efface the endless
Decrees of Heaven.
Make Justice alter,
Revoke, assuage her sentence,
Which dooms dread ends to dreadful deeds,
And violent deaths to violent men.

But the signal example *str.* 2.
Of invariableness of justice
Our glorious founder
Hercules gave us,
Son lov'd of Zeus his father: for he err'd,

And the strand of Eubœa, *ant.* 2.
And the promontory of Cenæum,
His painful, solemn
Punishment witness'd,
Beheld his expiation: for he died.

O villages of Œta *str.* 3.
With hedges of the wild rose!
O pastures of the mountain,
Of short grass, beaded with dew,
Between the pine-woods and the cliffs!
O cliffs, left by the eagles,
On that morn, when the smoke-cloud

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From the oak-built, fiercely-burning pyre,
Up the precipices of Trachis,
Drove them screaming from their eyries!
A willing, a willing sacrifice on that day
Ye witness'd, ye mountain lawns,
When the shirt-wrapt, poison-blister'd Hero
Ascended, with undaunted heart,
Living, his own funeral-pile,
And stood, shouting for a fiery torch;
And the kind, chance-arriv'd Wanderer,
The inheritor of the bow,
Coming swiftly through the sad Trachinians,
Put the torch to the pile:
That the flame tower'd on high to the Heaven;
Bearing with it, to Olympus,
To the side of Hebe,
To immortal delight,
The labour-releas'd Hero.

O heritage of Neleus, *ant.* 3.
Ill-kept by his infirm heirs!
O kingdom of Messenê,
Of rich soil, chosen by craft,
Possess'd in hatred, lost in blood!
O town, high Stenyclaros,
With new walls, which the victors
From the four-town'd, mountain-shadow'd Doris,
For their Hercules-issu'd princes
Built in strength against the vanquish'd!
Another, another sacrifice on this day
Ye witness, ye new-built towers!
When the white-rob'd, garland-crowned Monarch
Approaches, with undoubting heart,
Living, his own sacrifice-block,
And stands, shouting for a slaughterous axe;
And the stern, Destiny-brought Stranger,
The inheritor of the realm,
Coming swiftly through the jocund Dorians,
Drives the axe to its goal:
That the blood rushes in streams to the dust;
Bearing with it, to Erinnys,
To the Gods of Hades,
To the dead unaveng'd,
The fiercely-requir'd Victim.

Knowing he did it, unknowing pays for it. *epode.*
Unknowing, unknowing,
Thinking aton'd-for
Deeds unatonable,
Thinking appeas'd
Gods unappeasable,
Lo, the Ill-fated One,
Standing for harbour,
Right at the harbour-mouth,
Strikes, with all sail set,
Full on the sharp-pointed
Needle of ruin!"

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Art. II.—STRAUSS'S LIFE OF ULRICH VON HUTTEN.

Ulrich von Hutten. Von David Friederich Strauss. 2 vols. Leipzig: F. A. Brockhaus, 1858.

Epistolæ Obscurorum Virorum, aliaque Ævi Decimi Sexti Monimenta rarissima. Die Briefe der Finsterlinge an Magister Ortuinus von Deventer, nebst andern sehr seltenen Beiträgen zur Litteratur- Sitten- und Kirchengeschichte des sechzehnten Jahrhunderts. Herausgegeben und erläutert durch Dr. Ernst Münch. (*Letters of Obscure Men to Master Ortuinus of Deventer, with other very rare Contributions to the History of Letters, Manners, and the Church in the 16th Century. Edited and elucidated by Dr. Ernest Münch.*) Leipzig, 1827.

Considering the important part which Ulrich von Hutten played in the history of the Reformation, singularly little is known concerning him. To men in other respects well informed he is scarcely more than a name. A few paragraphs, a sentence, an allusion, are all that is afforded him in the popular histories of his time. Those histories, it is true, have been mainly written by theologians; and Hutten's, though in many respects a manly and noble character, is not one to find favour with divines. His faults are those at which they are always ready to cast the first stone; and which the Lutheranism of his latter days, though, like charity, it will cover a multitude of sins, has not been able entirely to veil.

And yet Hutten, more fitly perhaps than any of his contemporaries, might stand as the representative man of his age. He did not, it is true, like Erasmus, "lay the egg of the Reformation," nor, like Luther, "hatch it." He was not so great a man, it is needless to say, as either of these. But while they embodied single tendencies, the religious and the humanistic, in unbalanced excess, in Hutten all the conflicting forces of the age were epitomised. In him, we see his own time, as it were in microcosm. Scholar, knight, soldier, a partisan of the Emperor against the Pope, and of Luther against the corruptions and "heresies" of Rome; a vindicator of the privileges of the feudal nobility against the encroachments of the sovereign princes,—there is scarcely an aspect of his age, political, social, religious, or literary, to which his character does not present a corresponding phase. When to this we add the romantic interest of his life, whose vicissitudes and troubles St. Paul's words describe without exaggeration,—"In journeyings often, in perils of waters, in perils of robbers, . . . in perils in the city, in perils in the wilderness, in perils in the sea, in perils among false brethren,

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in weariness and painfulness, in hunger and thirst, in cold and nakedness,"—we are surprised that a character and career as attractive to the lover of the wonderful and adventurous, as it is significant to the philosophic student of history, should have been left to Dr. Strauss now for the first time worthily to set forth. He has diligently consulted all the materials which the works of his predecessors and literary collections have made accessible to him. Böcking, who has long been engaged on a collective edition of Ulrich von Hutten's writings, to supersede the slovenly and inaccurate volumes of Münch, has generously placed at Strauss's disposal the results of his researches and criticisms. Of the literary skill with which these elements are worked up, no reader of our author's former biographies will require to be assured. Strauss is no hero-worshiper. No one was ever less infected with the "*lues Boswelliana*, or disease of admiration," to which, as Lord Macaulay urges (and in some passages of his history, perhaps, illustrates), "biographers, translators, editors, all, in short, who employ themselves in illustrating the lives or the writings of others, are peculiarly exposed." His cool judgment and clear analytic faculty protect him from this danger, as self-reliance is said to protect one against physical distemper. Dr. Strauss does not project himself into his subject. He stands calmly above it, surveying it. The figures do not breathe and move on the canvas. They are dissected on the surgeon's table, and lectured upon. No doubt, a biography written in this judicial spirit loses in interest, if it gains in impartiality. Of the solar rays, it is the province of some, we are told, to convey light, of others to carry heat, to the world. Dr. Strauss shines brightly upon his subject; but he shines exclusively with luminiferous rays. He gives out none of that quickening warmth which is able to make the dry bones of past events and half-forgotten men live again. Disappointing as this phlegmatic impassive temperament occasionally is, it is much better than the forced "geniality," the strained enthusiasm, the ambition above all things to be vivid and picturesque, which is a growing fault of English biographers. We are never, in the case of Dr. Strauss, distracted with painful doubts as to whether a particular passage is intended to be admired as eloquent, or received as true. Conscientious fidelity, entire freedom from exaggeration,—the first and essential qualifications of the historian and biographer, just as truthfulness is the ground of all other virtues,—preëminently characterise him.

In Strauss's previous biographies, it is easy to perceive a doctrinal purpose, underlying the narrative, and colouring the author's reflections. He values the Greek element of our civilisation more than the Hebrew, pits the Classics against the Scriptures as instruments of individual culture and national health

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and strength. There is a polemic aim also in the work before us, though of a somewhat different kind, and likely to enlist a wider range of sympathies. Hutten, indeed, would hardly serve to point the moral which was drawn from the lives of Frischlin, Schubart, and Märklin. He did not turn from theology to literature, but beginning with the humanist passed over to the Lutheran party. He was always, however, an intense asserter of German nationality,—of secular rights against ecclesiastical domination. The untoward events which have called forth Bunsen's *Signs of the Times*,—the insidious encroachments of Protestant synods no less than of Papal hierarchies upon freedom of conscience in Germany,—have evidently been inducements to the preparation of this book. But Hutten's own character and writings tell their tale so plainly, that there is no need for the author to appear as chorus, and point out their significance and application to the present time. Moreover, the impressive nature of the man,—whom Melancthon feared and wondered at while he esteemed,—keeps the biographer more faithful than he is wont to be to his allegiance, which is (so far as may be) to depict his hero in his habit as he lived, and not to moralise about him. The following passage of the preface, and the concluding paragraph of the biography, which is in the same vein, are almost the only portions of the work into which contemporary references intrude:

"For the rest, throughout this book I wish for not merely satisfied and favourable, but also right many dissatisfied readers. What kind of book on Ulrich Hutten would *that* be, with which all the world should be pleased? Would that my memoir might vex to the heart those whom our hero would vex if he were living to-day! May they desire to shatter the mirror, out of which their own countenance stares them so unflatteringly in the face! It is this which is excellent in Hutten, that throughout he called things and persons, most of all the bad, by their right names. In this time of Concordats (to mention but one of its evil symptoms), the image of such a man rises as if invoked. Hutten was, to his last breath, the enemy of papal Rome; he knew, and will tell us why, he was so. Indeed, just as he pointed out to his contemporaries the Turks in Rome, so would he to-day find Rome in more than one Protestant consistory.

He does not, however, in this first volume come before us in conflict against Rome. We shall first see him at school (*eine Schule machen*), preparing himself, by skirmishes with lesser foes, for the great work of his life. The second volume will bring us for the first time before the walls of the Romish Troy, which he was among the foremost to attack, in order at the last, reversing the case of Philoctetes (*ein ungekehrter Philoktet*) to die on the island of his serpent-wounds. But his arrows are immortal, and wherever in German lands a battle is gained against obscurantism and spiritual tyranny, against priestcraft and despotism, there have Hutten's weapons been." (vol. i. pp. xii-xiv.)

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The family of Hutten had long been possessed of knightly rank in Franconia. Family traditions traced them back to the tenth century; documents, less complacent, stopped at the second half of the thirteenth. Their power was great. In the feud, of which we shall afterwards have to speak, with the Duke of Wurtemburg, it was the boast of Ludwig von Hutten that he could bring into the field twice as many knights as his princely enemy. The different branches of the family had dispersed widely, and were possessed of many feudal keeps. Ulrich von Hutten first saw the light at Steckelburg, on the 21st of April 1488, at half-past ten o'clock in the morning. To the position of the stars at his natal hour Melancthon attributed the bodily illness which afflicted his friend throughout his life. But it is too evident that the cruel malady to which most of his sufferings were due had its origin in other than celestial influences. They are to be traced, as the *post-mortem* examination which Dr. Strauss has instituted in his chapter on "Hutten's Krankheit" makes plain, not to the Aphrodite Urania, but to the Aphrodite Pandemos.

As a child, however, Hutten was delicate, and like most delicate children intellectually precocious. This circumstance determined his parents, although he was the eldest son, to bring him up to a priestly rather than a knightly life. At the age of eleven, in the year 1499, he was sent to the neighbouring Benedictine abbey of Fulda, with a view to his taking upon himself monastic vows. The Benedictines have always been celebrated for their cultivation of letters, and Fulda was at one time in the highest repute among their schools. It had already begun to decline; and a rigid ecclesiasticism was usurping the place of a more liberal discipline. There was enough of the former to disgust, and of the latter to attract, Hutten. And when the intercession of the noble Eitelwolf von Stein, whom Strauss celebrates as the first in Germany to unite the higher order of scholarship with profound mastery of affairs, failed to induce Ulrich's parents to revise their determination concerning him, the lad took the matter into his own hands by running away. It is probable that he was prompted to this step by his friend Crotus Rubianus, who balanced his accounts with the Church of Rome by himself afterwards espousing her cause against the humanists and reformers, to whom he had been instrumental in giving Hutten. A more remarkable coincidence and contrast is thus illustrated by our author:

"Not long after Hutten's escape in this wise out of the cloister at Fulda into the world, Luther fled from the world into the cloister at Erfurt. This contrast strikingly illustrates the nature and disposition of the two heroes; the one is bent on intercourse with men, the other

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on clearing his account with God. It is true that afterwards the latter acknowledges that he has chosen a false path, and deserts the cloister; without, however, being able again to get rid of the impress which his mode of thought and action there received. With all the breadth and grandeur of his later working, Luther remained a strictly self-enclosed, but yet a clerical, and thereby fettered and eclipsed personality (*blieb Luther eine streng in sich zusammengefasste, aber auch eine geistliche, dadurch gebundene und verdüsterte Persönlichkeit*); while Hutten's is a worldly, knightly, free nature, cheerful even in misfortune; but, it must be confessed, inconstant also, and presumptuous in its activity."

The four years (1505-9) which followed Hutten's flight from Fulda were spent in academic studies at Erfurt, Cologne, and Frankfurt-on-the-Oder, and in what we may call a "long-vacation tour" through Germany. Relations were entirely broken off between Ulrich and his father, who probably did not know whither his son had betaken himself. The latter, in the mean time, was supported by his kinsman Ludwig von Hutten (whose favours he afterwards had opportunity of effectually returning), by Eitelwolf von Stein, and by other noble and princely patrons to whom Eitelwolf had made him known. This period is memorable in Hutten's life for his silent progress in those humane studies which gave the colouring to his whole subsequent career, and which shone through the thin overcoat of quasi-Lutheran sentiment which was laid on in his last years; for the formation of many literary acquaintances whose names, illustrious in their day, serve now only to remind us how quickly even "the memory of the just" may perish; and for his own first literary efforts. These were three Latin poems: (1) Elegies to his friend Eoban Hesse; (2) a eulogistic poem on the Marches of Brandenburg (*in laudem Marchiæ*); and (3) an elegiac exhortation concerning Virtue. While showing mechanical facility and literary skill, and a study to some purpose of the antique models, "they do not," says Strauss, "bear the proper stamp of Hutten's genius." He had not yet found himself; no demand upon his strength had told him as yet where that strength lay. They are little more than rhetorical exercises; those tentative efforts by which it is given to most young poets to master the mechanical difficulties, to clear the channel for the free flow of the inspiration, when at last it shall well up from its yet sealed fountains.*

* The following verses from the poem on Virtue, which seem to prefigure their author's career, are smooth and elegant. The sentiment (commonplace as it is) is one of those which makes poetry of the most unpromising materials, and which comes home to every one even in its most inarticulate and stammering utterance:

"Ipse ego dum variæ meditor discrimina sortis,
Dum dubias vitæ difficilesque vias
Diversasque adeo curas hominumque labores,
Ingemit et tristi mens mihi corde dolet."

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In the early part of the year 1509 Hutten suddenly disappeared from Frankfurt, and for a twelvemonth his friends received no tidings of him. What befell in the interval we know only from his own after account, and from the writings to which his adventures gave occasion. He describes himself as having suffered much by land and by water,

"Plurima passus aquis, et terra plurima passus."

Of his mishaps on the sea, we know nothing. He reintroduces himself to us first as a houseless wanderer on the Pomeranian coast,—sick, destitute, begging his way from door to door, and sleeping in the open air. What led him thither he does not explain, and it is useless to conjecture. Hutten's motives and impulses defy analysis and computation. He is one of those persons who are always to be found where you least expect them. What is it that induces Madame Ida Pfeiffer to travel alone in Madagascar and Timbuctoo? "Hutten," says Strauss, "was a restless spirit. The lust of travel (*Wanderlust*) lay deep in his nature." The spirit of adventure possessed him, and carried him (like the possessed of old) whither he would not. In two lines of his own he has said all that is to be said on the subject:

"Nusquam habitare magis quam me delectat ubique
Undique sunt patriæ rura domusque meæ."

Afflicted with quartan fever, and with suppurating wounds, Hutten made his way, in the manner we have described, to Greifswald, where Henning Löz, "Ordinary Professor of Laws, Canon of the Collegiate Church of St. Nicolai, and 'Generalofficial' of the Bishop of Camin, between the Swene and the Oder," seemed disposed to play the part of the good Samaritan. "He received Hutten into his house; clothed him, probably out of his father's stores,"—his father, Wedeg Löz, was burgomaster, and a wealthy merchant,—"and advanced him money." For a time all went on well; but the demeanour of the Lözes gradually changed. They became insolent and overbearing; and when Hutten, who represents himself as having been conciliatory and submissive in the extreme,—though, as Strauss says, he was no lamb at any time,—wished to leave them, they declined to let him go until he had repaid them their advances. He represented that they could get nothing by detaining him; whereas "he might perhaps succeed in making his fortune elsewhere, and would then satisfy them." With health not yet reëstablished, he quitted Greifswald. After crossing a frozen bog, he had just entered a willow-plantation, fourteen miles distant from the place he left, when horsemen opposed him and bade him halt. They were Löz's servants. They stripped him of his clothes, and rob-

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bing him besides of a small parcel containing a few books and some songs, left him, with scoffs and insults, to pursue his journey, —it was a bitterly cold day towards the end of December, "all the water, even the sea by the shore being frozen,"—half-naked to Rostock in Mecklenburg-Schwerin. He reached this town in a plight not less wretched than that in which he had entered Greifswald.

Here he met with much kind treatment, especially from the students and professors of the universities, and achieved, as "the new poet," a certain degree of popularity.

The morality of non-resistance and the Christian doctrine of the forgiveness of injuries never seem to have had a disciple in Ulrich von Hutten. As a good hater, he would have satisfied Dr. Johnson himself. He hated, not without reason, Wedeg and Henning Löz, and set himself to do them all the harm he could, with the only weapon he could use,—his pen. Hutten's anger did not cloud, but rather cleared his intellect. He wrote best when he was in a rage. He has more affinity with Juvenal than with Horace. *Rabies armavit iambo.** Hutten composed two books of "Complaints" (*Querelæ in Wedegum Loetz Consulem Gripesualdensem, et filium ejus Henningum*, &c.), which were published at Frankfurt in 1510. That he aimed at something more than literary vengeance, is evident from one of the "elegies," in which Ludwig von Hutten is exhorted to knock down the elder Löz on one of the visits of the latter to Frankfurt, to secure him, and hand him over to the poet for punishment:

> "Tempus enim notum est, pater huc quoque Lossius ibit:
> Tu preme servatas obsidione vias.
> Ceperis, includes: *neque enim confodere cautum est:*
> De sumpto pœnas ipse Poeta feret."

Those who think it necessary to come to any judgment on this quarrel, should keep in mind Hutten's fiery temperament, and the fact that we have only his statement of the matter. That he believed himself to have been, and was, grossly used, there can be no doubt; but that he gave no provocation is a point on which we can hardly receive his testimony. His attacks had no perceptible effect on their objects, who rose to still higher honours and influence in Greifswald.

The *Querelæ* were followed very shortly afterwards by a work on the Art of Versification,—a kind of mediæval *Gradus ad*

* "Bei Hutten . . . . . war das Lachen nicht das Letzte, sondern der Zorn. Er sah in den Missbräuchen, die er verspottete, nicht blos das Thörichte, sondern mehr noch das Verderbliche" (Strauss, i. p. 28). "Die Hebamme von Hutten's Geiste war der Zorn. Seine Werke steigen an Bedeutung in dem Verhältniss, als die Gegenstände seines Zornes bedeutende werden, dieser selbst reiner wird" (Ibid. pp. 67-8).

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Parnassum,—which became immensely popular, was reprinted at various seats of learning, and introduced into many schools.

In the years which had elapsed since Ulrich's flight from Fulda, the old knight of Steckelburg's feeling of anger had gradually abated. He maintained the show of it still, but the reality was vanishing. He abused his son himself, in order to elicit the counter-praises of others. By the skilful management of Crotus Rubianus, whom the younger Ulrich had known in his convent days, and since at Cologne, he was induced to acknowledge in a confidential moment that Ulrich would never have made a good monk, and to propose that he should give up his nonsensical humanist studies (*seine Narrenspossen, die* bonas literas), and go to Italy as a law-student. "It would be better that he were a quibbler-at-law (*ein Rechtsverdreher*, rabula forensis), who might be of use to his family, than a monk in disgrace with his superiors." Next to the proposition that he should re-enter his convent,—which *was* made to him when, with characteristic audacity, he applied there for money to aid him in his studies,—this of his father's was the most disagreeable of any that could be suggested to Hutten. He rejected it, and resumed his wandering life. In wretched condition, he travelled to Olmütz in Moravia, where he was effectually helped, and sent, with money in his purse and a horse beneath him, to Vienna. He arrived there about the autumn of the year 1511. The one feeling which pervaded the mind of the people of Germany at this time, and which almost raised them to a perception of their common nationality, was hatred to Venice. This feeling was, for obvious reasons, strongest in Vienna, the capital of the hereditary possessions of the emperor. The complication of European politics at this period is difficult to unravel; but as Hutten's history becomes henceforth entwined with them, a short statement of the relations then existing between the Italian and German States becomes absolutely necessary.

On the accession of Louis XII. to the throne of France, one of his first acts was to lay claim to the duchy of Milan, as grandson of Valentina, daughter of John Galeazzo Visconti, to whose children, by the Duke of Orleans, remainder to the duchy, on the failure of male heirs, had been granted. This condition had long since arisen; but the throne of Milan had in the mean time been seized by the family of the Sforzas, whom, after half a century's possession, Louis now aimed to expel. "Venice, ever at strife with that city, gladly favoured his pretensions; and the Pope, Alexander VI., in the hope of gaining by his means an Italian throne for his son, the notorious Cæsar Borgia, also sided with him. Louis invaded Italy (A.D. 1500), and took possession of Milan. Sforza taking 8000 Swiss mer-

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cenaries into his service, and regaining his duchy, Louis also turned to them for aid, and, strengthened by a body of 10,000 of these troops, shut up Sforza in Novara. The Swiss, however, refusing to fight against each other, Sforza's mercenaries were permitted to march unmolested out of the city. The duke, disguised as one of the number, quitted the place with them, but was sold by a man of Uri, named Turmann, to the French monarch, who sent him prisoner to France. Maximilian beheld the successes of the French monarch in Italy . . . . with impotent rage, and convoked one diet after another, without being able to raise either money or troops. At length, in the hope of saving his honour, he invested France with the duchy of his brother-in-law Sforza, and by the treaty of Blois (A.D. 1504) ceded Milan to France for the sum of 200,000 francs. The marriage of Charles, Maximilian's son, with Claudia, the daughter of Louis, who it was stipulated should bring Milan in dowry to the house of Hapsburg, also formed one of the articles of this treaty; and in the event of any impediment to the marriage being raised by France, Milan was to be unconditionally restored to the house of Austria."* This treaty was broken, "and Claudia was married to Francis of Anjou, the heir-apparent of the throne of France." Dr. Strauss does not take these circumstances into account when he represents Maximilian's Italian expedition of 1508 as one of mere ceremony, as a reminiscence of the old glories of the empire. "Maximilian," he says, "in whose lofty but inconstant spirit the old idea of the Roman empire of the German nation once more flickered up, had determined, in conformity with ancient custom (*nach alter Sitte*), to make an armed march to Rome for the purpose of being there crowned as Cæsar; but the Venetians forbade him passage through their territory."† It is not quite correct to say that the Emperor was refused free passage through the Venetian territory; on the contrary, this was expressly promised him, together with safe and honourable escort to Rome, if only he would leave his army on the German side of the Venetian frontier. But Maximilian's eye was fixed on Milan more than on Rome. The Venetians knew this; and, as the allies of France, were bound to refuse admittance to an expedition directed against the possessions of the latter power. The Emperor attempted to force his way; but, after a few transient successes, was obliged to yield to the superior powers of the republican troops; and a treaty of peace was concluded in June 1508. Louis XII. did not reciprocate the fidelity of the Venetians. He was alarmed by their increasing power; and at his instigation the league of Cambray was formed, in

* Menzel's History of Germany, Eng. transl., ii. pp. 214-5.
† Strauss, i. p. 85.

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which the Pope Julius II., Ferdinand of Spain, and Maximilian united with him for the dismemberment and annihilation of the republic. Nothing, of course, could resist the conjoined forces of the confederates. But the jealousy which they had felt of Venice, they soon began to entertain towards each other. The Pope attempted to detach Maximilian from the alliance. The Venetians supplicated for cessation of hostilities. Matters were thus in suspense at the period of Hutten's arrival in Vienna.

Under these circumstances, Hutten could have had no better letter of introduction to the literary circles of the city than the poem which he had composed during the last few days of his journey, in exhortation to Maximilian to continue the war against the Venetians. It was received with rapture by the friends to whom he read it, and published by them after his departure, in January 1512. In it he reminds the Emperor of the former aggressions and insults of the Venetians, and seeks to inflame him at once by the lust of recent successes, and the shame of preceding defeats. They desire peace, he urges, only that they may prepare themselves for war; and therefore peace must be refused them. Together with patriotic hatred, "the ill-will of our poor knight against a republic of opulent merchants finds expression,—a feeling of which, even as regarded the free towns of Germany, he was unable his whole life long entirely to rid himself."*

Appended to this poem was another, animated by the same patriotic spirit, in which Hutten aims to prove that the Germans have not declined from their ancient fame (*Quod ab illa antiquitus Germanorum claritudine nondum degenerarint nostrates, Ulr. Hutteni Eq. Heroicum*). In it he points out as a "historic law," that periods of warlike, and of commercial and literary activity, alternate in the life of nations. The Germans of old had no writers to record the heroic deeds they did; but it is not yet true that the Germans of to-day can only describe the achievements of others, without being able to perform any thing great themselves.†

Hutten left Vienna before the publication of these poems. Of the details of his residence there, we know nothing more than the following amusing passage of the *Epistolæ Obscurorum Virorum* (which Strauss refers to without quoting) tells us. The allusion can be to no other than Hutten, whose peculiarities

* This feeling is curiously apparent in the dialogue *Prædones*, written many years later, in which he undertakes to combat it, and advocates a union of the equestrian and burgher classes against the princes and the church.

† "Verstünden nun die jetzigen Deutschen nur, fremde Thaten zu beschreiben, ohne selbst etwas Grosses thun zu können, so wäre das freilich nur die umgekehrte Einseitigkeit. So schlimm jedoch stehe es mit ihnen noch lange nicht." Strauss, i. p. 88.

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are good-humouredly depicted, perhaps with a few heightening touches. The humour of the passage is as inseparable from its Latinity as that of "Jeames's Diary" from Mr. Thackeray's peculiar spelling. M. Joannes Krabacius (one of the obscure) is supposed to write thus:

"Semel venit unus socius ex Moravia, quando ego fui Viennæ, qui debet esse Poeta, et scripsit etiam metra, et voluit legere artem metrificandi, et non fuit intitulatus (he wished to lecture on versification without having a degree!). Tunc ipse Magister noster Heckman prohibuit ei, et ipse fuit ita prætensus, quod non voluit curare mandatum ejus. Tunc Rector prohibuit suppositis, quod non deberent visitare ejus lectionem (the Rector forbade the students to attend his lecture). Tunc ille Ribaldus accessit Rectorem, et dixit ei multa superba dicta et tibisavit eum (he said many insolent things to the Rector, and *thou'd* him). Tunc ipse misit pro famulis civitatis, et voluit eum incarcerare, quia fuit magnum scandalum, quod simplex socius deberet tibisare unum Rectorem Universitatis, qui est Magister noster; et cum hoc ego audio, quod ille socius neque est Baccalaureus, neque Magister, nec est aliquo modo qualificatus seu graduatus, et incessit sicut bellator, vel qui vult ambulare ad bellum, et habuit pileum et longum cultrum in latere. Sed per Deos ipse fuisset incarceratus, si non habuisset notos in civitate."

Defeated in his attempts to support himself as a teacher of polite literature in Vienna, Hutten surrendered at discretion to his father's wishes, and betook himself, in the spring of 1512, to Pavia, to be manufactured into a jurist. Misfortune, however, which was never long off his track, followed him thither. His disease broke out in an aggravated form; and the political and military embroilments in which intrigue had involved Italian affairs involved him also. In his new-born zeal for the Venetians, Julius II. had deposed and excommunicated the Duke of Ferrara, who refused to discontinue his hostilities against the republic. This excommunication extended to his supporters, and therefore included Louis XII. and Maximilian, whom their common injury drew into closer union against the Pope. The necessity of meeting these formidable opponents led to the counter-alliance, known as "the Holy League," between Julius, the Venetians, Ferdinand of Aragon, and Henry VIII. of England. Their great aim was to expel the French from Italy, which they ultimately succeeded in doing. At the time of which we are now speaking, however, the French were still masters of Lombardy, and in possession of Pavia. Their victory at Ravenna (April 11, 1512), purchased by the death of their gallant young commander, Gaston de Foix, was rather a loss to them than a gain. More had been slain on their side than on the enemy's, and their confidence from this time declined, never to be reëstablished. The Pope's, on the other hand,

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rose, and his measures became, if possible, more vigorous and decisive. Maximilian, not heeding Hutten's *Exhortation*, made peace with the Venetians a few months only after that admonitory poem was published, and deserted to the papal side. Twenty thousand Swiss mercenaries, at the summons of Julius, appeared in July 1512 before Pavia. As a subject of the Emperor, Hutten was an object of suspicion to the French in the town, "who for three entire days kept him prisoner in a narrow chamber. Suffering at the same time under fever, he gave himself up for lost." In this mood of mind he wrote the mournful epitaph which Strauss has thus rendered into German, and which, with the exception of a single line, might have stood as well at the actual close of his life:

"Der zum Jammer gezeugt, ein unglückseliges Leben
Lebte, von Uebeln zu Land, Uebeln zu Wasser verfolgt:
Hier liegt Hutten's Gebein. Ihm, der nichts Arges verschuldet,
Wurde vom Gallischen Schwert grausam das Leben geraubt.
War vom Geschick ihm bestimmt, nur Unglücksjahre zu schauen,
Ach, dann war es erwünscht, dass er so zeitig erlag.
Er, von Gefahren umringt, wich nicht vom Dienste der Musen,
Und so gut er's vermocht, sprach er im Liede sich aus."

The city was taken within three days. Hutten was robbed and ill-treated by the victorious party, who considered his presence in Pavia proof of his connection with the French; and with difficulty ransoming himself, he wandered to Bologna.

Enlisting is generally the last resource of desperate men in our time, and it was Hutten's. We know nothing of his warlike exploits. That he did not abandon the pen on taking the sword, his book of Epigrams,* "one of his freshest and most attractive works," remains to prove. "Written at different times and places, the little book follows the changing course of the protracted war, and brings before us, in the liveliest picture, victory and defeat, hope and fear, the gain and loss of towns and countries, the formation and dissolution of alliances." Despising "reasons of state," Hutten strikes indiscriminately at friend and foe,—at the Venetians and the Pope, as well as at the French.

Returning from Italy in 1514, and meeting with a cold reception from his family, who were disappointed that he had no degree to show as the result of his studies, he repaired to Mentz, where, through the intercession of his early friend Eitelwolf von Stein, he obtained favour in the eyes of the new archbishop, Albert Margrave of Brandenburg. Here, too, he formed acquaintance with Erasmus, for whom he professed boundless re-

* Ulrichi de Hutten Eq. Germani ad Cæsarem Maximilianum Epigrammatum liber unus.

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verence. The subsequent relations of these two men, who, with all their mutual admiration, were constitutionally unable to understand each other, became those of bitterest antipathy.

The perpetration of a great crime withdrew Hutten's zeal from matters of state interest, even from the cause of "good letters," to the relentless exposure and punishment of the criminal. Hans von Hutten,—the son of that Ludwig von Hutten who had befriended Ulrich after his flight from Fulda,—had entered the service of the young Ulrich, Duke of Wurtemburg, and gained the affection of his prince, who made him his Mâster of the Horse. Reasons of state had compelled the Duke to enter into a marriage that was distasteful to him with Sabina, a quarrelsome and repulsive virago, sister of the Duke of Bavaria. But he loved Ursula, the beautiful daughter of Conrad von Thumb, his hereditary marshal. Hans von Hutten, unfortunately, loved this lady too, and married her. The Duke confided his attachment to the young husband. "He fell at the feet of his Master of the Horse, and with outstretched arms, besought him, for God's sake, to allow of his affection for his wife; for he neither could nor would forbear." The matter became known. The Duke felt that he had not only done wrong, but made himself ridiculous; and his hatred of Hans von Hutten was of course implacable. He refused to allow Hans or his wife to depart from court, which was the natural and easiest way of settling the question. He had resolved on another mode of getting rid of his rival. Assuming an appearance of friendliness, he invited him to be his companion on a ride to Boeblingen. Hans came, suspecting nothing, unarmed, except with a small dagger, and but poorly mounted. The Duke was well equipped, and in a coat of mail. The attendants gradually drew off; and the two entered a wood together. Here Hans was set upon and slain; stabbed, it is not impossible, from behind, for of the seven wounds from which he perished, five were in the back. "The Duke added insult to murder. He slung a girdle round the dead man's neck, and fastened it to a dagger, which he thrust up to its hilt in the earth. This was to signify the hanging which the dead man had merited for his villanies." The Duke of Wurtemburg never denied that he had killed Hans von Hutten. He pleaded, now, that the deed was done in a moment of passion; now, that it was done in fair fight; now, that it was a deliberate and judicial execution; and by these conflicting statements confirmed the worst interpretation that could be put upon it.

The whole clan of the Huttens met, and united in demanding vengeance. Ulrich seized his pen, dedicated a funeral poem to his cousin's memory; and a consolatory letter, modelled after the best classical examples, and full rather of humanist than hu-

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man feeling, to the bereaved Ludwig. He reminds him, "that it was a mortal whom he had begotten, and asks him whether he is now worse off than he was before his son's birth, when he did not grieve;" and makes mention "of the examples of Priam and Antigonus, Pericles and Xenophon, Æmilius Paulus and Q. Marcius." The religious stand-point of the letter is, as Strauss remarks, heathenish. Of course, as Christians, says Ulrich, we believe the soul to be immortal; but if it be not, if it be annihilated in the grave, "death is no evil, since in putting an end to sensation, it puts an end to pain." It is this alternative on which the writer dwells. Both the poem and the letter conclude with exhortations to vengeance.

A complication of intrigues ensued, which it would be useless to unravel. Political and personal considerations swayed the even balance of justice, now this way and now that. Ulrich von Hutten issued violent invectives against the murderer in the classical form of accusatory speeches, prepared as if for delivery before the diet. The connection of the Duke of Wurtemburg, however, with the reigning family of Bavaria and with the Emperor himself, whose niece he had married, insured the virtual condonation of his offence. A payment of 10,000 florins to the father of his victim, and of 2000 to provide masses for the soul of the latter, was adjudged. The flight of Sabina of Bavaria from her husband united the Bavarian forces with those of Hutten; and this sentence was withdrawn for one of outlawry, for which, eleven days later, in order to avoid the war that seemed imminent, a payment of 27,000 florins was substituted. In this sum, satisfaction to the living and masses for the dead, and payment of the expenses of the soldiery which Ludwig von Hutten had collected, were supposed to be included.

Hutten's little progress and slight interest in juridical knowledge had mortified the old knight at Steckelberg exceedingly. He considered his son, who was neither priest nor jurist, but a simple scholar, a mere nobody; an estimate which was the occasion of Hutten's poem entitled *Niemand*, the pith of which lies in the play upon the term, taken at pleasure, as if it denoted an actual person, or as a mere universal negative. A specimen of the jokes will suffice. "Nobody is free from errors. Nobody is wise in love. Nobody can serve two masters. Nobody is at the same time honest and a courtier. Nobody comes to the help of groaning Italy, and frees the city of Quirinus from priestly domination. Nobody ventures to blame the insolence and indolence of the clergy, or to censure the Pope," &c.*

This jesting, agreeable though it might be, did not, however, fill Hutten's purse; he closed, therefore, with the offer that

* Strauss, i. pp. 149, 150.

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was made to him, that he should return to Italy, and renew his law-studies in Rome. He set out in the autumn of 1515, with letters of introduction from Erasmus to some of the more eminent scholars there resident. His impressions of the city are preserved in several epigrams which he sent thence to his friend Crotus Rubianus. The venality of Rome (*"wo, mit den Heiligen, man selber den Gott auch verkauft"*), the corruption of the clergy, and the aggressions and extortions of the Pope, are denounced with indignant eloquence.*

At this period of Hutten's history, it is necessary to recur to the state of Italian politics.

In 1512, the Pope and the Emperor had succeeded, with the aid of the Swiss, in expelling the French from Italy, and had restored the Sforzas to their ducal throne of Milan. Hereupon the Venetians deserted their old alliance, and formed with the French, in the March of the following year, the offensive and defensive treaty of Blois. The feeling in Italy towards that republic was much the same as that which the autocratic neighbours of Belgium and Piedmont may be supposed to entertain towards those constitutional monarchies. The league for its dismemberment was not forgotten. Its safety, even its existence, depended on the preservation of the balance of power in the Peninsula. It was therefore its policy to throw its weight into the scale of the weaker of the contending powers, provided that power were not *too* weak. The treaty of Blois was met a month later by the counter-treaty of Mechlin—the parties to which were the new Pope (Leo X.), Maximilian, Ferdinand of Aragon, and our own Henry VIII. The early successes of the invading forces of the French and Viennese, under Latremouille and D'Alviano were more than neutralised by the defeat of the former at Novara, in June 1513. About the same time, Henry and Maximilian had entered the French territory, and possessed themselves of Terouenne and Tournay. The second expulsion of the French from Italy followed on this double reverse; and their designs on Milan remained in abeyance until the accession of Francis I., who in 1515 invaded Italy anew. By the treachery of the Swiss Confederation, and the active aid of the Venetians, he gained the battle of Marignano, against the obstinate resistance of those of the Helvetic mercenaries who remained faithful to their engage-

* "Sie handhaben Verbot und Erlaubniss, schliessen und öffnen,
Und wie es ihnen beliebt, theilen den Himmel sie aus.
Römerinnen und Römer nicht mehr; voll Ueppigkeit alles,
Alles, wohin du auch blickst, voll der verworfensten Lust,
Und das Alles in Rom, wo Curius einst und Metellus
Und Pompejus gelebt: O der veränderten Zeit!
Drum den Verlangen entsage, mein Freund, nach der heiligen Roma;
Römisches, welches du suchst, findest in Rom du nicht mehr."

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ments. This was on the 13th and 14th of September, "a few weeks before Hutten entered on his second journey to Italy." Maximilian had rejected the alliance to which Francis I., previous to the Italian expedition, had invited him, and was now arming against the French. Under these circumstances, Hutten addressed to the Pope his Prognostic for the year 1516,* in which he predicts not only "war, but destruction to Italy, on astrological as well as political grounds." Early in 1516 Maximilian's preparations were complete; and he entered Italy at the head of 30,000 men, of whom 15,000 were Swiss mercenaries. Without encountering any formidable resistance, he made his way to Milan. Here, however, distrusting the fidelity of his Swiss, he shrank from an assault, and, plundering as he went, made his way back to his own dominions, rivalling the achievement of the mythical French monarch who "marched up the hill, and then marched down again."

"There," says Strauss, "the ridicule of the Italians was a matter of indifference to him. They mocked him in the theatres; caricatures and pasquinades appeared against him. He was painted riding on a crab, with the inscription, *Tendimus in Latium.* Men kindled torches in bright daylight, and set themselves to look for the Emperor. The French in Italy especially gave full scope to their insolence on the occasion of their young king's success in war. Hutten devoted several epigrams to this state of things, which he sent, as it appears, to Eoban Hesse, who, towards the end of the year 1516, caused them to be printed as supplements to two poems, which I shall afterwards refer to. Subsequently Hutten incorporated most of them in his book of Epigrams addressed to the Emperor.

Nevertheless, the French bravado on the one side, and Hutten's German heart and hot blood on the other, could not but cause a real scene when the first collision of any importance came. One day Hutten rode out with an acquaintance towards Viterbo, just as an envoy from the king of the French to the Pope was journeying through the place.† Five Frenchmen, probably part of the suite of the envoy, made themselves merry on the subject of Maximilian, who was still fighting in the neighbourhood of Milan. Hutten took up the cause of his emperor. The matter proceeded from words to deeds. The five fell upon their solitary opponent, whom his travelling companion left in the lurch. Hutten now drew his sword, struck down his nearest adversary, and himself, wounded only in his left cheek, put the remaining four to flight. Not unjustly did he account this a brave deed, celebrate it in six epigrams, boast of it to the Emperor in the third of his speeches against the Duke of Wurtemburg, and narrate it to his friends after his return to Germany, whither the fame of it, through

* Ad Leonem X. P.M. Carmen in prognosticon ad annum 1516.

† After the battle of Marignano, Leo had entered into an alliance with Francis, who, however, suspected him of secretly favouring Maximilian's abortive attempt on Milan.

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his letters and epigrams, had already preceded him. For the more Hutten gave himself up to study, the more value did he set upon his being of some account too as a knight and warrior. For this reason, later in life, none of his portraits was dearer to him than that which represented him in arms." (vol. i. pp. 164-6.)

The consequences of this adventure led Hutten to remove himself to Bologna, where he conscientiously devoted himself to his law-studies, not neglecting, however, more congenial pursuits. He perfected himself in Greek, and made acquaintance with Lucian and Aristophanes, from the former of whom he adopted that dialogue form, into which henceforth his principal writings were cast. He has been called the German Lucian; but he is too much in earnest to deserve the name, which, with the requisite change of nationality, would better suit Erasmus. There is none of the cool polished raillery of his prototype about the German knight; his satire is animated not by tolerant contempt, but by intolerant hate, and is always running into the fiercest invectives. The dialogue *Phalarismus* was his first effort in this direction. In it, Duke Ulrich of Wurtemburg is led down, yet living, to the infernal regions, by Mercury, to take council of Phalaris in villany, and is proudly introduced by him to all the tyrants of history, "from Astyages and Cambyses to Domitian," as their worthy successor. In the midst of his engagements at Bologna, Hutten found leisure also for the composition of his poems *De Venetum piscatura &c.* and *Marcus*, in which the origin and character of the Venetians are ridiculed; and the *Epistle of Italy to the Emperor*, in substance a repetition of the exhortation to Maximilian, which we have before mentioned.

An outbreak between the students of the different "nations" at Bologna, in which Hutten of course took an active part, made it desirable that he should not be found in that city, for a season at least. He paid brief visits to Ferrara and Venice; meeting with a magnanimous reception in the latter place. His claims as a citizen of the republic of letters outweighed, at least in the literary circles to which he was introduced, his political hostility. Declining there the invitation of some of his kinsmen to accompany them on a tour in the East, he returned to Bologna, and two or three days after his arrival set his face homewards to Germany.

During his second residence in Italy, in the autumn of 1516, Hutten received at Bologna the first volume of the celebrated *Epistolæ Obscurorum Virorum*. It is necessary to go back some years in order to recount the origin of this work; "a satire which," says Sir William Hamilton, "though European in its influence, has yet, as Herder justly observes, 'effected for Germany incomparably more than Hudibras for England, or Gara-

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gantua for France, or the Knight of La Mancha for Spain.' It gave the victory to Reuchlin over the Begging Friars, and to Luther over the Court of Rome." In the controversy which produced this work, Hutten took the liveliest interest, and bore no inactive part. For the sake of clearness we have deferred speaking of the events of it in their proper chronological place, and reserved them for connected narration here. That he was one of the authors, at least of the second portion of the satire, seems established on good critical grounds.

John Reuchlin, in whose defence the *Letters of Obscure Men* were written, was the son of a servant of the Dominican Order at Pforzheim, where he was born in the year 1455. The liberal patronage of the Margrave of Baden sent him to Paris in 1473. Here, under the instruction of Wessel and Hieronymus, he laid the foundations of his subsequent knowledge of the Greek and Hebrew tongues, which he afterwards taught and still further cultivated at Basel, at Tubingen, at Heidelberg, at Wurtemburg, and in frequent journeys to Italy. His life, however, was not that of the *mere* student; this character, in its developed and typical form, is the product of later times. He held high public offices under Eberhard of Wurtemburg,—Eberhard with the Beard (*Eberhard im Bart*). Forced to fly from the anger of this prince's successor, he took refuge with the Elector Philip at Heidelberg, and coöperated in his exertions, and those of his chancellor, John of Dalberg, to quicken and extend the literary revival which had already begun to spread from Italy to Germany. On the deposition of his enemy, and the accession of the young Duke Ulrich (afterwards the murderer of Hans von Hutten), he returned to Stuttgart. He held the office of Judge of the Swabian League (*Richteramt des Schwäbischen Bundes*). Such time, however, as was free from official claims, he spent "on his own small country estate,"—the court of Wurtemburg, under its present ruler, offered little that was congenial to him, —and, in the society of an invalid wife, applied himself to the task of "rearing white peacocks," and to his literary pursuits.*

None gave more powerful aid than Reuchlin to the promotion of classical studies in the Universities of Germany. In this respect, however, Erasmus may perhaps stand on the same level as he. It is as the restorer of Hebrew learning that Reuchlin's supremacy is most clear. It was on this that he most plumed himself. No attack seems to have wounded him so much as the imputation which was thrown out in the controversy of which we are about to speak, that he was not the author of his own Hebrew grammar. "Others," he allows, "may indeed have laid down single rules before him, but none has written a systematic book

* Strauss, i. 194.

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on the entire Hebrew tongue; and though my accuser (he cries) should break his heart through envy, still I am the first."* "Reuchlin's interest in this tongue was, however, not merely philological, nor yet merely theological, as a key to the better understanding of the Scriptures, but at the same time mystical in the fancied secrets of the Cabala. In the three letters of the Hebrew word with which (Gen. i. 1) the divine creation is indicated (*das göttliche Schaffen bezeichnet ist*), he found the doctrine of the Trinity; and according to the same mode of thinking, in Proverbs xxx. 31, a prediction (which, indeed, was not fulfilled) that Frederick of Saxony would succeed Maximilian as emperor."†

This mystical tendency, which in part was due to the natural temperament of the man, was in part also the product of the age in which he lived. When confidence in external authorities begins to decline, refuge is sought in the fancy of supernatural illumination, and the belief in secondary and allegorical meanings, latent in sacred texts, but to be discerned only by a vision divinely purged. From the time of Origen to that of Mirandola, from Philo to Swedenborg, the illusion has been a favourite one with superior minds. Under its influence Reuchlin made himself master of the later, more especially the Cabalistic, literature of the Jews; and as he advanced in years devoted himself more and more sedulously to these studies. The knowledge he thus gained, as useless, one would imagine, as any that can fill a human mind, he was able to turn to account, though with great hazard to himself, in the interests of toleration and freedom.

In 1509, John Pfefferkorn, a converted—or, to speak more correctly, a baptised—Jew of the worst possible character, obtained from Maximilian a commission enjoining the Jews throughout the empire to produce their books for examination, in order that such of them as contained blasphemies against Christianity might be condemned and publicly burnt. Pfefferkorn had paved his way to this result by a series of libels against the faith he had quitted. With the mandate in his hand, he repaired to Reuchlin, whose attainments in Hebrew literature he thought might be of use to him,—whose name, rather, might shelter him,—in the investigations he was about to institute. Reuchlin, however, did him the disservice of pointing out certain flaws which invalidated its authority. He was afterwards required, together with Jacob Hochstraten, prior of the Domi-

* Strauss, i. p. 200.

† Ibid. i. p. 192. For theological purposes, if such could be involved here, there was a sufficiently near approach, though Dr. Strauss neglects to remark it, to the fulfilment of the prophecy. Frederick was appointed *regent* of the empire on Maximilian's death. The imperial crown was *offered* to him by the electoral princes; but he justified his own name of "the Wise" by declining it.

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nicans, and chief inquisitor at Cologne, Victor von Carben, a converted rabbi, and several of the German Universities, to give his opinion on the question, whether the Jews ought not to be deprived of all their Hebrew books excepting the Old Testament, and the former destroyed as heretical. Such a catastrophe would have been as painful and shocking to him as to the veriest "Hebrew of the Hebrews." He returned an answer condemning strongly the course proposed.

On this a great outcry arose. He was charged with judaising; and much ink was shed in accusatory and apologetic pamphlets. The Dominicans, whose tool Pfefferkorn had been all along, came forward now as Reuchlin's open opponents. For a time, the peace-loving old man, who sought nothing better than to be left alone with his sick wife, his white peacocks, and his books, tried to conciliate his opponents. He temporised and qualified, avowing his submission to the Church, and pleading the necessity under which he had given the judgment which was made a reproach to him. But, as Strauss remarks,—with the air of a man who knows,—"it is never prudent to make even apparent concessions to the clergy; they immediately think they have put their adversary in fear, and redouble their shamelessness." Reuchlin, at any rate, found it so; and having nothing to hope from their mildness, boldly dared their resentment. In reply to the *Articuli sive propositiones de judaico favore nimis suspectæ ex libello teutonico Joannis Reuchlin*, which articles were in number forty-three, he published his *Defensio Jo. Reuchlin, Phorcensis, LL. Doctoris, contra calumniatores suos Colonienses*. In this work, if he proves himself superior to his adversaries in argument, he shows that he is by no means their inferior in the art of abuse.* The rage of the Dominicans knew no bounds. Hochstraten, their chief, caused Reuchlin's writings to be condemned at Mentz and publicly burnt. Reuchlin appealed to the Pope, Leo X., whose love of letters was superior to his dread of heresy. He referred the matter to the Count Palatine, George bishop of Spires, who gave judgment on the 24th of April 1514, acquitting Reuchlin of heresy, and condemning his persecutor to the payment of costs (111 Rhine florins) and to silence. He was further ordered, under pain of excommunication, to be reconciled to Reuchlin within thirty days.

This, of course, was a sentence "most tolerable and not to be endured." Hochstraten, in his turn, appealed to the Pope, who appointed a commission of eighteen bishops to decide the

* "Doch nicht blos an Gründen, sondern auch an Schimpfreden wollte Reuchlin seinern Gegnern nicht schuldig bleiben" (i. 208). 'Poisonous beast,' 'monster,' 'pig,' 'fox,' 'mule,' 'mad dog,' &c., were among the flowers of speech which he lavished on his opponents.

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matter. The usual means for obtaining a verdict at the Papal court were resorted to by the Dominicans,—gold flowed freely, —but without the usual result. On the 2d of July 1516, the case was determined in Reuchlin's favour. But Leo, much as he hated the monks, feared them also. Satisfied with protecting Reuchlin, he did not care to give him an open victory. He forbade the promulgation of the judgment, and quashed the proceedings by a mandate *de supersedendo*.

During this protracted struggle, Hutten, as his letters bear witness, had felt the liveliest sympathy with the persecuted scholar. His influence was not great among cardinals; but he strove to use such as he had, or fancied he had, with Cardinal Hadrian (afterwards the Pope of the same name), and dedicated an intercessory poem to him. More congenial, doubtless, was his diatribe against Pfefferkorn (*In sceleratissimam Jo. Pepericorni vitam Ulrichi ab Hutten Eq. exclamatio*), in which he ingeniously confounds the promoter of the Reuchlinian process with a namesake as bad as himself, and loads his head with the sins of both. It is the same in the controversy of letters as in that of arms; the laws of honourable warfare are a comparatively late invention. At first, the combatants recognise no restriction to their right of doing each other as much harm as possible; the Homeric heroes have no idea of *fair* fighting. Dr. Strauss compares Hutten (as we have seen) to Philoctetes. The comparison holds in so far as he did not object to use poisoned arrows. The fault, however, is rather that of his time than of himself.

In 1514, while the issue of the contest was still in suspense, Hutten submitted to Erasmus a poem prematurely entitled *The Triumph of Capnio** (*Triumphus Capnionis*), which, at the latter's advice, was suppressed until the triumph thus celebrated had been actually achieved. That Hutten had some share in the composition of the poem, which was not published till 1519, both internal and external evidence unite to prove. An expression of Erasmus's, who elsewhere unequivocally attributes it to him, makes it doubtful whether he were the sole author. The title of the poem indicates, what titles do not always do, its contents. Reuchlin is pictured returning to his native town after the fashion of a Roman conqueror,—victor over the malice and ignorance of his enemies, and leading the principal of them, Hochstraten, Pfefferkorn, and others, who are very uncomplimentarily described, in chains behind him.

In the same year in which this work was first shown to Erasmus, there appeared another, destined to have, though indirectly, a great influence on the result of the struggle. The

* So Reuchlin's name was Græcised in the fashion of the age. *Rauch*=*καπνός*=smoke.

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various faculties of theology in Germany, and even the Sorbonne at Paris, had followed the lead of the Cologners in condemning Reuchlin; but the sympathies of the cultivators of the new learning throughout Europe were altogether on his side, and were freely expressed to him in their letters. Not to lose whatsoever weight might attach to these "testimonials" of his most distinguished contemporaries, a selection from them was published, in 1514, under the title of *Epistolæ Illustrium Virorum ad Reuchlinum, virum nostra ætate doctissimum* ("Letters of Eminent Men to Reuchlin, the most learned man of our time").

It was to Crotus Rubianus, Hutten's early friend at Fulda and at Cologne, that the happy idea occurred of parodying this correspondence in a series of fictitious letters, purporting to be addressed to Ortuinus Gratus, one of the most active of Reuchlin's adversaries, in which obscurity, stupidity, and pedantic ignorance should be shown as the supporters of the Dominicans, just as the Letters of Illustrious Men had exhibited the opposite qualities enlisted in behalf of Reuchlin. The evidence of this assertion rests on an anonymous letter to Crotus, written after his return to the Catholic Church.

"The letter-writer," says Strauss, "speaks as one who belonged to what was at that time Crotus's circle. He reminds him of their confidential conversations, their walks and meals together, in which Crotus had with him his work then in progress, and out of which he read passages. In churches and lecture-rooms, he carried with him writing-tablets, in order to note down such discourse as seemed to admit of being elaborated for his work. In this way he had not a little benefited himself; and the letter-writer tells the apostate to his face, that in secret he still loves his book as tenderly as an ape loves its young, and would rather that Homer's *Iliad* should perish, than Crotus's pleasant jests and immortal laughter at the expense of the Papists." (vol. i. p. 258.)

The evidence of Hutten's share in the book, so far at least as the second part of it is concerned, rests upon his own assertion,* and upon many expressions directly indicating him in the writings of his friends, as of Erasmus, Pirckheimer, &c. His participation in the first volume of the Epistles is more difficult to be ascertained. His letter from Bologna, on receiving it, to our countryman Richard Croke, who then taught Greek at Leipzig, has been thought to negative the supposition of his coöperation: "I have received the *Obscure Men*. Good gods! what generous mirth (*quam non illiberales jocos*)! But the sophists not only

* "Huttenus ad Erasmum, Bambergæ, 21 Julii 1517. . . . Vale, et tuum Huttenum amare ne desine, rumpantur ut illis *obscuris viris*, qui jam, quâ *nos* excommunicamur, ingentem circumferunt bullam (referring to the papal brief against the Epistolas O.V.) . . ." (Strauss, i. p. 263.)

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suspect me to be the author, but, as I hear, openly proclaim that I am so. Take up the cause of your absent friend against them, and let me not be polluted with this defilement. Write to me at length on the matter, and inform me what their design is."* This passage might seem to be conclusive, but there is reason to think it one of those politic evasions or reservations (to use unoffensive words), which the morality of authorship has not yet discarded. Hutten had enemies enough, without making more. And if his temperament was not of a kind likely to be impressed by cautious personal considerations such as this, it yet was undesirable that his name should be too prominently brought forward as a partisan of Reuchlin's. Reuchlin was a servant of Ulrich of Wurtemburg, whom Hutten had not yet ceased to attack; and who, in his turn, had twice, at Rome and at Bologna, organised attempts on Hutten's life,—so, at least, it was suspected. It was considered inexpedient that Hutten should even write to Reuchlin. Sir William Hamilton, on internal evidence, unhesitatingly ascribes the 5th and 35th letters of the first volume to Hutten. He finds there many of the knight's habitual expressions, and with characteristic emphasis "defies any one to discover an equal number of equally signal coincidences (plagiarism apart) from the works of any two authors, allowing him to compare as many volumes as, in the present case, we have collated paragraphs." The following sentence is perhaps hardly an instance of cautious induction: "Hutten's coöperation in the first volume is thus evinced; and his coöperation there, *to any extent*, is *proved* by establishing his coöperation at all."† Strauss is much less positive, and declines dogmatically to assign their several parts to each of the joint-authors of the work. Strauss's minute acquaintance with the literature of his subject makes the absence of all allusion to Sir W. Hamilton's essay somewhat remarkable. "It was translated," says the author, "into German, by Dr. Vogler in the *Altes und Neues* of 1832, after being largely extracted in various other literary journals of the empire. I am aware of no attempt to gainsay the proof of authorship here detailed, or, in general, the justice of the criticism."

Sir W. Hamilton vindicates the exclusive authorship of both volumes of the Epistles to Crotus, Hutten, and Hermann von Busche, with whom here we have nothing to do. Strauss, without venturing to determine any thing, mentions him, with several others, as a possible contributor to the work. In such a controversy we do not claim to have any voice; but it must be clear to the least initiated reader of their several essays, however much

* Münch, Epist. Obs. Vir., Einleitung, ii. p. 43 et sqq., where the question is discussed at length.

† *Discussions*, p. 226. The italics are our own.

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it may astonish him, that in moderation, not to say modesty,—in cautious regard to indisputable facts,—in the absence of violently-strained probabilities and sweeping conjectures,—the heretical author of the *Leben Jesu* stands in advantageous contrast to the strictly "sound" and orthodox Scotch critic.*

To the work we have before mentioned, entitled *Articles or Propositions suspected of a Jewish leaning, from the German book of John Reuchlin*, which Arnold of Tungern, Dean of the Theological Faculty at Cologne, had drawn up and published in 1512, a Latin poem, in the same interest, by Ortuin von Graes, who taught polite letters in the high school of Cologne, had been prefixed. It is to this Ortuinus Gratus,—Portuinus Græcus, as Erasmus names him, in what (stretching a point) we may call the false *wit* of the age,—that the letters of the obscure men are addressed. Why he, who was not certainly the prime mover in the Reuchlinian persecution, was thus selected for preëminence in the literary pillory set up for his party can only be conjectured. He was less powerful, Strauss thinks, than Hochstraten or Tungern, less contemptible than Pfefferkorn; but the way in which Hochstraten and Tungern are treated in the epistles shows that their assailants were little influenced by fear of them. It seems likely that Ortuin was selected as the most vulnerable of his coadjutors by the weapons to be employed against them. As a man not without some tincture of letters, he would better appreciate the barbarisms of style, the dense ignorance and stupidity, and the pedantic folly which his imaginary correspondents are made to exhibit, and to which he is held up as a party. Further, as Strauss suggests, the incongruity of his claims to be considered a humanist and *bel esprit* with his defence of the old scholasticism rendered him a fit subject for comedy, while his apostasy from the new cause earned him hatred as a traitor.

With questions and discussions in casuistry, in literature, and philology, the epistles contain recurring references to the cause of Reuchlin, then pending. The writers relate their journeys and their encounters with different members of the humanist party on the roads and at inns; they betray every variety of folly, and get into every kind of scrape; they are beaten and kicked to an extent equalled only by "low-comedy" men on the stage; they make free confessions of their love-adventures. Considering their fictitious character, this is at worst a fault of taste. But their confidences are poured into the ear of Ortuinus, who was a living man, and in a way which implies the liveliest sym-

* The following sentence, from Sir W. Hamilton's notice of Heyne in the new edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, will be thought to justify these epithets: "The researches of Eichhorn, Bauer, Ilgen, Hartmann, Vater, De Wette, and a host of other philosophical divines, have been pursued with a learning and acuteness equalled only by the impious audacity of their conclusions" (vol. xi. p. 366).

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pathy on his part. Indeed, little is left to implication; familiar allusions to his excesses abound. Nor do Hochstraten, Pfefferkorn, and Pfefferkorn's wife, escape more easily. No one can read the letters without feeling constantly the truth of Sir W. Hamilton's remark, that, "morally considered, the satire is an atrocious libel, which can only be palliated on the plea of retaliation, necessity, the importance of the end, and the consuetude of the times. Its victims are treated like vermin, hunted without law, and exterminated without mercy. What truth," he adds, "there may be in the wicked scandal it retails, we are now unable to determine."

The questions and cases of conscience which Ortuinus's correspondents propose to him present the usual caricatures of scholastic quibbling and casuistic scruples. It is solemnly discussed, for example, with many arguments *pro* and *con*, whether a man who is a graduate can properly be said to be a *member* (*membrum*) of ten universities,—since though one body may have many members, one member cannot belong to many bodies:—whether if a man on a Friday unconsciously eats an egg, in which the incipient chicken is already discernible, he is guilty of breaking his fast, any more than if he had eaten a worm in fruit. In the latter case it is objected that the instances are not parallel, since the worm is a kind of fish. Off their own ground of scholasticism and casuistry, their mistakes are yet more ludicrous. "They confound the grammarian Diomedes with the Homeric hero. They complain that Reuchlin (whose name in *Hebrew* is Capnio), and another person called *Proverbia Erasmi*, wish to introduce a new kind of Latin into theology." They eulogise the good old kind of poetry, in opposition to that new-fashioned style which Virgil and Pliny, and other recent authors, have brought into vogue. Master Philip Schlauraff (in whose itinerary poem Strauss traces Hutten's hand) writes in rhyme, without attending to quantities, and thinks it sounds better so.* "What do I care for feet" (*Quid ego curo pedes?*), says Master William Storch to his critics; "I am a theological not a secular poet, and have regard to the sense, and not to the trifles you care for." The passage quoted a few pages back will give some idea of the prose of this work. The following poem of Master Jodocus Sartoris may serve as a specimen of its verse. It possesses unusual merits.

* "Etiam sciatis quæ composui rhythmice, non attendens quantitates; videtur mihi quod sonat melius sic." *Epist. O.V.*, Münch ed. ii. 9. The poem begins:

"Christe Deus omnipotens, in quem sperat omne Ens,
Qui est Deus Deorum, per omnia secula seculorum:
Tu velis mihi esse propitius, quando tribulet me inimicus.
Mitte unum diabolum, qui ducat ad patibulum
Poetas et Juristas, qui dederunt mihi vexas," &c.

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It is capable, as the author proudly alleges, of being *scanned*,* though hardly in conformity with any known metre:

> "Astripotentis Dei mater venerabilis Christi,
> Da precibus famuli aures benignas tui!
> Qui te orat, Maria, pro sancta Theologia,
> Contra quam scribit Reuchlin, Jurista malus:
> Non clarificatus, nec desuper illuminatus,
> Qualiter esse debet, qui vult placere tibi.
> Ergo tuum natum memento habere rogatum,
> Ut subvenire velit huic facultati suæ."

That the ignorance and stupidity attributed to the rabble of the anti-Reuchlinist party is not exaggerated, one or two well-known facts prove. In England the Dominican and Franciscan friars received the epistles with enthusiasm, imagining them to be genuine productions in the interest of the monkish party (*in Reuchlini contumeliam et monachorum favorem serio proditas*). "In Brabant, a prior of the Dominicans, and doctor of theology (Magister Noster), wishing to get himself a name among the fathers, bought a pile of these books with a view of presenting them to the chiefs of the order; nothing doubting but that they had been written in its honour."†

The immediate effect of the satire was to discomfit friends as well as foes. Reuchlin himself was rather alarmed at the vigour with which his cause was espoused, and seems to have thought that it would provoke a reaction unfavourable to the quiet in which he hoped to spend his declining years. Erasmus, in conformity with his own saying, in which the essence of his temporising character is expressed, that "the most disadvantageous peace is preferable to the justest war," was annoyed by so uncompromising a declaration of hostilities. He thought the tone and temper of the letters likely to injure the cause of humanism. He was vexed at the introduction of his own name, though this was done with qualification, as a contemner of the scholastic and monkish party. He feared this might involve him in the controversy and the troubles which he dreaded would spring from it. He hated tumult and disturbance of any kind. It gave him no pleasure (in contradiction to the well-known lines of Lucretius) to view the raging sea of human passions from a safe and clear height; but he would rather so view it than be tossed upon it. Dryden's noble description of Lord Shaftesbury,—

> "A daring pilot in adversity,
> Pleased with the danger, when the waves rolled high
> He sought the storm,"—

* "Et est elegiacum, et scanditur, sicut primum metrum in Boetio, incipiens: Carmina, quæ quondam studio, &c." *Epist. O.V.*, Münch ed. ii. 11, p. 188.

† These statements rest on the authority of Erasmus. See the passages in Hamilton, p. 218.

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has no applicability to him. On the contrary, *fortiter occupa portum* was the principle to which he adhered through life. From this time we may date his estrangement from the more strenuous reformers, and his increasing tendency to accommodate matters with the Church of Rome.

On the other side, the epistles called forth a reply, which was the most unequivocal acknowledgment that their shafts had pierced home. In March 1517, a papal brief appeared forbidding, under penalty of excommunication, the sale of the work, and ordering all possessors of it to give up their copies to be burnt. Nor must we omit to mention, that Ortuin von Graes came gallantly forward in a book in which he retorted the title of their work upon his opponents,* who sheltered themselves under the *obscurity* of the anonymous. If he falls short of the wit of his adversaries, he rivals them in his imputations on character. It is, perhaps, a sense of his insufficiency for the conflict that leads him to sigh for the more summary methods employed with heretics of old, and to demand the intervention of the secular arm.

The influence of the satire upon the cause of the Reformation has been made the subject of very different estimates. We have already quoted the opinions of Herder and Sir William Hamilton. With some reference perhaps to the overstrained language of the former, Mr. Hallam remarks, that "in the mighty movement of the Reformation the *Epistolæ Obscurorum Virorum* had about as much effect as the *Mariage de Figaro* in the French Revolution." It is impossible from this short sentence to judge of the grounds on which the assertion contained in it rests. We will only say, that the popularity of the epistles determined the triumph of the struggling literary revival, which an effort was made in the person of Reuchlin to crush; and that with this literary revival, with the diffusion of intellectual culture, the cause of religious reform was inseparably bound up. The satire also was the first serious blow to the prestige of the Church of Rome, by turning public opinion against a cause to which the Church had at that time virtually committed itself. The Reformation, again, using that term in its narrowest sense to denote merely the outbreak under Luther, began simply as a protest against ecclesiastical corruption and immorality. The appearance of the first volume of the letters, with their exposure of priestly depravity, in the very year in which Luther's attention was drawn to the preaching of Tetzel and the sale of indulgences, cannot but have prepared men's minds for the denunciations and efforts of the reformer. Again, by disembarrassing the humanist and anti-Romanist party of timid coadjutors such as Erasmus, who were not prepared to "go so far," those who remained faith-

* *Lamentationes Obscurorum Virorum non prohibitæ per sedem apostolicam.*

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ful were left free for less fettered action. The *Epistolæ Obscurorum Virorum* contributed not a little to render compromise with Rome impossible, and thus to help on "the mighty movement of the Reformation." For these and other reasons, Mr. Hallam seems to us to err as much in depreciation, as Herder and Hamilton in exaggeration, of the effects of the satire.

Nor is his literary estimate of it more favourable or more just. "Few books," he says, "have been more eagerly received than these epistles at their first appearance in 1516, which surely proceeded rather from their suitableness to the time than from much intrinsic merit; though it must be presumed that the spirit of many temporary allusions, which delighted or offended that age, is now lost in a mass of vapid nonsense and bad grammar which the imaginary writers pour out." This is surely an extraordinary criticism. The wit lies in the vapid nonsense and bad grammar of the ignorant pedants and simpletons who pour it forth. The same objection might be made to the humour of Dogberry, and Slender, and Holofernes; in one word, to Shakespeare's fools and those of all great writers. Their folly is their author's wit. On the subject of the style of the letters, including their "bad grammar," Strauss has some excellent remarks, with which we shall take leave of this subject:

"Though we have honestly endeavoured to give the reader an idea of the scope and contents, the form and design, of the *Letters of Obscure Men*, we must yet in conclusion make the disheartening confession, that we have undertaken what it is impossible properly to perform. To point out, in one word, in what precisely this impossibility consists —it lies in the language of our epistles. As it is the obscure men of the commencement of the sixteenth century themselves who speak, they do so in the language of their time—that is, in a sort of Latin (if it can be so called) such as had arisen in the course of the middle ages, from the grafting of ecclesiastical and vernacular elements of speech on the original stock. This dialect is comic in this, that it is in fact at every step in contradiction to the laws of classical Latinity, and yet is a language which, as one can still perceive at the present day, was once living and actually spoken. In the same way as respects the [imaginary] writers of the letters, they are, in spite of the glaring contradiction in which their procedure stands to reason and cultivation, yet as self-consistent, as well pleased with themselves and with each other, as a Falstaff or any other genuine subject of comedy has ever been. This comic character, however, is inseparable from the Latinity. It escapes in translation. The Latin language has undergone this ridiculous kind of corruption in its passage through the middle ages and through nations of different tongues. No form in which the translator may handle the German or any other language can reproduce the impression of the original."

Our failing space warns us to pass more rapidly over the re-

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maining years of Ulrich von Hutten's life. On his return from Italy in 1517, his poetic and patriotic services received imperial acknowledgment in the laurel crown with which, on the 12th of July, Maximilian's own hand decorated him at Augsburg. In the same year he entered the service of the enlightened, though worldly prelate, Albert, Archbishop of Mentz and Elector of Brandenburg,—soon, as cardinal, to be a prince of the Church as well as of the empire. In 1518 he accompanied his master to the Diet at Augsburg, convoked to consider the Pope's design of a European war against the Turks, whose conquests under the cruel and ambitious Selim gave good grounds for alarm. Hutten's voice had already been raised in warning.* He watched the proceedings of the Diet with intense interest. His disappointment at its pacific conclusion was probably diminished by the fact that it involved the refusal of the tithes which the Pope demanded for the prosecution of the projected war, but which were sure to have been spent in ministering to the corrupt splendour of the Roman court.

In the following year Hutten took up arms in the war which the Swabian league carried on successfully against his old enemy Ulrich of Wurtemburg, and launched against him a fifth of those declamatory invectives of which we have already spoken. In this campaign he formed an affectionate and serviceable friendship with the celebrated Franz von Sickingen, half independent prince, half robber chief. Even Hutten's restless spirit, however, to which action was as necessary as the air he breathed, began now, after labours and trials so exhausting, to feel the need of repose. He indulged in day-dreams of tranquil literary leisure and married happiness. He had already given expression to his annoyance at the restraints and formality of court life in a dialogue entitled *Aula*.† The munificence of his patron Albert of Mentz relieved him from the necessity of service, while continuing to him the salary of his office.

His dream of domestic quiet and literary retirement was soon dispelled. The contentions for the imperial throne which followed on the death of Maximilian in January 1519, opened out many questions of policy and patriotism affecting the relations of Germany to the Papal court. The Lutheran controversy, which Hutten had despised as a stupid monkish quarrel, now presented itself to him in its true light. It was impossible that he should remain long a mere spectator of the struggle. The rest of his

* Ulrichi de Hutten ad Principes Germaniæ, ut bellum Turcis invehant, exhortatoria.

† The title-page is quaint enough to be given at length: it shows how the art of puffing accompanied the revival of letters. "Ulrichi de Hutten Eq. Germ. Aula. Dialogus. Res est nova, Lector, res est jucunda, lusus perurbanus et facetus: dispeream nisi legisse voles. Vale. Cum privilegio imperiali."

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life is, as Strauss calls it, a battle against Rome. We can do no more than briefly trace the knight's personal fortunes to his early death in 1523, four years from the period at which we have now arrived.

By unceasing attacks, chiefly in the form of satiric dialogue, on the corruptions and aggressions of the Church, Hutten drew down upon himself the anger of the Pope. Hearing that orders had been issued to send him in chains to Rome, he took refuge, in September 1520, with his friend Franz von Sickingen at the Castle of Ebernburg. From this safe retreat he renewed his attacks in verse and prose.

The enthusiasm which Luther's boldness, especially in the burning of the Papal bull that condemned his writings, had roused, showed that the questions on which the Reformation depended had taken deep hold of the popular mind; the victory or defeat of the good cause hung on its gaining and keeping the sympathies of the people. To them, and not to scholars and princes merely, the appeal must be made. Hutten was too quick-sighted not to perceive this, and too prompt not to act upon his perception. He had hitherto written only in Latin; henceforth he began to write in German also, and translated some of his earlier works into the vernacular. The poems, dialogues, and letters, which he poured out with such astonishing rapidity from his retreat at Ebernburg did not exclusively engage him. He read Luther's works with Sickingen, and raised his friend's enthusiasm for the great Reformer and his hatred of Rome almost to the height and intensity of his own. In several of Hutten's later dialogues, Sickingen, like the Socrates of Plato, is the interlocutor to whom the author's own sentiments are intrusted, and through whom, as in the *Robbers* (*Prædones*), he urges the union of the commonalty and peasantry with the equestrian order, in resistance to the civil and intellectual tyranny, and the greedy extortions of the priesthood.

Hutten's restless spirit, however, pined under his enforced confinement. It was better to be a prisoner at Ebernburg than a prisoner at Rome; but to be a prisoner at all chafed him beyond the limits of endurance. To be obliged to sit down and write, when he would be up and doing, was hard to be borne. His violence and extravagance, natural as they were to him, were exaggerated by the denial of a proper field for his activity. He was for immediate recourse to arms against Rome and the empire. Happily these headstrong counsels were overruled.

During Sickingen's service in the war with France, in 1521, Hutten sought another concealment, where he was so well concealed that his hiding-place is to this day unknown. Rejecting liberal offers from the French king, he wandered to Basel, where

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Erasmus then resided. The latter, afraid of the consequences of intimacy with one so little in favour in high places, refused to see his former friend. An angry personal controversy was the consequence. The magistracy of Basel, fearful of harbouring him, requested him to leave their city. He proceeded to Mühlhausen. Here he heard of the failure of Sickingen's freebooting expedition against Richard, Archbishop and Elector of Treves; of his retreat to Landstuhl; of its investment and capture, and of the hero's death. His stay at Mühlhausen was short. The rabble, incited by the partisans of the old ecclesiasticism, threatened his safety, and he was compelled to make his escape by night to Zurich, where, at the hands of the reformer Zwingli, "he sought and found protection, help, and consolation."

Presently he retired to the little island of Ufnau, in the lake of Zurich; and there, not unattended by friendly ministrations, breathed his last, after a short but violent illness, towards the end of August or the beginning of September 1523, being then thirty-five years and four months old.

The faults of Hutten's character lie on the surface, and it requires no particular acuteness to discern them. They are those of a warm and passionate temperament. But his merits are as conspicuous,—courage, unselfishness, a ready enthusiasm for what he believed to be true and right, ardent patriotism, and quenchless love of liberty. He lived for great and worthy ends, for which he was satisfied to spend and be spent. Mr. Hallam thinks that Hutten's early death is more likely "to have spared the reformers some degree of shame than to have deprived them of a useful supporter." It may be so. Hutten was one of a class of men needful at the commencement, often dangerous in the subsequent course of revolutions; powerful to set the forces of change in motion, but little skilful to control and guide their movement. Such men have their place, and do their work; and are to be judged of by what they are, rather than by what they are not. His life, to use his biographer's words, is a rebuke "to those who would without a struggle again hand over to Rome, and to a priesthood in the interest of Rome, the keys of the conscience and intellectual cultivation of the German races;" and yet more so "to those who would plant a new popedom in the very bosom of Protestantism itself,—to the princes who make their will their law, and to the scholars to whom circumstances and motives of prudence are more than the truth."

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Art. III.—RECENT CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE STUDY OF LATIN LITERATURE.

Bibliotheca Classica: edited by George Long, M.A., and the Rev. A. J. Macleane, M.A.—*Publii Terentii Comœdiæ Sex;* with a Commentary by the Rev. E. St. John Parry, M.A.—*Juvenalis et Persii Satiræ;* with a Commentary by the Rev. A. J. Macleane, M.A.

The Speech of Cicero for Aulus Cluentius Habitus; with Prolegomena and Notes by William Ramsay, M.A. Trin. Col. Camb., Professor of Humanity in the University of Glasgow.

Lectures on Roman Husbandry, delivered before the University of Oxford. By Charles Daubeny, M.D., Professor of Botany and Rural Economy in the University of Oxford.

That till within the last few years the Greek and Latin languages have been cultivated in this country, each after a distinct fashion, we suppose will be generally acknowledged. The cause, or at least one very sufficient cause, is plain enough. We do not often possess a familiar and a critical acquaintance with the same thing. The process by which the former is acquired blunts our ardour for the latter. We do not make a psychological study of our father and mother. We do not get up the *Times* Newspaper with a gazetteer and an atlas. These are things to be enjoyed as parts of our daily life; not to stand off from us, and be critically probed and dissected. Latin, accordingly, under the old-fashioned system of education was not learned scientifically, because it was learned so easily and so colloquially; it grew up with us, and became as it were a second mother-tongue. It was not then one of several accomplishments which make up the educated man. It underlay them all. A professor of Latin was deemed as superfluous as a professor of English. Greek, on the contrary, was a specialty—a thing to be pursued, if a man had a turn for it; not otherwise. Add to this the confessedly greater difficulty* of learning Greek, which rendered critical commentaries indispensable when it came to be generally studied; and we shall have said all that is necessary in illustration of the fact laid down.

But of late years a change has come over scholarship. The tradition, which lingered on through the first quarter of the present century, is fast dying out. The habit of Latin composition is no longer enforced with pristine stringency; other branches of knowledge divert the infant mind from that ex-

* Conf. De Quincey's Essay upon Bentley.

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clusiveness of diet which is necessary to even partial assimilation. Latin, therefore, is taking its place among other objects of study; and is becoming a subject of curiosity rather than of love. As we say of men, that it is only after their death we can form a just estimate of their characters, so, now that Latin has ceased to be spoken, and is fast ceasing to be written, we begin to investigate its elements. It is becoming that formidable affair, "a matter of history." Our annotations are becoming philological and idiomatic: Madvig is becoming generally known,—Oxford has established a professor; and we may almost say that the transition state of Latin scholarship is concluded, and that a new era has commenced.

This is the first point to be noticed. The second is, the completeness of the equipments with which all new classical editions are now ushered into the world. Gray, who lamented the multiplication of Lexicons a century ago, for its tendency to impair the quality of English scholarship, would lift his hands in horror could he witness the growth of dissertations, introductions, excursuses, appendices, and other aids to the indolent, which these latter days have brought forth. The poet's objection was well-founded. Such auxiliaries, however valuable for reasons hereafter to be mentioned, have undoubtedly had one ill effect. Our scholarship is comparatively crude. And if any young aspirant would know the reason why, let him take some portion of a classical author with which he is wholly unacquainted, and endeavour to master it thoroughly without any external assistance. The process will be analogous to that of chewing the bodily food; and he will find that not only has he digested this subject as he never digested one before, but that he has gained a real step in education, and at the same time invigorated his intellectual powers more than ten times the same amount of reading would have done, pursued under the ordinary system. His progress, we admit, will be slow. All those little words which he is apt to pass over as unimportant, when his Lexicon has supplied him with the leading idea of the sentence, will now be, as it were, put to the torture, and compelled to shed their quota of light upon the meaning of the whole. As an idiom which he could not comprehend in the third page, recurs in the tenth, and again, perhaps, in the twentieth, under different combinations, its radical significance will gradually dawn upon his mind, never to be again forgotten. The moods and voices of verbs, and the varying force of compounds, will now become matter of serious consideration. Of the technical allusions, some, as he reads on, will explain themselves, and others he will carefully set aside for separate inquiry. Till at last, by pursuing this exhaustive process, he

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will be astonished at the comparatively small residuum of real difficulties; and from the immobility of the knowledge he has acquired in the mean time, will be able to form some estimate of the results attained by those whose whole education was conducted on more or less the same system.

It might be thought, that of the two new features in modern scholarship here pointed out, the one would compensate for the other,—that the scientific study of Latin will do even more good than an excess of facilities can do harm. That those who really study the language for themselves will find this to be the case, is very probable. But the results of philological inquiry are easily epitomised and tabulated. It is, in fact, one of the characteristics of the age, that they should be so presented. And the consequence is, that the changed method of study will make no difference to the mass of learners; while the encroaching growth of commentaries will supersede even that little independent exercise of thought which still is necessary to the comprehension of some portion of the Latin classics.

But our best consolation for this state of things is, that it was inevitable. It is impossible that young men should continue to devote the same space of time to the acquisition of classical literature which they did when that, and that alone, was the test of a liberal education. Scholarship, therefore, must either perish or change its character. And, as certainly it will not be denied, even by those who do not appreciate a familiarity with the subjunctive mood, that it is for the good of society that a knowledge of ancient history, and a taste for the classic models should still flourish amongst us, we must admit the necessity of making the ascent of Parnassus easier and more inviting at the outset, even though we sacrifice something valuable in the process. To change our metaphor, scholarship is now in its old age, and must be sustained by artificial means. This is a truth on which the editors of the works we have selected for illustration have certainly acted, whether they have recognised it or not. And, in fact, all the Latin volumes of the *Bibliotheca Classica* which we have read are even more remarkable for the care bestowed upon accessories than for critical commentary on the text itself.

Mr. Parry's *Terence* is an admirable case in point. For the last fifty years or so, and perhaps longer, Terence has not, with one or two well-known exceptions, been included within the ordinary curriculum of school or college reading. What was the reason? His works are a magazine of Latinity. There is less coarseness in all his six comedies than in a single satire of Horace or Juvenal. He is witty, and graceful, and human.

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We can account for it in no other way than by the fact, that he lay a little out of the beaten track; that there were difficulties connected with the composition of his plays in which college tutors did not care to involve themselves; and lastly, that his versification was a stumbling-block in the eyes of those who would have shuddered at a boy reading a Latin poet which he could not scan. But now all these difficulties have been driven from the field. Terence is placed before us in a positively appetising shape. The history of his plays, his metres and scansion, and his position in Roman literature, are all amply discussed. The young beginner is positively pampered with commentary, and is coaxed into reading an act or two through sheer shame of allowing so much learning to be wasted on him. While his instructor can get up almost all that it is needful for him to know in a single morning. That this edition, therefore, will lend a wholesome incentive to the study of Terence, and act, through him, upon the general popularity of Latin literature, we sincerely believe. We trust to see him placed on a level for educational purposes with Virgil and Horace, and his easy idiomatic Latin as familiar in the mouths of schoolboys as the flowing periods of Cicero, or the artful couplets of Ovid.

Although, however, it has fallen to Mr. Parry's lot to be the chosen instrument of editing what we do not affect to doubt will be the standard edition of Terence, we cannot in justice award him any higher praise than that of industriously collecting, and skilfully employing, a mass of scattered commentary previously in existence. Some of this, he tells us, he had not seen till after his own was finished, and has arrived at the same conclusion with previous investigators by an independent line of thought. We willingly give him the benefit of this avowal, and will now briefly run over the various important improvements embodied in the present volume.

His essay on Terentian metres derives its principal intrinsic value from being written in English. Bentley had done the real work; and, in the chief points where Mr. Parry has improved on that great scholar, he had been anticipated, as he admits, by Professor Key. The modern theories embraced under the heads of synizesis and synalœpha had been enunciated in the *Journal of Education*. They relate principally to the system of Roman pronunciation. For Bentley's dictum, that such words as *habent, cave,* &c., at the beginning of a line, shorten the last syllable even where it is long by position, they substitute a contraction of the word into one syllable, pronouncing *habent* 'ha'ent,' like the English 'han't' for 'have not' and 'can't' for 'cannot,' and in the same way making *cave* into *cau;* and most

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of the cases which Bentley had explained by hiatus they bring under the head of synalœpha, or coalition between the final vowel or syllable ending in *m* and the initial vowel of the following word; "for elision," says Mr. Parry, "in our sense of the word, was unknown to the Romans."

A more interesting question to the general reader will be, the extent to which Terence was indebted to his Greek predecessors. We have little doubt that Mr. Parry has adopted the correct theory. After bringing together in a compact compass all the fragments of Menander which Terence is said to have imitated, and observing that "a close comparison will show that he did not, at all events, servilely imitate his master; that if he copied from a Greek original, he drew with a Roman pencil, and kept in view his own theory of dramatic excellence as well as the necessity of suiting a very different audience to that which listened to Menander,"—he proceeds to argue from the abundance of Greek literature which existed at Rome in his time, that he probably drew largely from other sources as well as from Menander. Thus it is the very extent of his plagiarisms which proves him not to have been a plagiarist; and he illustrates his opinion by the analogous freedom with which Shakespeare helped himself to the materials which lay ready to his hand.

We have no doubt, we say, that this view is in the main correct. It has been already adopted by Kœnighoff, in his essay entitled *De ratione quam Terentius in fabulis Græcis Latine convertendis secutus est, commentatio.** Nor are other reasons wanting, both *à priori* and *à posteriori*, why Terence must have been a very much more original writer than is commonly supposed.

The period of Roman history in which Terence wrote differed widely from the period of Athenian history in which Menander was popular. Terence wrote in the flow of national greatness; Menander, in the ebb. The one addressed himself to an audience buoyant, vigorous, and full of animal life; the other was listened to by critics, philosophers, and dreamers. The Roman's was the era of unconsciousness and hope; the Athenian's, of self-seeking and despondency. Little did a people with the affairs of the world upon their hands care about the moral or religious problems which occupied the countrymen of Menander. The unpolished centurion, fresh from Pydna or the Tagus, would laugh his horse-laugh at the lying knaveries of the Greek slave or parasite. He would turn away in disgust from the sententious rhetoric of the sceptical gentleman. Thus we find in Terence little or nothing of that

* Coloniæ, 1843.

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melancholy and reflective tone which would seem to have characterised Menander. We have few apophthegms, but plenty of "good business." His comedies, in a word, are thoroughly popular and mirthful. Toned down by his intercourse with the most cultivated society in Rome; but such, nevertheless, as the most ordinary society could enjoy.

In the next place, the fact that he shook himself free from the trammels of the Greek senarius, though condemned by Quinctilian, has been generally approved by modern critics, and undoubtedly should have great weight in determining our judgment on the question. While, thirdly, the very small number of parallel passages cited by the ancient writers affords a strong presumption that Terence ought rather to be regarded as of Menander's school than as either a copyist or a plagiarist of that author. This point has been well put by Kœnighoff:

"Sed hæc insignis cujusdam inter Latinum et quem hic imitatione effingebat Græcum Poetam similitudinis exempla haud scio an tantum absit ut Terentio officiant, ut suspicionem illum ubique se poetæ quem interpretatur in servitutem quasi addixisse ab eo removere videantur. Advertit scilicet scholiastam sicubi Græca et Latina nihil fere inter se differre vidit, ita ut quod cum lectoribus communicaretur dignum haberet. Poeta autem Latinus si hunc morem semper tenuisset qui tandem causæ excogitari possit ut talia hic illic adnotare, plerumque negligere scholiastæ in mentem venerit?"

Considering, therefore, that the spirit of his plays is Roman, and not Greek; that he has followed his own taste in the selection of metres; and that the instances of imitation, when we remember the materials at his command, are remarkably few,—we shall not be far wrong in believing that Terence has been unduly depreciated: and we trust, as we have already said, that he will soon resume his proper place in the front rank of Latin literature.

As a critical scholar, Mr. Parry's performance does not seem in any way remarkable. He is very careful, and has evidently not neglected to fortify all his opinions by reference to the best authorities. He is entirely free from the disagreeable dogmatism of Mr. Macleane, or the tendency to irrelevant dissertation which is a fault in Mr. Long. But he has no pretensions to the scholarship of the latter gentleman. His notes, however, are useful, and, we should think, correct; while in every thing relating to the framework and form of the plays he is certainly all we can desire. We should add, that Mr. Parry has followed Bentley in affixing a copious index *verborum et phrasium* to his volume.

Mr. Macleane's principal fault we have indicated. He is

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too fond of dogmatising on doubtful points, and of lashing rival editors on insignificant ones; but in all other respects his work is worthy of the series. His short life of Juvenal, put together wholly from the evidence furnished by the *Satires*, is ingenious, lucid, and probable. The abstracts prefixed to each satire are such as to rob the most unwilling traveller along the classic road of any excuse for loitering. They are very often almost as serviceable as a prose translation; and, barring the evil effects before alluded to, must be accepted as a valuable aid toward perpetuating the study of Juvenal. They do not supersede the necessity of dictionary and grammar, but they give the clue to the author's meaning; and if they do not fix it in a boy's mind so firmly as the old-fashioned process, they at least prevent his being discouraged so readily. We are glad to see also that Mr. Macleane is an enemy to expurgated editions; indeed, in the case of an edition like the present, which, we presume, is intended as a monument of English scholarship, it would seem unnecessary to argue the question. Mr. Macleane, however, has thought it advisable in his preface to make the following brief allusion to the subject:

"I have not thought it right to omit any part of these *Satires*. The character of the writers is seen throughout, and the spirit even of the coarsest parts is manifestly that of virtue. I have had some experience of boys, and I believe that those are exceptions on whom such passages as are usually expunged are likely to have an injurious effect. Wantonness is one thing, and the stern reproof of wantonness in terms it best understands is another; and few minds fail to see the difference."

Of this, we think, there can be no doubt. But the harmlessness of ancient writers does not, in our opinion, depend on any distinction which exists between wantonness and the "stern reproof of wantonness." No doubt there is such a difference; but it is one which influences rather our estimate of the writer's character than the effect produced by his writings. For instance, nobody would deny that Congreve wrote wantonly, and that Richardson intended to "reprove wantonness;" but if we take the most highly wrought scene in the *Beau's Stratagem*, and compare it with a well-known parallel passage in *Pamela*, it will be impossible to doubt that the latter is the more dangerous of the two. Smollet, again, always professed to be "reproving wantonness" in *Ferdinand Count Fathom*, yet a more prurient and corrupting narrative does not exist in English literature. Delineations of vice, whether moral or immoral, have little bad effect upon boys when confined to remote persons and unfamiliar scenes; what is to be dreaded is, descriptions of vice which represent it as easy, accessible, and contiguous,—which are inconsistent with the virtue of

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people whom we meet every day, and insinuate the corruptibility of dependants or inferiors. It is not the ancient satirist, but the modern novelist, who is injurious to the morals of the young. A lad of sixteen or seventeen might read over the Sixth Satire of Juvenal twenty times without any loose wish being awakened by it. Vice is there presented to him in such a totally strange dress, that he knows it not. What have the filthy orgies of the Roman senatresses to do with him? It is like reading of the Yahors. What feelings can be roused in him by the monstrous and distorted shapes which ordinary immorality assumes in those pages, but a mixture of wonder and loathing? None. But probably not even these emotions are excited in one case out of fifty. We appeal to all our public-school readers, if they did not take Appia and Catulla too much as a matter of course, to give even a passing thought to the nature of their proceedings. Do they remember that these passages were ever made the subject of indecent jokes, or served as a prelude to obscene conversation? If so, their experience is very different from our own, and from that of all our acquaintances. We believe that these descriptions are ground up in a common mill with the rest of the lesson—that they excite nobody, and suggest nothing. It is therefore, we think, a satisfactory feature in the present publication, that it repudiates the theory of suppression. Nothing is gained, we are certain, by "driving vice inwards." It is better to have it on the surface. Familiarity breeds contempt, but concealment excites interest. And as we are quite certain that a boy who is proof against all other influences will never be corrupted by the Classics, we trust that this stupid old system of expurgation is exploded for ever.

As a critical commentator, Mr. Macleane is, of course, valuable. Yet, of all the contributors to the *Bibliotheca Classica*, he is the one with whom we feel oftenest inclined to differ. He seems, to us at least, to have a special knack of taking the least plain and straightforward interpretation of a disputed passage; while his positive manner of laying down the law, and affecting to ridicule his rivals, is a clumsy caricature of Bentley. We must support these assertions by a few examples, premonishing our readers that it is not upon any question of technical scholarship that we enter the lists with Mr. Macleane, but solely upon points which common sense is adequate to decide.

In the 93d line of the first satire, Juvenal, speaking of the gambling mania at Rome, writes:

> —"simplexne furor sestertia centum
> Perdere et horrenti tunicam non reddere servo."

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On which Mr. Macleane's note is:

"The more than madness lay in the selfishness of the man who (as Heinrich explains it), after losing all his money, stakes his slave's jacket; and losing that also, never restores it. The commentators compare Persius (i. 54): 'Scis comitem horridulum tritâ donare lacernâ.' But *reddere* means here to restore, and is never equivalent to the simple form *dare*."

Now it seems to us that this interpretation, besides being rather strained, destroys the antithesis: "To lose his hundreds at the gaming-table, while his servants go in rags." The word *reddere*, though not equivalent to the simple *dare*, is commonly used of fulfilling an engagement, as *reddere promissa, præmia;* and we may easily suppose that a Roman master was under some sort of engagement to supply his slaves with clothing. The word may not be used here in the sense in which Persius uses *donare, i. e.* to make a voluntary present. That, indeed, would weaken the force of the passage. But it seems much more reasonable to understand it of the ordinary relations between master and servant than as Mr. Macleane explains it.

At line 95 of the same satire, Juvenal says:

". . . . tum sportula primo
Limine parva sedet turbæ rapienda togatæ."

The *sportula* being, as our readers will remember, a dole of meat served out by the rich to their dependants. Mr. Macleane says of the word *togatæ:*

"Ruperti says this is spoken contemptuously, because, under the Emperors, only the poorer and vulgar sort wore the toga. This is nonsense. He refers to Hor. S. i. 2. 63, 82; which only shows that women of bad character wore a toga instead of a stola. The toga was worn out of respect to the great man, and it was counted bad taste for any person of respectability to go abroad without it. At one time it became common for persons of family to go to the theatre without the toga; and Augustus put a stop to the practice. *Turba togata, gens togata,* were commonly used for the Romans."

We believe that *togatus* was a distinctive epithet of the poor. How often, or on what occasions, the toga was worn by the rich we do not know; but evidently so seldom as to make it an unmistakable mark of inferiority. The order of Augustus is a sufficient proof of its unpopularity; and there is a couplet in Martial which would seem to imply that its use was still confined to the theatre. Of white cloaks he says:

"Amphitheatrales nos commendamur ad usus
Quum tegit algentes alba lacerna togas."

But Martial is full of allusions which show that the toga was

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spoken of "contemptuously." In sending a large woollen cloak, called *endromis*, to a friend, he says:

> "Pauperis est munus, sed non est pauperis usus;
> Hanc tibi pro togulâ mittimus endromida;"

implying that the *endromis* was for the rich man, and the *toga* for the poor.

Elsewhere:

> "Exigis a nobis operam sine fine togatam.
> Non eo, libertum sed tibi mitto meum;"

the *opera togata* being suited to a *libertus*.

Again:

> "Nec vocat ad cœnam Marius, nec munera mittit,
> Nec spondet, nec vult credere, sed nec habet.
> Turba tamen non deest, sterilem quæ curet amicum.
> Eheu, quam fatuæ sunt tibi, Roma, togæ."

i. e. your poor fortune-hunters.

In the only three passages in which the word occurs in Juvenal, it is coupled with some degrading association (vid. vii. 162; viii. 49). And after an attentive consideration of these passages, we cannot see how it can be doubted that *togatus* is used of a particular class, and not of Romans generally. Whether this was because the upper classes had left off the toga, which seems the most probable, or only because the lower classes were seen in it in particular situations which more especially invited ridicule, we would not imitate Mr. Macleane by deciding positively. It seems likely that the toga continued to be the "best clothes" of the poor after it had gone out of fashion with the rich; and, at all events, there is no excuse whatever for Mr. Macleane's imputation of "nonsense" to his predecessor.

In sat. iii. 31, we have the well-known passage:

> "Quis facile est ædes conducere, flumina, portus,
> Siccandam eluviem, portandum ad busta cadaver,
> Et præbere caput domînâ venale sub hastâ."

On this Mr. Macleane has:

"A sale by auction on the public account, as of confiscated property, or for recovery of fines, or of the property of a man dying without will or heirs, or any thing else, was called *sectio*. It was conducted by a *præco* in the presence of a public officer, and a spear was set up on the spot where the auction took place. It may have been called *domina* in this place, because the sale transferred to the purchaser *dominium*, or ownership, in the thing purchased. Ruperti's conjecture of *dominis* is very bad. The spear is said to have been derived from the practice followed in old times in the selling of prisoners and booty on the field of battle."

Now this note is inadequate in itself, and, at the same time,

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very unfair to Ruperti. A tax was paid to the state upon every thing sold in the forum. Artorius and Catulus farmed this tax. *Caput venale = capita venalia = servos venales.* The *hasta* was the signal of the auction; and it was called *domina* because it regulated, and, so to speak, presided over, the proceedings. Mr. Macleane's explanation of this word seems far-fetched in the extreme. Ruperti, in whose edition of 1820 we see no signs of a reading *dominis*, has, we think, explained it better than this. He takes it to mean *hasta domini*, and to refer to the "magistrate," whose presence gave validity to the transaction. There are passages in Ovid, one of which he cites, where *dominus* is used as an adjective in the same sense, *e.g.:*

"Sæpius ad dominum serva vocata torum."

But the simpler and more Juvenalian interpretation is to make it an epithet of *hasta*, with the meaning we have here assigned.

In iii. 315-*fin.* Umbricius, in taking farewell of his friend, begs him, when next he runs down to Aquinum for a little fresh air, to send over for himself from Cumæ; adding:

"Satirarum ego, ni pudet illas,
Adjutor gelidos veniam caligatus in agros."

Now *caligatus* has always been understood to mean "equipped for war." But listen to the lofty contempt of our editor:

"320. *Ni pudet illas*, 'if they are not ashamed of me;' that is, if your satires will condescend to accept my help, I will put on my boots and come to you. The *caligæ* were thick hobnailed shoes worn by soldiers. Here it appears the name was given to very thick shoes, such as a man would wear in the country. The notion of the commentators about his going to Juvenal dressed like a soldier is wonderful."

We confess that our own wonder arises from another source. Why, nobody ever meant that the man was actually to put on a uniform, jack-boots and all! Does any body suppose, when the parliamentary campaign is talked of, that the debates are to come off at Aldershott? When Mr. Disraeli is called a gladiator, does any one mean that he eats raw beef, and comes down to the House of Commons with a short sword, and dressed in a petticoat and helmet? Or, lastly, when Mr. Macleane "took the field" against all these silly critics, did he ever in reality move out of his own library? We cannot comprehend the prosiness of mind which dictates such a note as the above. But besides the inherent beauty of the image, there are two other very good reasons why *caligatus* should have a martial meaning. In the first place, both Horace and Juvenal describe the composition of their satires in metaphors drawn from warfare; Juvenal especially at the end of the first satire, in the lines beginning "*ense velut stricto.*" Secondly, Mr. Macleane is driven

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to assume a new meaning for the word *caliga* solely to suit this passage. And thirdly, to say, 'I will come from one country place to another in country shoes' is utterly vapid, ruins the antithesis, and is quite foreign to the style of Juvenal.

We may observe, in passing, that at sat. vi. 153, occurs another notable instance of Mr. Macleane's unfairness towards Ruperti, who is included in the general censure, though he quotes at length the very scholar who, according to Mr. Macleane, has alone given the right meaning of the passage.

Passing on to the seventh satire, which deals with the status of literary men at Rome, we arrive at the famous passage about Statius and Paris:

> ". . . . sed quum fregit subsellia versu
> Esurit intactam Paridi nisi vendat Agaven.
> Ille et militiæ multis largitur honorem
> Semestri vatum digitos circumligat auro."

"88. *Ille et militiæ.* He goes on to say that Paris used his influence with Domitian to get advancement for the poets. Ruperti says, '*salse hæc dicta.*' It appears to me to be kindly said and kindly meant towards Paris, whose conduct is contrasted with that of the *proceres*."

Now are not these words spoken "*salse?*" Mr. Macleane has here been led astray by his anxiety to sneer at Ruperti. The sense of the passage seems pretty clear. There might be no personal satire aimed at Paris in it, who of course was right to get as much power as he could, and who seems to have used his influence for the benefit of the literary class; but there is bitter satire against the state of things which made the patronage of such a man possible.

Further on in the same satire he says of the lawyers:

> "Ipsi magna sonant, sed tunc quum creditor audit
> Præcipue, vel si tetigit lacus acrior illo
> Qui venit ad dubium grandi cum codice nomen."

Mr. Macleane supposes "*creditor*" to mean the lawyer's own client. We entertain little doubt that Madvig is right in referring the word "*creditor*" to the speaker's own victim. There is no valid reason against such a construction, and it is certainly more in accordance with the grim humour of the passage. We can easily understand how a needy advocate would exert himself if he spied his tailor in court. There is real fun in such a point as this. To say merely that he is more eloquent when his client is present, than when he is absent, is feeble and frigid in comparison.

Here is a note, apparently introduced for the sake of a snarl at Addison, of which we can make neither head nor tail. Juvenal is speaking of early Roman simplicity:

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> "Tunc rudis et Graias mirari nescius artes,
> Urbibus eversis, prædarum in parte reperta
> Magnorum artificum frangebat pocula miles,
> Ut phaleris gauderet equus, cælataque cassis
> Romuleæ simulacra feræ mansuescere jussæ
> Imperii fato, geminos sub rupe Quirinos,
> Ac nudam effigiem clypeo venientis et hastâ
> Pendentisque Dei perituro ostenderet hosti." xv. 100-107.

On which Mr. Macleane delivers himself as follows:

"106. *Ac nudam effigiem.* There is supposed to be on the helmet a naked figure of Mars coming down from heaven, with shield and spear, and still in the air, just as he is represented in a medal of Antoninus Pius, when he is visiting Ilia asleep. The scholiast, who had probably seen this group, says that this is what the soldier has on his helmet; than which nothing can be less probable. Addison (*Travels*, p. 182) takes credit for this interpretation; but he might have got it, if he did not, from the scholiast. . . . . There has been a great deal written about this passage, but I see no great difficulty in it. Juvenal must have seen such a figure as he describes like that on the above medal."

Now what *is* the editor's meaning? He only tells us that the scholiast was wrong, and that Addison was doubly wrong; and then adds, that he sees no difficulty in the passage. No more do we, at present. But if we agreed to the two first propositions, we should be at our wit's end. If it does not mean that this group was on the helmet, what can it mean? This sort of contemptuous carelessness is very objectionable. It is most unsatisfactory to be told of the only solution offered, that nothing "can be less probable;" and then to hear nothing further, but that there is no "difficulty" in the passage. Such a course certainly displays an odd notion of the duties of an editor.

We have not noticed so many as half the passages we had marked, but we trust we have done enough to substantiate our charges. We say that Mr. Macleane must condescend to the infirmities of ordinary men, and give a reason for his eccentric opinions, if he really wishes to be useful. He has far too high an estimate of his own powers of sarcasm, and seems to have forgotten that the world has ceased to care for the quarrels of scholars as it once did. Let him prune his next edition of some of his favourite epithets, and write a little less *ex cathedrâ*, and his volume will be improved very much.

The next volume on our list is one from whose merits we have no deductions to make. It is a model example of the present school of classical criticism. It is well known to scholars that Cicero's defence of Cluentius is one of the most diffi-

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cult and technical of his speeches; we make bold to say that Professor Ramsay has rendered it one of the easiest and most interesting. He has carried out the ideal of a modern editor to its fullest extent; and in so doing, has certainly robbed his subject of that "painful preëminence" which Niebuhr assigned to it as an instrument of education. This, however, is, as we have already stated, only what we must expect. The singular lucidity and conciseness with which the professor unravels the tangled threads of the case; the dramatic power with which he places before us the conduct of the principal actors; the thorough mastery of the subject, which enables him by a stroke of the pen to indicate motives which Cicero has neglected to explain; his clear exposition of law, and well-timed exertions of scholarship,—have each in turn elicited our warmest admiration: and as we are quite sure of the service we shall render to the cause of education by contributing such aid as we may towards a general knowledge of its merits, we shall make no apology for offering some considerable extracts to the attention of our readers.

The prosecutor and the defendant in this famous trial were two Roman gentlemen of the equestrian rank, natives of the town of Larinum in Samnium. The defendant Cluentius, aged thirty-seven, was charged by Oppianicus with an attempt to poison him. Cluentius had some years before charged the father of Oppianicus with a like attempt against himself, and had obtained a conviction. But, owing to circumstances never sufficiently cleared up, it had come to be commonly believed that the verdict had been procured by bribery. It was upon the odium under which Cluentius had laboured in consequence of this suspicion that his present accuser principally relied, the direct evidence of the offence charged against him being very small. To the dissipation of this injurious calumny Cicero devotes the greater part of his defence. And the gist of it is, that the character of the elder Oppianicus was so notoriously infamous, and the jury who convicted him so far committed by certain previous verdicts, as to have rendered corruption superfluous. The whole history of the life of Oppianicus senior had therefore to be raked up; and a more appalling and horrible revelation of social depravity than is here presented to us, it is indeed difficult to imagine. Murder, the procuring of abortion, forgery, and perjury of the most aggravated class, bribery unblushing and systematic, and sensuality of the grossest character, recur in different combinations through many pages, in various individuals, both male and female. One of the very worst among them was Sassia, the mother of Cluentius. She was stained by almost every one of the above-named

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crimes, and twice sought the death of her own son. There is something Titanic in the wickedness of those times. Pope and Cardinal, Medici and Borgia, sink into insignificance before the colossal criminality of old Rome. It was the rapid growth of these evils after the social war that led to the enactment of the statute under which both Cluentius and Oppianicus were indicted; and we must here appeal to our authority:

"Sulla, as soon as his power was firmly established, made great exertions to repress the excesses for which he himself was in no small degree responsible; and among many other weighty measures, enacted the law whose title we have given above—a law which must be regarded as of the highest importance in the history of the Roman code, since it served as the basis of all subsequent legislation on the same class of offences, and is, in consequence, repeatedly referred to and quoted by the jurists of the empire. Its provisions can be ascertained with tolerable certainty from the oration now before us and from the Digest; although the statements contained in the latter must be received with a certain amount of caution, as the original statute is not unfrequently confounded with, or at least not distinguished from, the clauses added to it at different periods.

The first chapter treated of robbers and assassins, comprehended under the general term *Sicarii*; a name derived from *sica*, a short crooked sword or dagger, which was regarded as their characteristic weapon. The penalties of the law extended not only to those who had actually committed robbery or murder, but to every one who could be proved to have gone about armed with the intent to commit robbery or murder—*qui cum telo ambulaverit hominis necandi furtive faciendi causa.*

The fifth chapter treated of poisoning; and the penalties extended to every one who could be proved to have compounded, sold, bought, kept in his possession or administered, poison with intent of causing death—*qui fecerit, vendiderit, emerit, habuerit, dederit.*

Other chapters treated of arson, and probably of parricide.

But in addition to these there was a chapter which treated of what may be termed judicial murder, extending the penalties of the law to those who should be proved to have given false evidence, or induced others to give false evidence, or have combined or conspired in any way to procure the conviction of an innocent man when criminally impeached, or, if acting in the capacity of a judge or juror, have received money for that purpose.

There was a remarkable speciality in this chapter; for while in the chapters on assassination, poisoning, &c. the penalties of the law were denounced against all who might be proved guilty, without distinction of rank or station, men and women, bond and free, the penalties for what we have termed judicial murder were restricted to those who had a seat in the senate—the order from which, according to the ordinances of Sulla, the jurors in criminal trials were selected exclusively."

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But now comes the singular feature of the case—singular, we mean, to a modern Englishman, but perfectly familiar to a Roman. Cluentius did not come within the provisions of the act; he had *not* a seat in the senate. Under our own system the flaw would have been fatal. But as a Roman court was accustomed to regard the spirit of a statute as well as the letter, and as the Cornelian law had been passed when none but senators could sit as jurors, whereas now the equites had been admitted to this privilege, the jury would have had little scruple in stretching it so as to cover an offender of that rank.

"The fact is, that, according to the letter of the law, Cluentius was exempted from its operation, but not according to the spirit. The object of Sulla in the chapter was manifestly to check the corruption which had, for a long period, notoriously prevailed among the judges and jurors on criminal trials; while, according to another of his ordinances, the right of serving as jurors was restored to the senate to the exclusion of all other orders, and therefore the words of this portion of the statute were made applicable to them only. Some years before the trial of Cluentius, in B.C. 70, a change had taken place, and by the *Lex Aurelia* the jurors upon criminal trials were a mixed body, chosen from the senators, the members of the equestrian order, and the Tribuni Aerarii. Hence, although no alteration had, at the same period, been introduced into the *Lex Cornelia de Sicariis*, it might have been fairly argued that the clauses in that law which were evidently introduced to repress corruption among the body of criminal jurors, and therefore were made applicable to those who at the time when the law was passed were alone qualified to act as such, ought in fairness to apply to all who were eligible to perform the same functions, although a much larger body of men would now be included.

It is extremely probable that the jurors upon the trial of Cluentius might have been disposed to take this view, and thus Cicero found it necessary to concentrate all his forces upon what he knew to be the weakest side of his position; while he at the same time claimed for his client the credit of marching out into the open field, and challenging his opponent, when he might have remained in perfect security entrenched behind an impregnable bulwark of legal technicality."

Cicero shrunk from staking his case upon its legal merits, and covered his unwillingness to do so by an affected scorn of formalities. These clear and precise statements remove all difficulty from the latter part of the defence, and convey the necessary information in a much more useful shape than it assumes when scattered through the voluminous notes of Mr. Long.

All the crimes and all the criminals, either detailed or alluded to by Cicero, are brought together by Professor Ramsay in a couple of pages, with a few words of comment upon each. Relationships are carefully exhibited, and people of the same

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name distinguished from each other. Here is one great source of embarrassment removed at once. We can now take a bird's-eye view of the numerous and perplexing *dramatis personæ*, and keep the thread of the oration from getting twisted with very little trouble.

On the subject of disputed readings,—a source of great vexation and fatigue to young students,—Mr. Ramsay has the following soothing observations:

"A young scholar who takes up what is called a complete critical edition of a Greek or Roman writer,—one namely in which all the various readings supplied by Mss. and early editions, or derived from conjecture, are enumerated and discussed,—when he observes that there is scarcely a line of the original in which all our authorities absolutely coincide, and that not unfrequently a clause of three or four words is presented under half-a-dozen different forms, is apt to believe that the text of the classics is involved in doubt and confusion; that we have no reasonable certainty that we are reading a single sentence exactly as it issued from the lips of the orator, or was indited by the pen of the historian; and that we cannot even feel confident that the general scope and force of their expressions has been correctly transmitted to us. But upon more close examination he will discover that his first impression is altogether erroneous; that the great majority of the various readings are entirely destitute of importance; that of the remainder a large number, although perhaps occasionally involving some delicate point of grammar or criticism, do not seriously affect the meaning of the passage in which they occur; and that the residue, consisting of those which produce a marked variation in sense, is, considering all circumstances, wonderfully small. These, moreover, have been so carefully sifted and winnowed by the patient labour of acute and learned men for centuries, that it is not too much to say that, with the exception of a very few sentences which are hopelessly corrupt,—and of these in the pleading for Cluentius there are not more than three, or at most four,—the Orations of Cicero are, for all practical purposes, as correct as the reports given in our best newspapers of the speeches of our senators and lawyers, while the text of the Greek tragedians is more certain than that of Shakespeare.

We propose now to divide into classes a large mass of the various readings given in detail by the editors of Cicero, and to point out that they may be regarded as of no consequence in so far as the meaning of the author is concerned; and it will then be found that when these are struck off, and when those which, although they cannot be regularly classified, are at once rejected by any competent scholar have been eliminated, the number which require consideration is comparatively trifling."

Many a boy will "bless the useful light" thus poured by the professor on this dismal and discouraging topic. The toils of those baneful commentators who have ruined the peace of so

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many a college freshman will henceforward be estimated at their true value. We cannot help likening the professor to the goddess Sabrina, "helping"

> "All ill-luck signs
> Which the shrewd meddling elf delights to make;"

and we commit to his benignant influence the spirits of all sharp boys made stupid which are about to break themselves on this celebrated oration.

The professor's notes upon the text are short and to the purpose. His explanations of particular words and idioms are more serviceable than Mr. Long's, who sometimes, as in the case of *persona* (cap. xxix.) and *locus* (cap. xx.), passes over points which certainly require comment. Mr. Ramsay's notes on both of these words are excellent. The former is interesting from the many controversies to which it has given rise, especially that between Milton and Salmasius. Mr. Ramsay's opinion is, that *persona* is never used in the purest writers to express "an individual," but is always to be explained by the character or part which a man sustains before the world,—that which he seems to be on the stage of life. Elsewhere Mr. Long tells us that it is frequently used in its legal sense of "persons" as opposed to "things;" and hence, with the true lawyer's predilection for regarding men merely as creatures against whom legal proceedings can be taken, he would always translate the word simply as "the man," or "a man;" an explanation which Mr. Macleane has applied in *Juv.* iv. 15,

> —"quum dira et fœdior omni
> Crimine persona est,"—

but in our opinion erroneously: Juvenal rather means that his character is now such that nothing can disgrace it. The professor's notes on *præposterus* (c. xxvi.) and *committo* (c. xxxiv.) are also good specimens of his easy and unpretending scholarship.

In the interpretation of disputed passages Mr. Ramsay's knowledge of the language and excellent judgment show to great advantage. He has attained that happy medium between obscurity and diffuseness which nothing but a sound intellectual digestion can ensure. All his arguments are well-proportioned, and pervaded by a kind of equable noonday brightness, which never leaves us at fault for a single instant. He is exhaustive, and yet never tedious. As special instances of how much can be done in a small space when the workman is master of his subject, we would mention the note on *allegatos* (cap. xiii.), on *dixerunt* (cap. xxvii.), on the words *at is eâ lege quærebat* (cap. xxxiii.), and on *litis æstimatio* (cap. xli.). The latter is so good an illustration of the professor's powers, as well as so interesting in itself for the light it throws upon Roman

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criminal procedure, that we must quote it entire. The Latin stands thus:

"Hic profertur id, quod iudicium appellari non oportet, P. Septimio Scaevolae litèm eo nomine esse aestimatam. Cuius rei quae consuetudo sit, quoniam apud homines peritissimos dico, pluribus verbis docere non debeo. Nunquam enim ea diligentia, quae solet adhiberi in ceteris iudiciis, eadem, reo damnato, adhibita est. 116. In litibus aestimandis fere iudices, aut, quod sibi eum, quem semel condemnarunt, inimicum putant esse, si qua in eum lis capitis illata est, non admittunt: aut, quod se perfunctos iam esse arbitrantur, quum de reo iudicarunt, negligentius attendunt cetera. Itaque et maiestatis absoluti sunt permulti, quibus damnatis, de pecuniis repetundis, lites essent aestimatae: et hoc quotidie fieri videmus, ut, reo damnato de pecuniis repetundis, ad quos pervenisse pecunias in litibus aestimandis statutum sit, eos illi iudices absolvant: quod quum fit, non iudicia rescinduntur, sed hoc statuitur, aestimationem litium non esse iudicium. Scaevola condemnatus est aliis criminibus, frequentissimis Apuliae testibus. Omni contentione pugnatum est, ut lis haec capitis aestimaretur. Quae res si rei iudicatae pondus habuisset: ille postea, vel iisdem, vel aliis inimicis, reus hac lege ipsa factus esset."

Professor Ramsay says:

"1. The *Litis Aestimatio*, in criminal trials, belonged, strictly speaking, to those cases only in which the misappropriation of money by some public servant formed the main charge. Such were impeachments *De Repetundis* and *De Peculatu*. If, for example, a provincial governor was found guilty under the *Lex Servilia* of having extorted money from those under his sway, he was not only compelled to go into exile, but also to make restitution of what he had unlawfully seized. The punishment was thus twofold. The jury, after they had brought in their general verdict of guilty, proceeded to determine the amount to be refunded; and this was the *Litis Aestimatio*.

2. In fixing the sums to be refunded, they were required to specify on what ground or score (*quo nomine*) each sum was fixed, stating the particulars of the offence for which restitution was to be made.

3. In performing this part of their duty, the jury had frequently an opportunity of modifying the punishment of the criminal. It is evident that when a charge was brought generally *De Maiestate* or *De Repetundis*, there must have been an infinite number of degrees of guilt; and although each of these offences was nominally a *Crimen Capitale*, many cases might occur in which the amount of guilt was so small, or the circumstances so extenuating, that the infliction of a *Poena Capitalis* would have been harsh and unjust. So, in our own courts, a person may be accused and found guilty of *Manslaughter;* but this term comprehends all degrees of culpability between the extreme limit of an act of homicide verging upon wilful murder, and one in which the catastrophe is the result of a slight imprudence. Hence the punishment varies from penal servitude for life to a mere admonition; the amount of punishment, according to the practice of English courts,

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being determined by the judge. Now it would appear that the *Iudices*, when they stated in the *Litis Aestimatio* on what score (*quo nomine*) they fixed the amount to be paid, might make the offence appear of the most serious or most venial description, and they might even express themselves in such terms as to lay the culprit open to a new impeachment for an offence more serious than that for which he was under trial; but generally speaking they were in the habit of leaning to the side of mercy, and saving him from the penalties of a *Lis Capitalis*. In point of fact, we may infer from the expression used in this chapter with regard to Scaevola—*omni contentione pugnatum est, ut lis haec capitis aestimaretur*—that when an individual was found guilty generally of any offence which admitted of many gradations of guilt, it depended upon the nature of the *Litis Aestimatio* whether the *Poena* was to be *Capitalis* or not, the Iudices discharging the duty which devolves upon the judge according to our system.

. . . *inimicum putant esse.*] Two reasons are here assigned which tended to render jurors lenient or careless in the *Litis Aestimatio*.

1. They believe that the person they have found guilty will look upon them as his personal enemies, and therefore they desire to prove that they are willing to befriend him as far as they can—*si qua in eum lis capitis illata est non admittunt.*

2. Thinking that their duty as jurors has been discharged by bringing in a verdict, they are indifferent and careless about the subsequent proceeding—*negligentius attendunt cetera.*

Itaque et maiestatis.] This is the most desperate sentence in the whole passage. We have given the text of Orelli, which is supported by all Mss. except A, B; but I am unable, without great violence, to twist any satisfactory meaning out of the words.

A, B insert *maiestatis* before *essent*, and the text stands thus in the edd. of Class. and Bait.:

Itaque et maiestatis absoluti sunt permulti, quibus damnatis de pecuniis repetundis lites maiestatis essent aestimatae; from which the following meaning is extracted: Very many persons having been found guilty when impeached *De Repetundis*, and the jurors in the *Litis Aestimatio* having implied that they were guilty of *Maiestas*, have, when brought to trial for *Maiestas*, been acquitted.

There can be no doubt that this is a distinct meaning; but I hesitate to adopt it, because it appears to me to be completely at variance with the tenor of Cicero's observations. The orator, in the preceding sentence, if I understand it aright, has asserted that the jurors were for the most part loose and lenient in the *Litis Aestimatio*. *Itaque*, he continues, as a proof of this—and then follows the sentence before us; but this, according to the interpretation of Classen, far from being an illustration of the careless leniency of jurors, would be rather a proof of vindictive persecution, since by the terms of their *Litis Aestimatio* they laid open the accused to a fresh charge of a most serious character; and this had happened in the case of very many individuals (*permulti*).

. . . *ad quos pervenisse pecunias.*] When an individual was con-

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victed *De pecuniis repetundis*, and ordered to make restitution, if his property proved inadequate to yield the sum fixed, an inquiry was instituted to discover the persons into whose hands the missing property had passed, and these persons became themselves liable to an impeachment *De Repetundis*. Cicero here adduces as an additional proof of the leniency of jurors, that, after having, in a *Litis Aestimatio*, fixed upon the persons into whose hands the property unlawfully acquired had passed—the resetters, as it were, of the stolen goods—they had refused to convict these persons when brought to trial.

. . . *ut lis haec capitis aestimaretur*.] The meaning seems clearly to be that which we have indicated above: Scaevola was found guilty by the testimony of very many witnesses, upon a charge altogether unconnected with the trial of Oppianicus (*aliis criminibus*). The greatest exertions were made that the *Litis Aestimatio* should be in such terms as to render him amenable to a *Poena Capitalis*. Few will be disposed to adopt the interpretation of Manutius: 'The greatest exertions were made that the Poena Capitalis involved in this charge (*ut haec lis capitis*) should be commuted for a fine' (*aestimaretur*).

However much we may differ with regard to the true interpretation of some of the above clauses, the argument of Cicero is perfectly intelligible.

'One of the facts adduced to prove the guilt of Cluentius is, that the jurors who convicted P. Septimius Scaevola stated expressly, in their *Litis Aestimatio*, that he had received a bribe on the trial of Oppianicus; and this,' continues the orator, 'my opponents call a legal decision (*iudicium*). But I need not tell you, who are so well versed in proceedings of this sort, that a *Litis Aestimatio* is not a legal decision (*iudicium*). In the first place, it is notorious that jurors, after they have brought in a verdict of guilty, are disposed to be lenient and careless in the *Litis Aestimatio*; and that even when, in the course of a *Litis Aestimatio*, they have indicated the guilt of a third person, they often refuse to convict that person when brought to trial before them. From no point of view, therefore, can a *Litis Aestimatio* be regarded as a *Iudicium*, and it ought not to be called by that name.'"

We have never until now seen this passage explained entirely to our satisfaction; for the slight hesitation evinced by the professor at the words *itaque et maiestatis absoluti sunt permulti*, scarcely detract from its completeness. We think the word *maiestatis* before *essent* ought to stand, as it does in Long's edition. Cicero has said that the jurors were for the most part loose in the *litis aestimatio*, and sometimes lenient; but clearly not always. He says that sometimes, when a previous capital assessment of damages was brought up against a man whom they had found guilty, they did not allow it to weigh in their present assessment (*non admittunt*); and then adds generally that they were negligent on this point because they thought their work over when the verdict was agreed upon. The inconsistencies in their conduct sprang sometimes

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from mercy, and sometimes from carelessness. As an instance of the latter, he cites the well-known fact, that men found guilty of *repetundae* had had damages assessed for *maiestas;* and then says that this assessment was never regarded as a legal declaration of their guilt, for when brought to trial for *maiestas* they were acquitted. The words *negligentius attendunt cetera* do not at all preclude the idea of the jurors sometimes erring on the side of severity; and Cicero seems to have given the two sentences, *itaque et maiestatis* and *et hoc quotidie,* as instances of each failing. Mr. Long's note on this passage is exceedingly obscure, and his explanation of the words *omni contentione pugnatum est ut lis haec capitis aestimaretur* far from so obvious and reasonable as Mr. Ramsay's.

In conclusion, we would call attention to Mr. Ramsay's notes on cap. xlvi. relative to the punishment of soldiers, and cap. lxiii. on the slaves who were put to the torture. In each of these passages he contrasts favourably with Mr. Long, from whom he differs; and though in the latter of the two we cannot agree with his explanation, yet he states his own case more clearly and strongly than his predecessor.

But the vacation has arrived. A truce to the quirks and quibbles of our learned friends, and poets reciting in the dog-days. "*O fortunatos nimirum, sua si bona nôrint, Agricolae,*" we exclaim. We will put on our *caligae,* as Mr. Macleane would say, and go to Dr. Daubeny,—to a land of corn and wine and oil; and so will we gladden our hearts and make our countenances cheerful, and forget the horrors of murder and the dusty mysteries of the law. In truth, a pleasanter volume than this one of Dr. Daubeny's we should not care to look for. It is a peculiarly English book, and appeals strongly to an Englishman's tastes. It would not come within the scope of our present article to examine it in detail; but we notice it for the sake of the one feature which it has in common with the other works upon our list: we mean its illustrative utility. The pleasure of reading Virgil is very greatly increased by a more accurate explanation of the trees, herbs, and flowers which he mentions, of the agricultural processes which he describes, and the maxims which he enjoins upon the farmer; while, on the other hand, any difficulties presented to young beginners by the technical terms employed are here completely levelled. His chapters on live stock are most interesting. The Romans had many delicacies at their banquets from which modern taste would shrink, though whether wisely or not we cannot say. Dormice were strictly preserved; snails, periwinkles,

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and other conchifera, were carefully fattened in the cochlearia. The Roman fishponds are famous: they seem to have stood in the same relation to the Roman gentleman as his covers to an English squire; the lampreys and mullets were his pheasants and partridges. And perhaps the story of the man who fed his fish upon slaves may be in the nature of an allegory, and point only to the consumption of gamekeepers. Cicero dwells with indignation on the conduct of these *piscinarii*, as he calls them, who were so wrapt up in their preserves that they would not come to Rome to organise a conservative party. "And what the *mullet* was, are *foxes* now," may be said perhaps without any violent exaggeration. The fish were often very tame, as we read in Martial; and would swim up to the edge of the pond to be fed, just as game, where it is plentiful, will come up to the breakfast-room window. The pleasant good-humoured noble, feeding his lampreys and talking to his humbler neighbours, recalls too the image of the last English king who had the habits of an English gentleman.

The Doctor makes less use of Martial in his pictures of country life than we should have anticipated. Martial has left us a genial and graphic description of the sights and sounds which encountered a Roman proprietor as he stepped into his outer farmyard on some fine day towards the close of autumn. The *tribula* (threshing-machines) are hard at work. The vine-dresser passes him with a load of late grapes. The meadows below the house are dotted with cattle, and their lowing alternates pleasantly with the cooing of the pigeons from the turrets. At his feet strut the whole people of the poultry-yard, as various in their voice as in their plumage:—the goose, the peacock, and the flamingo,—the partridge, the guinea-hen, and the pheasant. And as the *villicus* comes by with a lapful of acorns, he is followed by a crowd of importunate porkers. From the sheepfold in his rear the master catches the bleating of the lambs separated from their mothers. Inside the house the children of the slaves are huddling over a good fire, while their elders are out in the woods and on the lake to replenish the fish-pond and the thrush-house. Some neighbours from the town are taking a stroll in his garden; and presently a countryman approaches to pay his respects with something better than mere compliments: "Will his honour accept this fine piece of virgin honeycomb, with this cone-shaped cheese from the pastures of Umbria?"—or perhaps a few couple of dormice, or a live kid, or a brace of fat capons, constitute his humble offering, which is doubtless accepted with all graciousness; and perhaps too, before the day is over, some buxom dark-eyed Phyllis comes tripping up to the "Hall" with a "basket" from the worthy

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couple, her parents. One cannot fail to be struck with the simplicity and kindliness of this rural picture,—which we strongly recommend to all our readers in the original,—written of a spot but a short distance from the voluptuous watering-place of Baiæ, and by one to whom none of the indulgences or vices of that self-indulgent and vicious age were unknown.

It is the unaffected attachment to a country life, breathing through such passages as these, which has contributed more than any other cause to the permanent popularity of the ancient literature. It is the salt of the Classics, which has rendered their baser elements innocuous. Through the grossest pictures of vice and the most degraded conceptions of religion by which their pages are disfigured, runs a vein of purity and tenderness which leavens the entire mass. Amid the fetid atmosphere of cities we catch the fresh breezes of the hills, and up over the "smoke and roaring bustle of Rome" floats a pleasant murmur of the country. The Athenians were litigious to a proverb, and as fond of public life as Lord Palmerston. Their law-courts and political assemblies were, next to the theatre, the favourite amusement of the people. Away from Athens, one would have supposed there was nothing in which the countrymen of Pericles were interested. Yet it was not so. We are informed by Thucydides that the principal cause of their hostility to the Peloponnesian War was the necessity of leaving their country-houses, and exposing their gardens, olive-grounds, and orchards, to the devastations of the invader. In Aristophanes, a genuine man of the world, we find the same sentiments illustrated with as much force as humour; while Xenophon, the scholar and philosopher, was at the same time a country gentleman and a sportsman.

In Latin literature every other page is redolent of this rural spirit. We need not mention the professed writers on agriculture. Whether in the philosophic studies and deep poetic sympathies of Lucretius; in the flowers, and festivals, and lovers of Tibullus and Propertius; in the literary leisure of Horace, and Martial, and Pliny; or clinging to the rough song of Juvenal, like the moss upon an ancient wall,—we ever see the ruling instinct. The old Roman character was exactly suited to appreciate the dignity of country life, and to value the many pleasures it afforded, without permitting them to sink into mere luxuriousness. The Roman was still the man of action. Law, and conquest, and legislation, were the work of his massive nature: but still he looked to the country as the source of his purest delights; and, in the senate or the camp, had probably ever some well-loved spot in his memory, of which he would exclaim with his favourite, *Sit meae sedes utinam senectae.*

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It is likely that much of the peculiar zest with which the Classics have been cultivated in England is due to this predominant characteristic. Athens was never to Attica, nor Rome to Italy, what Paris has become to France: but they were eminently what London is now to England. No scholar, however deeply learned in roots and particles, can catch the tone of the ancients so completely as an English scholar. The *urbana rusticitas*, as it has been happily termed, of the cultivated Roman, has never been so thoroughly reproduced as in the cultivated Briton. Burke at Beaconsfield was quite the Roman ideal. And perhaps there is no one relic of antiquity so highly prized, or so frequently perused amongst us, as the Georgics of Virgil. No one remembers that sad second eclogue as he reads these. The close and affectionate study of nature evinced by the first and third books, and the beautiful little country pictures in the second and fourth, have left us an impression of their author which no less favourable traditions have been able to impair. We forgive Horace his prurience, and Juvenal his coarseness, as we read the description of Ofellus, and the invitation to Persicus. And Martial's offences are condoned as we revel in his hearty description of the poultry-yard, the dove-cot, and the pigs, at the villa of his friend Faustinus. We feel certain that in such men this license of language could not have meant all it would mean among ourselves, or necessitate their banishment, like some writers of our own Augustan age, to the shelves of the antiquary.

To the concluding chapters in Dr. Daubeny's work, which relate to Roman horticulture, we can only refer in the well-known lines:

> "Atque equidem extremo ni jam sub fine laborum
> Vela traham, et terris festinem advertere proram,
> Forsitan et pingues hortos quae cura colendi
> Ornaret, canerem, biferique rosaria Paesti;
> Quoque modo potis gauderent intuba rivis,
> Et virides apio ripae, tortusque per herbam
> Cresceret in ventrem cucumis; nec sera comantem
> Narcissum, aut flexi tacuissem vimen acanthi,
> Pallentesque hederas et amantes litora myrtos.
> Verum haec ipse equidem spatiis exclusus iniquis
> Praetereo, atque aliis post me memoranda relinquo."

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Art. IV.—SWEDENBORGIANA.

Arcana Cœlestia. The Heavenly Arcana contained in the Holy Scriptures, or Word of the Lord, unfolded. By Emanuel Swedenborg. 12 vols. 8vo. London, 1848.

The True Christian Religion; containing the Universal Theology of the New Church, foretold by the Lord in Daniel and in the Apocalypse. By Emanuel Swedenborg. 8vo. London, 1855.

Heaven and Hell; also the Intermediate State, or World of Spirits: a Relation of Things heard and seen. By Emanuel Swedenborg. 8vo. London, 1850.

Conjugal Love, &c. By Emanuel Swedenborg. A new edition revised. 8vo. London, 1855.

Emanuel Swedenborg: a Biography. By J. J. G. Wilkinson. 8vo. London, 1849.

Life: its Nature, Varieties, and Phenomena. By Leo H. Grindon. Second edition, improved and considerably enlarged. 8vo. London, 1857.

Swedenborg's Writings and Catholic Teaching; or, a Voice from the New Church Porch, in answer to a Series of Articles on the Swedenborgians. By the Vicar of Froome-Selwood, in the Old Church Porch. 12mo. London, 1858.

Swedenborg is more of a mystery and in some important particulars less of a mystic than any other founder of a sect. This opinion, which is the result of the perusal of a good many books by and about him, is exactly opposite to the opinion which is commonly held, and which is probably the result, in those who hold it, of their not having read any such books. We propose simply to present our readers with the mystery of Swedenborg, as far as we can in a few pages, without any attempt to solve it. Our readers may try, if they please, to do that for themselves; but they will probably find it a harder task than they may suppose, while they are as yet unacquainted with facts and writings which make it absurd to call him an impostor, and which, if they prove him to have been insane, prove also that insanity is compatible with powers of intellect which, in certain directions, stand almost unrivalled. We will not go so far as Coleridge, who called him "the man of ten centuries;" since the last ten centuries, to say nothing of lesser lights, have produced Shakespeare and Dante—the latter of whom was, in some respects, extremely like Swedenborg, and nearly if not quite equal to him in what constitutes his great and unquestionable intellectual claim, namely, the power of observing facts concerning the nature, capacities, and destiny of the human spirit, which, when they are stated,—or rather poetically suggested—for frequently

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they do not admit of direct statement,—are by one set of hearers at once rejected, not as *false* but as simply unintelligible; while by another set, not the least respectable in point of admitted culture and capacity, they are welcomed as truths of the highest importance, and of such a nature that they are not *opined* but *discerned.* To this extraordinary power in the Swedish seer we shall not attempt to do justice. No adequate idea of it can be obtained without a somewhat deep and extensive study of his writings.

Emanuel Swedenborg was born in 1688, at Stockholm. He was the second son of the Bishop of Skara, a man of much influence and high family. The bishop gave his son an excellent moral and secular education, but seems to have left him curiously to himself in the matter of doctrinal instruction. Very little, however, is known of Swedenborg's childhood and youth beyond what is contained in a letter which he wrote late in life to one of his friends. "From my fourth to my tenth year," he says, "my thoughts were constantly engrossed by reflecting on God, on salvation, and on the spiritual affections of man." At this period he informs his friend that he often revealed things in his discourse which astonished his hearers, and made them declare that the angels spoke through his mouth. "From my sixth to my twelfth year it was my greatest delight to converse with the clergy concerning faith; to whom I often observed that charity, or love, is the life of faith;" a doctrine which he lived to teach with an incomparable power of persuasion. "I knew of no other faith or belief at that time than that God is the Creator and Preserver of nature; that He endues man with understanding, good inclinations, and other gifts derived from these. I knew nothing at that time of the systematic or dogmatic kind of faith, that God the Father imputes the righteousness or merits of his Son to whomsoever, &c." Dr. Swedberg, however, was a serious and earnest man; and in April 1729, he thus writes of his son: "Emanuel, my son's name, signifies 'God with us;' a name which should constantly remind him of the nearness of God, and of that interior, holy, and mysterious connection in which, through faith, we stand with our good and gracious God." At the proper time the young Swedenborg, or Swedberg as his name was then, went to the University of Upsal; and from this time forth until a late period in middle life, all his attention seems to have been devoted to secular learning, and particularly to mathematics and mineralogy. In 1709, at the age of twenty-two, he took his degree of Doctor of Philosophy; and in the following year he commenced the course of travel which was then looked upon as an essential part of a liberal education. He directed his course first to London. On his voyage thither his ship was fired

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into as a Danish pirate by an armed English vessel. On reaching the port of London he incurred a second danger; for he was persuaded by some of his countrymen to land in opposition to the quarantine regulations; for which, as the plague was then raging in Sweden, he narrowly escaped hanging. Twelve months were spent at London and Oxford, and three years more on the Continent. His writings, up to this time, were not much more than academical exercises. On his return to Sweden, in 1715, he published a small volume of poems, which seem to have been decidedly poor. The Bishop of Skara left his son as free in the choice of a profession as in that of a religion. To mineralogy and mining Swedenborg devoted himself on setting out in life. His scientific acquirements, even at this period, seem to have been great; for he counted among his friends and correspondents the most renowned mathematicians and astronomers at that period in Europe. From 1716 to 1718 he edited a mechanical and mathematical journal, the *Dædalus Hyperboreus*, to which Christopher Polheim, called the Swedish Archimedes, was a contributor. Polheim's connection was a very important one for Swedenborg. He was introduced by him to the notice of Charles XII., who immediately appreciated the young man's capacity, and appointed him to be the colleague and the successor of Polheim in high official employments in connection with mining and mechanical operations. Swedenborg lived in Polheim's house at this time, and fell in love with the counsellor's second daughter, Emerentia. She was only fourteen years old, and at first would not consent to a betrothal; but her father, desiring the match very much, gave Swedenborg a written agreement that he should have the lady when she was a little older, and this bond she herself was prevailed upon to sign. It was, however, only in obedience to her father's wish, and the engagement preyed upon her mind and depressed her spirits; and her brother, seeing how matters stood, stole the document from Swedenborg, who, as soon as he discovered that there was no hope of persuading her affections, handsomely relinquished all claims to her, and left her father's house. This seems to have been the only love-passage in his life. He never married.

During his professional life Swedenborg was in frequent and friendly personal intercourse with the royalty of Sweden. Charles XII. made various use of his services, which were very remarkable on the occasion of the siege of Frederickshall, at which the king was killed. Swedenborg, on this occasion, performed the almost incredible feat of transporting over fourteen miles of hilly country, by machines of his own invention, two galleys, five large boats, and a sloop. "By this operation the king found himself in a situation to carry out his plans; for under cover of these

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vessels he transported on pontoons his heavy artillery, which it would have been impossible to convey by land, under the very walls of Frederickshall." In the same year Swedenborg produced a treatise on mathematics, containing the earliest Swedish account of the differential and integral calculus; and also a work on the finding of the longitude of places by lunar observations. In 1719 the Swedberg family were ennobled by the name of Swedenborg, and in this year he produced works on decimal coinage and measures, on the motion of the earth and planets, on docks, sluices, and salt-works, and on "proofs derived from appearances in Sweden of the depth of the sea, and the greater force of the tides in the ancient world." The reception of his scientific schemes and speculations by the Swedish people seems to have disgusted him; he complains, in a private letter of this date, that "Pluto and envy possess the Hyperboreans, and that a man will prosper better among them by acting the idiot than by remaining a man of understanding." Dr. Wilkinson, in pausing at this epoch in Swedenborg's history, observes, "We are not aware that any great brilliancy was displayed in his works up to this date; but rather great industry, fertile plans, a belief in the penetrability of problems usually given up by the learned, a gradual and experimental faculty, and an absence of precocity."

Swedenborg was of too great a genius to be long a grumbler; accordingly we find him returning shortly to his scientific investigations, and in a spirit still further removed from popular sympathies. He published several works in which, according to Dumas, the French chemist, he laid the foundations of the science of crystallography. For many years his time was divided between his travels, which he frequently renewed, his duties as assessor of mines, and his scientific studies. In 1724 the consistory of the University and the Academy of Sciences at Upsal offered him the professorship of pure mathematics. In 1734 he published the most famous of his works on natural philosophy, the *Principia*, which was prohibited by the Pope, because it was considered to contradict the position that all things were created out of nothing. His reputation was now European; and he was in correspondence, and on terms of intellectual equality, with Christian Wolf, and the greatest philosophers of the age. We cannot pause to speak separately of the vast series of works which Swedenborg produced in various departments of the natural sciences. Dr. Wilkinson, however, remarks upon one property common to them all, which we must not omit to notice. "The belief in a personal God was with him the fountain of sciences, which alone allowed a finite man to discover in nature the wisdom that an infinite man had planted there. . . . Only in so far as man is the image of God, and can think like God, can he give

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the reason of any thing that God has made. . . . There is a peculiar sacredness pervading the treatment of his subjects, depending on the perception that their last wisdom is always God. He seldom utters the divine name; but points to a truth and sapience in all things, which elicit the repeated thought, 'this is none other than the house of God, and this is the gate of heaven.' "

"We now pass onwards," to use the words of Swedenborg's biographer, "to another man and author, to Swedenborg the seer and theologian." We cannot, however, accompany Dr. Wilkinson any further in his spirit of faith, not only in the sincerity (which is indubitable) but in the complete sanity of his hero, whose first vision shall be related in his own words. In a letter, dated 1769, and addressed to Mr. Hartley, he writes, "I have been called to a holy office by the Lord Himself, who most graciously manifested Himself in person to me, his servant, in the year 1743, when He opened my sight to the view of the spiritual world, and granted me the privilege of conversing with spirits and angels, which I enjoy to this day." The following is another and fuller account of this event:

"I was in London, and dined late at my usual quarters, where I had engaged a room, in which, at pleasure, to pursue my studies in natural philosophy. I was hungry, and ate with great appetite. Towards the end of the meal I remarked that a kind of mist spread before my eyes; and I saw the floor of my room covered with hideous reptiles, such as serpents, toads, and the like. I was astonished, having all my wits about me and being perfectly conscious. The darkness attained its height, and then passed away. I now saw a man sitting in the corner of the chamber. As I had thought myself entirely alone I was greatly frightened, when he said to me, 'Eat not so much!' My sight again became dim; but when I recovered it I found myself entirely alone in my room. The unexpected alarm hastened my return home. I did not suffer my landlord to perceive that any thing had happened; but thought it over attentively, and was not able to attribute it to chance, or any physical cause. I went home; but the following night the same man appeared to me again. I was this time not at all alarmed. The man said, 'I am God, the Lord, the Creator and Redeemer of the world. I have chosen thee to unfold to men the spiritual sense of the Holy Scripture. I will myself dictate to thee what thou shalt write.' The same night the world of spirits, heaven and hell, were convincingly opened to me, where I found many persons of my acquaintance of all conditions. From that day forth I gave up all worldly learning; and laboured only in spiritual things, according to what the Lord commanded me to write. Thereafter the Lord daily opened the eyes of my spirit, to see in perfect wakefulness what was going on in the other world, and to converse, broad awake, with angels and spirits."

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The asserted visions of Swedenborg seem usually to have occurred in a kind of voluntary trance, during which the breath entirely ceased. To the subject of respiration in connection with thought and contemplation Swedenborg had paid great attention, and had made extraordinary experiments even when he was a child. He had remarked, that during the actual exercise of deep thought the breath is wholly suspended; and he had, as he assures us, practised the suspension of it, until he had attained a power of doing so which Dr. Wilkinson compares to that of the Hindoo Yogi. Swedenborg attributes his faculty of vision-seeing wholly to the constitution of body which enabled him to acquire this power. "My respiration," he says, "has been so formed by the Lord as to enable me to breathe inwardly for a long period of time, without the aid of the external air; my respiration being directed within, and my outward senses, as well as actions, still continuing in their vigour, which is only possible with persons who have been so formed. . . . I have also been instructed that my breathing was so directed . . . in order to enable me to be with spirits and to speak with them."

Swedenborg considered his new vocation incompatible with the due discharge of his office as Assessor of the Board of Mines. In 1747 he resigned; but at the same time petitioned King Frederick to be allowed to do so on half-pay. The king, in consideration of his faithful and important services of thirty-one years, allowed him to retire with his full salary, and offered him a higher degree of rank, which was declined. After this resignation of his office, he repaired once more to London, a place which always seems to have rivalled Stockholm in his affections. There he wrote and published, in 1749, the first volume of his most bulky work, the *Arcana Cœlestia*, which is a spiritual commentary, in twelve ponderous volumes, on Genesis and Exodus. This work was printed at the author's expense; and, much to the delight and admiration of John Lewis, the publisher, he not only refused to make any profit, but he would not take back, as that gentleman tells us, one farthing of the money he advanced for the printing; "and for that reason," says Mr. Lewis, "his works will come exceedingly cheap to the public." This work runs, as Dr. Wilkinson expresses it, "in two parallel streams: there is on the one hand a series of scriptural interpretations; on the other, a narrative interjected between the chapters of the former, and embracing a description of the wonders of the other life."

The *Arcana Cœlestia* is on the whole an exceedingly unreadable performance. The descriptions of the "other life" are often wonderfully odd and out-of-the-way; at the same time possessing a moral verisimilitude which renders them very impressive, regarded simply as poetical parables. The scriptural interpreta-

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tions, ingenious as they are, must, to those who are not in the number of true believers in Swedenborg, appear extremely far-fetched and improbable; indeed, we confess that this part of the work, abounding as it does both in commonplaces and in unintelligibilities of the first magnitude, reiterated *ad nauseam*, has proved too much for our patience; we have not been able to read much of it. Nevertheless, in this strange mass of what must strike all but professed Swedenborgians as often being the reverse of good sense and right vision, no candid and religious mind can fail to discern occasional passages from which novel truths of great importance shine, and others in which old truths are restated with a degree of moral force which almost amounts to a new revelation of them. The interpretation of the Mosaic history, as far as it is intelligible, is, if it be nothing more, a miracle of ingenuity; and, though we may reject it as being more often an obscuration than an elucidation of the words of the Bible, it has frequently an independent value of no mean kind and degree. The homeliness and simplicity of the style of this and all the "spiritual" works of Swedenborg can scarcely be described. It is as if an infant of a higher race were speaking. They are full of childlike intuitions of moral and spiritual truths; but these truths are reiterated with a pertinacity which is intolerably wearisome.

Swedenborg, for seventeen years of the "spiritual" period of his life, kept a diary, which we regret to say that we have had no opportunity of seeing: we are indebted to Dr. Wilkinson's beautifully written criticism of it for all we know about it. This book, which is in six closely-printed octavos, contains records, from day to day, of visions and conversations with spirits of the departed,—Moses, Abraham, Aristotle, Cicero, Charles XII. of Sweden, Frederick the Great, the author of *The Whole Duty of Man*, &c. King David and St. Paul appear among the lost, Mahomet among the saints; the latter having been converted to Christianity in the preparatory "world of spirits." "To one who has perused this work," writes Dr. Wilkinson, "the question of sincerity never occurs; he would as soon moot the sincerity of a tree." Many parts of Swedenborg's published works prove to have been simple extracts from this record of singular experiences. Dr. Wilkinson has a better right than we have to be heard upon the subject of this *Diary*. Our readers, in perusing the following eloquent passage, will, however, bear in mind that the writer of it, to all intents and purposes, is one of the faithful; and they will make certain allowances accordingly.

"A great part of it dwells upon unhappy themes; and, indeed, no book more deranges one's habits of thought than this unreserved *Diary*. Our crotchet of the abstract nobleness of spirits receives there

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a rude shock. Our fathers' souls are no better than ourselves, no less mean and no less bodily; and their occupations are often no less unworthy than our own. A large part of their doings reads like police-reports. Even the angels are but good men in a favouring sphere. We may not worship them, for they do not deserve it; at best they are our brethren and the prophets. It is very matter of fact. Death is no change in substantials. The same problems recur after it, and man is left to solve them. Nothing but goodness and truth are thriving. There is no rest beyond the tomb but in the peace of God, which was rest before it. This is the last extension of ethics; and while it deprives the grave of every vulgar terror, it lends it the terrors of this wicked world, which itself is the reign and empire of the dead. Moreover, while the *Diary* abolishes our spiritual presumption, it justifies to nearly the whole extent the low sentimental credence on ghostly subjects, as well as the traditions and fears of simple mankind. The earthly soul cleaves to the ground and gravitates earthwards, dragging the chain of the impure affections contracted in the world; spirits haunt their old remembered places, attached by undying ideas; hatred, revenge, pride, lust, persist in their cancerous spreading, and wear away the incurable heartstrings: infidelity denies God most in spirit and the spiritual world; nay, staked on death, it ignores eternity in the eternal state with gnashing teeth and hideous clenches, and the proof of spirit and eternal life is further off than ever. The *régime* of the workhouse, the hospital, and the madhouse, is erected into a remorseless universe, self-fitted with steel fingers and awful chirurgery; and no hope lies either in sorrow or poverty, but only in one divine religion, which hell excludes with all its might. Human nature quails before such tremendous moralities: freedom tries to abjure the life that it is, and calls upon the mountains and rocks to cover and crush it. A new phase appears in the final state; the memory of the skies is lost; baseness accepts its lot, and falsehood becomes self-evident."

The *Arcana Cœlestia* occupied its author from 1749 to 1756. In this last year Count Brahe and Baron Horn led an attempt at revolution, and were executed in Stockholm. The following is a specimen of the entries in Swedenborg's *Diary:*

"Brahe was beheaded at ten o'clock in the morning, and spake with me at ten at night; that is to say, twelve hours after his execution. He was with me almost without interruption for several days. In two days' time he began to return to his former life, which consisted in loving worldly things; and after three days, he became as he was before in the world, and was carried into the evils that he had made his own before he died."

Swedenborg never wanted for ocular proof of the doctrines he preached. If one doctrine is more prominent in his works than another, it is that every man is the son of his own works. He scouted the notion of the possibility of an effectual "death-bed repentance;" and, although he maintained stedfastly that

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there was no salvation except through faith joined with charity, he also maintained that such faith, in order to be effectual, must have been in operation so long as to have formed permanent habits of holiness in action, thought, and affection.

It was probably on occasion of the above execution that Swedenborg made the reply recorded by his friend Robsahm, who relates:

"One day, as a criminal was led to the place of execution to be beheaded, I was by the side of Swedenborg, and asked him how such a person felt at the time of execution. He answered, 'When a man lays his head on the block he loses all sensation. When he first comes into the spiritual world, and finds that he is living, he is seized with fear of his expected death, tries to escape, and is very much frightened. At such a moment no one thinks of any thing but the happiness of heaven, or the misery of hell. Soon the good spirits come to him, and instruct him where he is; and he is then left to follow his own inclinations, which soon lead him to the place where he remains for ever."

Swedenborg's doctrine about the "spiritual world," here spoken of, requires a word of explanation. It is not the final state, nor a state of any further probation, but one in which the spirit is in transition from earth to hell or heaven. During this period, which lasts in some but a few hours, and in others as long as thirty years, the spirit is ministered to by good angels, in successive companies, who prepare the good spirit for its heavenly destination by a course of doctrinal and experimental instruction, and who do not reject, but are rejected by, the vicious spirit, who becomes convinced that for him salvation is henceforth an impossibility of his own making, and at last voluntarily betakes himself to the particular region of hell for which his tastes have been formed by his life on earth, and which is not so much a punishment as the best good of which he is capable.

In 1758 Swedenborg published no fewer than five works, one of them being the famous *Heaven and Hell*,—the only one of his books which has become known beyond the sect of the Swedenborgians, and a very small circle of other readers. This work deserves the eminence it has attained. It is certainly the most interesting and readable of his treatises; and may be accepted not only as a specimen, but almost as an epitome of all his later writings.

Most of the time during which Swedenborg was engaged in writing and publishing the foregoing works seems to have been spent in London; and this time is almost a blank in his biography, for he was separated from all who knew and sympathised with him, and he never considered the circumstances of his mundane life worthy of any sort of record. Mrs. Lewis, the wife of his publisher, saw much of him at this period, and considered him

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"a good and sensible man, but too apt to spiritualise things." The next authentic circumstance recorded of him is a startling one, and derives great additional curiosity and interest from its witness and narrator, Immanuel Kant, whose words are the following:

"On Saturday, at four o'clock p.m." (some time in 1759), "when Swedenborg arrived at Gottenburg from England, Mr. William Castel invited him to his house, together with a party of fifteen persons. About six o'clock Swedenborg went out; and after a short interval returned to the company, quite pale and alarmed. He said that a dangerous fire had just broken out at Stockholm (Gottenburg is three hundred miles from Stockholm), and that it was spreading very fast. He was restless, and went out often. He said that the house of one of his friends, whom he named, was already in ashes, and that his own was in danger. At eight o'clock, after he had been out again, he joyfully exclaimed, 'Thank God! the fire is extinguished—the third door from my house.' This news occasioned great commotion through the whole city, and particularly among the company in which he was. It was announced to the governor the same evening. On the Sunday morning Swedenborg was sent for by the governor, who questioned him concerning the disaster. Swedenborg described the fire precisely; how it had begun, in what manner it had ceased, and how long it continued. On the same day the news was spread through the city, and, as the governor had thought it worthy of attention, the consternation was considerably increased; because many were in trouble on account of their friends and property which might have been involved in the disaster. On the Monday evening, a messenger arrived at Gottenburg who was despatched during the time of the fire. In the letters brought by him the fire was described precisely in the manner stated by Swedenborg. On the Tuesday morning, the royal courier arrived at the governor's with the melancholy intelligence of the fire, of the loss which it had occasioned, and of the houses it had damaged and ruined, not in the least differing from that which Swedenborg had given immediately it had ceased; for the fire was extinguished at eight o'clock."

We pass over similar instances of clairvoyance which rest upon more limited testimony, to come to another which has witness almost as strong as the foregoing; and which, like that above narrated, was submitted to the deliberate investigation of Immanuel Kant, who seems to have concluded that there could be no question in either case as to the reality of the facts stated.

In 1761, Louisa Ulrica, sister of Frederick the Great, and wife of Adolphus Frederick, king of Sweden, had her attention called by the Duchess of Brunswick to the rumours which were afloat concerning Swedenborg's power of seeing the spirits of the departed. She accordingly sent for him to court. The following is the substance of one of several contemporary narratives of

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the event: A short time, Captain de Stahlhammer informs us, after the death of the Prince of Prussia, Swedenborg came to court. As soon as he was perceived by the queen, she said to him, "Well, Mr. Assessor, have you seen my brother?" Swedenborg answered, No; whereupon she replied, "If you should see him, remember me to him!" Eight days afterwards Swedenborg again came to court; but so early, that the queen had not left her apartment. Swedenborg did not wait for the queen's appearance; but entered the room where she was, surrounded by the ladies of the court, and whispered in her ear. The queen was struck with astonishment, and taken ill. When she came to herself, she exclaimed to those about her, "There is only God and my brother who can know what he has just told me!"

The Chevalier Baylon thus relates what passed at a subsequent interview between himself and the queen: "I found an opportunity of speaking with the queen herself, who is now dead, concerning Swedenborg; and she told me the anecdote respecting herself and her brother with a conviction which appeared extraordinary to me. Every one who knew this truly enlightened sister of the great Frederick will give me credit when I say, that she was by no means enthusiastic or fanatical. Nevertheless she appeared to me to be so convinced of Swedenborg's supernatural intercourse with spirits, that I scarcely durst venture to intimate some doubts."

Although Swedenborg had given up the laborious assessorship, he still took an active part in worldly affairs. In 1761 we find him sharing in the deliberations of the Diet. Concerning his parliamentary career at this time we have the interesting testimony of Count Höpken, who was for many years the prime minister of Sweden, that "the most solid memorials, and the best penned, at the Diet of 1761, on matters of finance, were presented by Swedenborg." He was at this time a member of the secret committee of the Diet; an office conferred only upon persons of the highest character for wisdom and trustworthiness. In politics Swedenborg was a decided liberal; and, in a memorial to the Diet, which is still in existence, he denounces despotic governments in the strongest terms and from the highest principles. He says, "It is *unlawful* for any one to deliver over his life and property to the arbitrary power of any individual; for of these God alone is Lord and Master, and we are only their administrators upon earth." He tells us, that in his visions he perceived that the people of England, when they enter the spiritual world, "are in the centre of all Christians, in consequence of their possessing an interior intellectual light. This, though it is not apparent to any one in the natural world, is very conspicuous in the spiritual world. They derive this light from the liberty

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of speaking and writing, *and thence of thinking*" (*True Christian Religion*). We subjoin one or two passages, in which Swedenborg testifies to having perceived in vision the absolute necessity of an active life in this world in order to blessedness in the other. They enable us to understand why he resisted the temptation to give himself over to a life of contemplation:

"I have been permitted to converse with some in the other life who had retired from the business of the world that they might devote themselves to piety and holiness; and also with others who had afflicted themselves in various ways, because they imagined that this was to renounce the world and to subdue the lusts of the flesh: but the majority of them cannot be consociated with angels because they had contracted a sorrowful life from their austerities, and removed themselves from the life of charity, which can only be acquired by living in the world. But the life of angels is a life of gladness, ... and consists in performing acts of goodness, which are works of charity. And besides, they who have led a life abstracted from worldly engagements are inflamed with the idea of their own merits, and are therefore continually urgent to be admitted into heaven; they think of heavenly joy as a reward, and are utterly ignorant of its nature. . . . . These statements are made in order to show that the life which leads to heaven is not a life of retirement from the world, but of action in the world; that a life of piety without a life of charity—which can only be acquired in the world—does not lead to heaven, but a life of charity, which consists in acting sincerely and justly, because it is agreeable to the divine law. Such a life is not difficult; but a life of piety alone, without charity, is difficult, although it leads away from heaven as much as it is believed commonly to lead to heaven." (*Heaven and Hell.*)

This doctrine, which is endlessly reiterated in the writings of Swedenborg, is well enforced in the following words:

"I have conversed with spirits who while on earth renounced the world, and gave themselves up to an almost solitary life, that by the abstraction of their thoughts from worldly concerns they might be more at leisure to indulge in pious meditations, believing that they should thus enter into the way of heaven; but such men, in the other life, are of a sorrowful temper, and despise others if they are not like themselves. They are indignant also because they do not attain happiness superior to others, which they think they deserve; they care nothing about others, and turn away from offices of charity, which are the very means of conjunction with heaven. They desire heaven with greater ardour than others; but when they are elevated amongst angels, they induce anxieties which disturb their happiness; and therefore they are separated from them, and betake themselves to desert places, where they may lead a life similar to that which they led in the world. *Men cannot be formed for heaven except by means of the world.*" (*Heaven and Hell.*)

In 1762 we find Swedenborg in Holland. The following

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anecdote is recorded of him at this time;—and we should remark, by the way, that nearly all these contemporary testimonies to Swedenborg's asserted power of vision are from persons who "cared for none of these things," and recorded them rather as matters of curiosity and astonishment than as facts (if they were facts) involving somewhat important psychological consequences:—Swedenborg was one day in company with several gentlemen. In the midst of their conversation his countenance changed, and he became melancholy and self-absorbed. On coming to himself he said, "At this very hour the Emperor Peter III. has died in prison. Gentlemen will please to note down the day, that they may be able to compare it with the intelligence of his death in the newspapers." The fact, and the manner of the emperor's death, which he described, were exactly verified when the news had had time to reach Amsterdam.

During the course of the following year Swedenborg published six separate works, wholly consisting of his asserted revelations. The astonishment which one at first feels on hearing of such fertility goes off very much on examining the works themselves. The entire and unabridged matter of his vast array of religious works would all go very well into one volume—and a very interesting and valuable one it would be;—as it is, every "revelation" of importance, such as the necessity of an active life from right principles, the absolute Godhead of Jesus Christ, &c., is repeated, not ten or twenty times, but many hundreds of times, in the course of his writings.

During the years 1763-1766 Swedenborg seems to have been chiefly engaged on an interpretation of the Apocalypse. We have no details of his life of any interest at this time, except the following anecdote. Springer and Bergstrom, two of his friends, were in an apartment adjoining the bedchamber of Swedenborg. Their attention was attracted by a strange noise; and, on looking through a little window by which the two apartments communicated, they saw him with his body trembling and his hands raised towards heaven. He spoke continuously for half an hour, but they could not understand what he said. They went into the room when he had done speaking, and asked him if he was ill. He said No, but that he had had a long conversation with spirits. This was the night before a journey from England to Stockholm. Bergstrom, in the morning, asked him how much coffee he should pack for his voyage. Swedenborg told him that very little would be needed, as they should enter the port of Stockholm at two o'clock that day week. The voyage had never been done in so short a time; but it is recorded by Dixon, the English captain of the vessel, that Swedenborg's prediction was verified, the voyage having been accelerated by a violent gale.

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After this he seemed disposed to settle at Stockholm. He took great pains in improving his house and grounds. He was particularly fond of his garden, which he laid out in the Dutch fashion, with clipped trees, &c. And here we may remark that, whenever he describes a garden in the other world, it is always arranged in Dutch taste.

Swedenborg, on settling down in Stockholm, was besieged by people requiring information concerning the departed. This he always refused to give unless there was a stronger motive than curiosity. It was at this time that Immanuel Kant's attention was drawn to the claims of Swedenborg as a seer of spirits, with the result, as it seems, of his acknowledging the irrefragability of the evidence. About this time, too, occurred the amusing incident recorded by Atterbom, the Swedish poet; who, by the way, justly observes concerning the "memorable relations," or descriptions of visions, in the works of Swedenborg, that "many of them, if they had been found in the works of Dante or Milton, would long since have been trumpeted forth over Europe with rapturous plaudits." This is the substance of Atterbom's relation: Gabriel Henry Porthan (a name high in Swedish literature), calling on Swedenborg, was informed by the servant that his master was engaged with another visitor, and was requested to wait in an antechamber. He could not avoid overhearing a lively conversation, carried on in excellent Latin, on the subject of Roman antiquities, to which he, Porthan, had paid much attention. He was delighted at hearing several points, in which he was interested, discussed; but his astonishment was great on observing that there was only one voice, which made pauses of various duration, and of which the remarks seemed to imply others from an unheard partner in the conversation. After a time the door opened; and Swedenborg passed him, greeting him by the way with a friendly nod, and, with a countenance beaming with joy, conducting an invisible stranger to the opposite door. He then returned to Porthan: "I had, as you observed, a visitor." "Yes, I observed it." "And can you guess whom?" "Impossible." "Only think, my dear sir,—Virgil! And, do you know, he is a fine pleasant fellow. I always had a good opinion of the man; and he deserves it. He is as modest as he is witty, and is most entertaining." After this a friendship sprang up between Swedenborg and Porthan, who says, "During the whole period of my intercourse with this singular old man I did not perceive the least that was extraordinary, except only his amazing learning in all the branches of human science. He never afterwards touched upon any thing supernatural or visionary. Insane as he appeared to me at first, I nevertheless separated from him with the greatest gratitude, both for his highly

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learned conversation, and his constant and exceeding kindness both in word and deed."

In 1768 Swedenborg, being then upwards of eighty years old, published his extraordinary work on *Conjugal Love*, certainly the best worth reading of all his books after the *Heaven and Hell*. Some of the "memorable relations" in this volume require nothing but the garb of verse in order to render them poems of almost unequalled beauty and significance. They are too long for quotation; but the following portion of one of them may be taken as a specimen of the style in which these mystic parables are given:

"One morning I was awakened by delicious singing, which I heard at a height above me; and in consequence, during the first watch, which is internal, pacific, and sweet more than the succeeding part of the day, I was able to remain for some time in the spirit, as it were out of the body, and to attend carefully to the affection which was sung. The singing of heaven is an affection of the mind, sent forth through the mouth as a tune. . . . In that state I perceived that it was the affection of the delight of conjugal love, which was made musical by wives in heaven. . . . . After this I rose, and looked into the spiritual world; and lo, in the east, beneath the sun, there appeared, as it were, a golden shower. It was the morning dew descending in great abundance, which, catching the sun's rays, exhibited to my eyes the appearance of a golden shower. In consequence of this I became fully awake, and went forth in the spirit, and asked an angel, who then happened to meet me, whether he saw a golden shower descending from the sun. He replied that he saw one whenever he was meditating on conjugal love; and, turning his eyes towards the sun, he added, 'That shower falls over a hall in which there are three husbands with their wives, who dwell in the midst of an eastern paradise. . . . . I will conduct you there, and introduce you to them.' . . . . Then I courteously asked them to disclose to me some of those secrets. They then looked towards a window in the southern quarter, and, lo, there appeared a white dove; . . . . and while it was in the attempt to spread out its wings, the wives said, 'We will communicate something; the appearing of that dove is a token that we may.'"

In the following year Swedenborg was troubled with a threatened prosecution for heresy by Dr. Ekebom, dean of the theological faculty of Gottenburg. Partly to avoid the inconveniences of such a proceeding, and partly in order to be able to publish with greater freedom, he left his country once again for Paris and London. On his return to Stockholm a few months afterwards, he found that the threatened storm was still brewing. "It is surprising," says Dr. Wilkinson, "that he had proceeded so long in promulgating doctrines condemnatory of the Lutheran creed without drawing down upon himself the vengeance of the clergy. His works, however, were written in Latin, and but little

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known in Sweden; which made it for a time not worth while to notice them. But when eminent persons, like Drs. Beyer and Rosen, as well as others enjoying still higher dignity in the church, became avowed disciples and propagators of their sentiments, the matter became serious." The plan of his adversaries was to put him on his trial, when, no doubt, he would declare his divine commission and spiritual powers; on which declaration a charge of insanity was to be founded, and he was to be confined in a madhouse. Count Höpken is supposed to have communicated the nature of this plan to his friend. "On receiving the information, he was greatly affected; and, retiring to his garden, fell upon his knees, and prayed that the Lord would direct him what to do. A response was immediately received from an angel, that 'he might rest securely upon his arm in the night,' whereby is meant that night in which the world is sunk in matters pertaining to the church." Swedenborg, assured by this answer, did not stir, even so much as to offer a defence. It was finally concluded at the Diet and in the Council not to touch his person; a conclusion which his biographer attributes to his connection with many noble families. There was much subsequent discussion as to the suppression of his theological works. The facts of the case curiously illustrate the state of religious feeling existing in Sweden at the time. Adolphus Frederick commanded the Consistory of Gottenburg to examine and report upon the subject of these strange productions. Dr. Beyer, *one of the members*, sent in a declaration concluding with the words, "I have found in them nothing but what closely coincides with the words of the Lord himself, and that they shine with a light truly divine." The Consistory, as a body, could not conclude upon any report on them; and Swedenborg being in the king's company, the monarch put his hand on his shoulder, and said, "We may conclude that they have found nothing reprehensible in them, and that you have written in conformity with the truth." Such were the conclusions of the highest political and theological authorities of Sweden concerning writings which few living theologians would think worthy of more than a laugh. Were we engaged in reviewing Swedenborg's works, instead of merely presenting our readers with the striking facts of his life, together with only so much of his writings as may help the picture, we should take a middle course. Swedenborg, as a writer, is incomparably greater than most people have any idea of; but we can hardly agree with King Adolphus Frederick in allowing his claims as the author of a new dispensation.

Notwithstanding the failure of the clerical opponents of Swedenborg in their attempts at personal coercion, it appears that they succeeded in obtaining the total prohibition of his theological

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works, which were published abroad, from importation into Sweden. At what time, and whether by his own efforts or the efforts of others, this prohibition was withdrawn, his biographers do not inform us.

About this time Swedenborg made his last communication to the Royal Academy of Sciences of Stockholm. It was an offer of a spiritual interpretation of the Egyptian hieroglyphics. "Inasmuch," he writes, "as the science of correspondences" (by which he means the spiritual truths symbolically contained and expressed by natural objects and phenomena) "was the science of sciences and the wisdom of the ancients, it is important that some member of your Academy should direct his attention to that science. . . . . If it be desired, I am willing to unfold and publish the Egyptian hieroglyphics, . . . a task which no other person can accomplish." It is plain that his seership was limited to the spirits of the departed; or he would never have hoped that a scientific academy would assist the author of the *Apocalypse Revealed*, which he proposed to them as a specimen of his style, in such a project.

In 1770 the venerable old man left his native country once more, in order to publish his last work, the *True Christian Religion*. Jung Stilling relates the following characteristic story as belonging to this period. A merchant of Elberfeld, desiring to test Swedenborg's supernatural vision, asked him what was the subject of the last discourse which had taken place between him (the merchant of Elberfeld) and a friend since dead. Swedenborg, after a day or two, replied, "I have spoken with your friend; the subject of your discourse was, the restitution of all things." Swedenborg then related all that had passed on that occasion. The merchant further asked, "How fares it with my friend? Is he in a state of blessedness?" The answer was, "No, he is not yet in heaven; he is still in hades" (the transitional 'spiritual world'), "and torments himself continually with the idea of the restitution of all things." "What! in the other world?" "Certainly, a man takes with him his favourite inclinations and opinions; and it is very difficult to be divested of them. We ought, therefore, to lay them aside here."

Dr. Hartley furnishes some interesting glimpses of Swedenborg's demeanour and effect on the society in which he mixed at this period. "I have often wondered at myself," he says, "how I could refrain from laughing when I was hearing such extraordinary things from him" (*i. e.* narrations of personal interviews with the dead, &c.); "and what is more, I have often heard him relate the same things in a numerous company of ladies and gentlemen, when I well knew that there were mockers among them; but, to my great astonishment, not a single person ever thought

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of laughing. Whilst he is speaking, it is as though every person who hears him were charmed, and compelled to believe him. He is by no means reserved and recluse, but open-hearted and accessible to all."

After the publication of the *True Christian Religion* at Amsterdam, Swedenborg again proceeded to London, and took lodgings in the house of Shearsmith, a peruke-maker, 26 Great Bath Street, Coldbath Fields. On Christmas Eve 1771, he was attacked with a stroke of apoplexy; and on the partial recovery of his speech and health Dr. Hartley and Dr. Messiter visited him, and "besought him to declare whether all that he had written was strictly true, or whether any part or parts were to be excepted." "I have written," he replied warmly, "nothing but the truth." Two months afterwards, John Wesley, being then in company with a number of other ministers, had the following note put into his hand: "Sir,—I have been informed in the world of spirits that you have a strong desire to converse with me. I shall be happy to see you, if you will favour me with a visit. I am, &c. EMANUEL SWEDENBORG." Wesley acknowledged to his companions, to whom he communicated the note, that he had entertained such a desire; and, indeed, it strikes us, though it does not seem to have occurred to Wesley or Dr. Wilkinson, that Swedenborg could scarcely have required a message from the spiritual world to inform him that such a wish was almost sure to have existed in the mind of a contemporary innovator in religious matters. Wesley wrote, in reply, that he was preparing for a six months' journey, but would visit him on his return to London. Swedenborg again wrote to say that it would be too late, as he should die on the 29th of the following month. As his death approached, he was asked by his friends if he wished to receive the sacrament. He replied that, as a member of the spiritual world, he did not need it; but would yet take it "in order to show the connection and union between the church in heaven and the church on earth." The Swedish clergyman, the Rev. Arvid Ferelius, who officiated, asked whether he believed himself to be a sinner. "Certainly," he replied, "so long as I carry about with me this sinful body." Ferelius furthermore suggested to him that, "as many persons thought that he had endeavoured only to make himself a name by his new theological system, he would do well now to publish the truth to the world, and to recant either the whole or part of what he had advanced, since he had now nothing more to expect from the world, which he was so soon about to leave for ever." Swedenborg rose up in bed, and said "with great zeal and emphasis," "As true as you see me before you, so true is every thing that I have written. I could have said more, had I been permitted. When you come

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into eternity, you will see all things as I have stated and described them." On the 29th of March 1772 he died, as he had predicted to many witnesses.

Swedenborg was buried in the vault of the Swedish church, in Prince's Square, Ratcliffe Highway. In the October following, M. Sandel, Counsellor of the Board of Mines in Sweden, delivered an academical eulogium upon him in the hall of the House of Nobles. This eulogium was in the name of the Academy of Sciences, and it therefore enables us to determine the sort of esteem in which he was held by the best intellects of that time in his own country:

"If there are some countenances," said Sandel, "of which, as the painters assure us, it is extremely difficult to give an exact likeness, how difficult must it be to delineate that of a vast and sublime genius, who never knew either repose or fatigue; who, occupied with sciences the most profound, was long engaged with researches into the secrets of nature, and who, in his later years, applied all his efforts to unveil the greatest mysteries; . . . who, being endowed with a strength of faculty truly extraordinary in the decline of his age, boldly elevated his thoughts still further, and soared to the greatest heights to which the intellectual faculty can rise; and who, finally, has given occasion for the formation respecting him of a multitude of opinions, differing as much from each other as do the minds of the different men by whom they are formed!"

To this "multitude of opinions" we shall abstain from adding a new one. To have read much of the writings of Swedenborg, and not to have acquired a profound respect for the grandeur and simplicity of his intellect, is to have read without in any way appreciating them. This we trust that we have not done; and the sense which we entertain of what is due to his powers makes us willingly decline any discussion of what, at first sight, assuredly bears the semblance of a sad mental defect. With this exception, every thing in Swedenborg had an air of the superhuman. His prodigious knowledge, which forced his modern opponent, the vicar of Froome-Selwood, to admit that he was "a man more eminent, perhaps, than any other in the acquirements of human learning and philosophy;" his no less prodigious labour in the dissemination of his views; his wonderful health of body and unalterable serenity of mind up to the last hours of an age rarely attained by man; his spirit, which knew no old age, but which enabled him, when past his eightieth year, to pen the finest work ever written upon conjugal love; his quite unparalleled faculty of retaining, throughout a life full of worldly business, a more than childlike simplicity and integrity of intellect and of conduct; but, more than all, his capacity of observing and describing the subtlest facts and phenomena of the human

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spirit,—a capacity which seemed to differ not only in degree but in kind from that of any other man;—all these qualities, taken together and estimated with the greatest drawbacks consistent with the existence of those qualities, make up an image which renders it at least comprehensible that one of the highest intellects, if not the highest intellect of recent times, should have designated him the "man of ten centuries."

The testimonies of personal friends,—who were not, however, "Swedenborgians,"—concerning such a man cannot but be interesting to those of our readers who have accompanied us thus far. Sandel says: "He never allowed himself to have recourse to dissimulation. A sincere friend of mankind, in his examination of the character of others he was particularly desirous to discover in them this virtue, which he regarded as an infallible proof of the presence of many more. He was cheerful and agreeable in society. He knew how to check opportunely, and with great address, that species of wit which would indulge itself at the expense of serious things. As a public functionary, he was upright and just; he discharged his duties with great exactness, and neglected nothing but his own advancement. He lived under the reigns of many of our sovereigns, and enjoyed the particular favour and kindness of all." The prime minister, Count Höpken, who knew Swedenborg intimately for two-and-forty years, says: "I do not recollect to have known any man of more uniformly virtuous character. . . . He possessed a sound judgment upon all occasions, saw clearly, and expressed himself well on every subject. . . . He was certainly a pattern of sincerity, virtue, and piety; and at the same time, in my opinion, the most learned man in this kingdom." "He affects no honour," says Hartley, "but declines it; and is so far from the ambition of heading a sect, that wherever he resides on his travels he is a mere solitary. . . . He was a man of uncommon humility. He was of a catholic spirit, and loved all good men of every church." Ferelius testifies that "he never mentioned his own writings or doctrines but when he was asked some question about them, when he always spoke as freely as he had written." The people at whose houses he had lodged all spoke of him like Mr. Shearsmith, who said that "he always conducted himself in the most rational, prudent, pious, and christian-like manner." Shearsmith's maid-servant declared that "he was a good-natured man, a blessing to the house; and while he stayed there, they had harmony and good business." Mrs. Hart, the wife of his printer, records that "he was of such a nature that he could impose on no one; that he always spoke the truth on every little matter, and would not have made an evasion though his life had been at stake."

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It is proper to testify that Dr. Wilkinson's biography of Swedenborg, from which we have mainly drawn our facts, is abundant in writing which deserves praise on its own account. Notwithstanding here and there a piece of, to us, quite incomprehensible weakness of thought and bombast in language, Dr. Wilkinson is capable of producing, apparently with facility, passages remarkable for beauty, wit, and eloquence. The following paragraph, in explanation of the little general interest which Swedenborg has created, will give our readers a good idea of Dr. Wilkinson's average manner of thought and expression:

"Nothing is more evident to-day than that the men of facts are afraid of a large number of important facts. All the spiritual facts, of which there are plenty in every age, are denounced as superstition. The best-attested spirit stories are not well received by that scientific courtesy which takes off its grave hat to a new beetle, or a fresh vegetable alkaloid. Large-wigged science behaves worse to our ancestors than to our vermin. Evidence on spiritual subjects is regarded as an impertinence by the learned; so timorous are they, and so morbidly fearful of ghosts. If they were not afraid, they would investigate; but nature is to them a churchyard, in which they must whistle their dry tunes to keep up their courage. They should come to Swedenborg, who has made ghosts themselves into a science. As the matter stands, we are bold to say, that there is no class so little follows its own rules of uncaring experiment and induction, or has so little respect for facts, as the hard-headed scientific men. They are attentive enough to a class of facts that nobody values,—to beetles, spiders, and fossils,—but as to those dear facts that common men and women, in all time and place, have found full of interest, wonder, or importance, they show them a deaf ear and a callous heart. Science in this neglects its mission, which is, to give us in knowledge a transcript of the world, and primarily of that in the world which is nearest and dearest to the soul."

We do not propose in this article to give any account of Swedenborg's theological system. We will state, however, that it does not, in important points of doctrine, differ more from other Christian sects than these differ among themselves. The salient peculiarities of his writings consist chiefly in thorough developments of the doctrines that men are ultimately judged by their works, and that they continue after death to exist with the bodily form and functions. His views of the nature of punishment and rewards, as being necessarily involved in wrong and right action, are in accordance with the views of the profoundest theologians of all times; and no one, we imagine, could read the *Heaven and Hell* without being impressed with the height and vigour of the imagination which follows out that doctrine into consequences which, to say the least of them, have, like the representations of Dante, the strongest poetic verisimilitude. It

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is in these views of a future life that Swedenborg shows his highest and most peculiar power; and, since it is possible to illustrate these without trespassing upon ground which in the commencement of this article we resolved to avoid, we proceed to string together a few passages which may suffice to give our readers a taste of the quality of our author.

The following passage is one of a thousand in which Swedenborg illustrates by "things heard and seen" his doctrine, that in the next life every one obtains exactly the position and kind of delight of which, by his habits in this life, he has rendered himself capable:

"Whoever ascends from an inferior to a superior heaven is seized with painful anxiety, nor can he see those who dwell there, and still less can he converse with them; while he who descends from a superior to an inferior heaven is deprived of his wisdom, stammers in his speech, and is filled with despair. Some angels of the lowest heaven, who were not as yet instructed that heaven consists in the interiors of the angels, believed that they should come into superior heavenly happiness if they were introduced into a heaven of superior angels, and therefore they were permitted to enter: but when they were there they saw no one, notwithstanding their searching about, and although a great multitude was present; for the interiors of the strangers were not opened in the same degree as the interiors of the angels who inhabited that heaven, and consequently neither was their sight. In a short time after their entrance they were seized with anguish of heart so intense, that they scarcely knew whether they were alive or not; and therefore they speedily returned to the heaven from which they came, rejoicing that they were returned again to their own associates, and promising that they would no longer desire higher things than were in agreement with their life."

In the heaven of Swedenborg there are "many mansions," differing as much in the quality as in the degree of their happiness; for

"All who have acquired intelligence and wisdom in the world, are accepted in heaven and become angels, every one according to the quality and quantity of his intelligence and wisdom; for whatever a man acquires in the world, remains and is carried with him after death, when also it is increased and becomes full: but this increase and fullness does not exceed the degree of his affection and desire of truth and its good. They who have had little of the affection and desire of truth and its good, receive little increase and fullness, but still they receive as much as they are able to receive within the degree of their affection and desire; and they who have had much of that affection and desire receive much."

And so it is with hell. There is something unspeakably more terrible in Swedenborg's view of the infernal state, as being

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the happiest condition of which lost spirits have rendered themselves capable, than in the idea of punishment *ab extra:*

"Spirits, who come from the world into the other life, desire nothing more earnestly than to be admitted into heaven. Almost all request admittance, because they suppose that heaven consists only in being introduced and received; and in consequence of this supposition and strong desire, they are conveyed to some society of the lowest heaven: but when they who are in the love of self and world approach the threshold of that heaven, they begin to be so distressed and interiorly tormented, that they feel hell in themselves rather than heaven; and therefore they cast themselves down headlong thence, and find rest only when they come into hell among their like. It has also very frequently happened that such spirits desired to know the nature of heavenly joy; and when they heard that it is in the interiors of the angels, they have wished to have it communicated to themselves; and this also has been done,—for whatever a spirit desires, who is not yet in heaven or hell, is granted to him, if it conduce to any good purpose; but when the communication was made, they began to be tormented so intensely, that they did not know in what postures to place their bodies through the violence of the pain. They thrust their heads down to their feet, cast themselves to the earth, and writhed themselves into folds in the manner of a serpent. Such was the effect which heavenly delight produced in those who were in the delights derived from the loves of self and the world; because those loves are entirely opposed to heavenly loves, and when one opposite acts upon another such pain is produced."

The defect, and at the same time the merit, of every thing that Swedenborg informs us of the other life is, that it provokes the thought, "No need of a ghost to tell us that!" But the defect is only of the manner, the merit of the matter. No writer has ever before presented us with such a *natural history of the spirit* as is to be found in the *Heaven and Hell.* The following is one of innumerable poetic parables in which the specific results of particular dispositions and habits are suggested with an imaginative veracity worthy of the greatest poets:

"It has been granted me to converse with many of the learned after their departure from the world, including some of the most distinguished reputation, who are celebrated for their writings throughout the whole literary world; and with others who are not so celebrated, but who nevertheless possessed hidden wisdom. The former, who in heart denied a divine Being, how much soever they confessed him with their lips, were become so stupid, that they could scarcely comprehend any civil truth, much less any spiritual truth. I perceived and saw also that the interiors of their minds were so closed as to become black,—such things appear visible in the spiritual world,—and thus that they could not endure any heavenly light; they could not therefore admit any influx from heaven. . . . . Such men in the other life

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receive every false principle with delight, and imbibe them as a sponge does water; but they repel every truth as a bony elastic surface repels what falls upon it. I have also been told that the interiors of those who confirmed themselves against the Divine, and in favour of nature, are ossified; their heads also appear callous, as though they were made of ebony; and this appearance reaches even to the nose,—a sign that they have no longer any perception. Spirits of this character are immersed in whirlpools, which appear like bogs, where they are terrified by the fantasies into which their falses are turned. The infernal fire which torments them is their lust of glory and a name, by which they are excited to speak bitterly one against another, and to torment with infernal ardour those who do not worship them as deities. They torture each other in this manner by turns. Such is the change which all worldly learning undergoes when it has not received light from heaven by the acknowledgment of a Divine."

We must remark, that the oddities of phraseology in the above passages, and in the translations of Swedenborg's works generally, are the faults of the translators, who have rendered the Latin with improper literality.

The influence which Swedenborg has exercised, and is exercising, upon modern thought is much more extensive than his reputation. The sect of Swedenborgians is a narrow one in England, but somewhat numerous in America. It is not among these, however, that his more permanently important influence is to be traced, nor scarcely among those who, like Mr. Grindon, accept Swedenborg's system in the lump, but rather as a philosophy than a religion. Upon the former of these classes Swedenborg seems to have exerted any thing but an influence of unmixed good. Those who have been most truly benefited by Swedenborg's writings are those who have approached them in the spirit of a recent critic, who says, "He is the Humboldt of spiritual phenomena, but as much greater than Humboldt as true psychologists are more rare than true naturalists. We may well smile at the assertion of supernatural origin for a series of spiritual facts which demanded for their discovery nothing but a hitherto unparalleled degree of patience and childlike simplicity of observation. If the derivation of these facts was indeed supernatural,—and 'the character of a true philosopher is to believe nothing impossible,'—we can only say, 'so much the worse for their authority.' The reasonable apprehension and instinct of humanity must ever remain the last and highest authority for us in matters which are the proper subjects of such instinct and apprehension."

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Art. V.—THE OLD ENGLISH NOBILITY.

The Historic Peerage of England; exhibiting, under alphabetical arrangement, the Origin, Descent, and Present State of every Title of Peerage which has existed in this Country since the Conquest: being a new edition of the "Synopsis of the Peerage of England" by the late Sir Harris Nicolas, G.C.M.G.; revised, corrected, and continued to the present time, &c. by William Courthope, Esq., Somerset Herald, of the Middle Temple, Barrister-at-law. Murray, 1857.

A History of England under the Norman Kings, or from the Battle of Hastings to the Accession of the House of Plantagenet; to which is prefixed an Epitome of the early History of Normandy. Translated from the German of Dr. J. M. Lappenberg, For. F.S.A., Keeper of the Archives of the City of Hamburg, by Benjamin Thorpe; with considerable additions and corrections by the Translator. Oxford, 1857.

English Historical Society's Publications. 29 vols. Lond. 1838-56.

General Introduction to Domesday Book; accompanied by Indexes of the Tenants-in-Chief and Under-Tenants at the time of the Survey, as well as of the Holders of Lands mentioned in Domesday anterior to the formation of that Record, &c. By Sir Henry Ellis. 2 vols. 1833.

Hazlitt, in one of his essays, speaks of "Mayfair" as "the *beau-ideal* of civilised life,—a society composed entirely of lords and footmen." How far the lapse of a quarter of a century may have modified this curious topographical feature, we will not now stop to inquire: it seems, however, as if the spirit of the remark still holds good with respect to a certain class of literature,—that devoted to recording the pedigrees and family biography of the British aristocracy. We have no wish to raise an indiscriminate and useless outcry against the compilers and editors of our modern "Peerages." They themselves are not so much to blame as others for the result which has assigned to their productions, as their most useful position, a place by the side of the visiting-book in the entrance-halls of our great West-End houses, instead of on the library-tables of historical students. They themselves are to blame in a very secondary degree for the peculiarities and deficiencies which have rendered their works a more congenial and instructive study for fashionable footmen and hall-porters, whose acquaintance with peers lies within the compass of the gossip of the last few town seasons, than for those who have been accustomed to look at the representatives of our great families with reference to the past national history in which the origin of their dignities is recorded. It is not so much their fault that their matter has seldom risen above the appreciation of such an audience, as it is the fault of those who

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have allowed a mere court-directory to supersede a concise abstract of the relations of our noble families to the great events of which they were the contemporary spectators, and in so many cases the moving agents. We have heard a great deal in recent years of histories of the "people" being essential to a due comprehension of the events of the past centuries; but, without denying a certain justice in the claim thus put forward, a similar one may be urged with far greater force on behalf of the ancient nobility of England. "Popular" influence in national affairs, in the sense in which the term is employed by those who identify themselves peculiarly with that cause, is of very modern growth. The old history of England, from the Conquest to the accession of the House of Tudor, is unequivocally the history of the baronial families, just as the Tudor and Stuart periods are chiefly the property of the court and middle classes. The "Barons of Runnymead" is a commonplace expression among constitutional orators; but how many of the audience, leaving the speaker himself out of the question, are acquainted with the bare names of those to whom they are so fond of acknowledging themselves as thus deeply indebted? Our great kings have all had more or less justice or injustice done to their actions, and every one with the commonest smattering of education has some general notion of their character and fate. Our middle-class Hampdens and Cromwells have found their enthusiastic biographers and their sturdy detractors in the literature of the nineteenth century; but the personal history of our old noble families, intertwined at every step with the history of their country, is left buried in the comparative obscurity of monkish chronicles, without any attempt being made to bring together these scattered notices, and to group them around the central points of English history, so that an allusion to each of the great eras of our national progress may suggest at once to the mind the name, character, and career of some one or more of the old peers of England. This has been done, though disconnectedly, for the remarkable men of the centuries subsequent to the accession of Henry VII. But who is there among general readers that recalls in all the preceding period more baronial names of eminence than some three or four, such as Simon de Montfort, the guilty Mortimer, and the king-making Warwick? How many noble soldiers and statesmen, who have played almost, if not quite, as important a part in the events of those days, have failed to secure even so simple a tribute to their fame as the bare recollection of their names by those who have enjoyed the fruits of their labours? There may be some vague conviction that the De Clares and De Veres did something remarkable in former ages to render their names

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peculiarly grateful to the ear above other names, and the cherished "property" of writers of romantic fictions; but how many are there who attach any personal ideas to a particular De Clare or De Vere, or even can tell when those families arose and when they became extinct? The volumes of the English Historical Society, and the new series now in course of publication under the authority of the Master of the Rolls, will leave no excuse to more serious students for the continued neglect of this field of illustration; and as the enterprise of Mr. Bohn has already given the public the opportunity of becoming acquainted with some of the authorities for our earlier history in a popular form, it is surely not too much to hope that the information thus rendered generally accessible, and the tastes thus created and fostered, may ere long lead to the production, and secure a market for a remunerative sale of an English peerage-book worthy of taking its place on our shelves by the side of our Hallams and Macaulays. As it is, the taint of servile complaisance to the pretensions and self-delusions of the fashionable powers that be is so connected in the public mind with the idea of a peerage-book,—there is so general an anticipation of dextrous generalities cloaking inconvenient facts,—of decent suppressions of not a few "blots on the 'scutcheon,"—of tender handling of indisputable delinquencies,—of judicious oblivion of obscure progenitors, and confident assertion of doubtful and apocryphal pedigrees,—that it really requires some courage in any one who does not wish to be set down as a tuft-hunter to avow a predilection for the history of our noble families. And yet, when approached in a proper spirit, this is no uncongenial subject of study for the most independent and the highest minds. A distinguished man in modern times is said to have replied to the question (sometimes asked), who were his ancestors, "I myself am an ancestor!" To such men, who have themselves made a name and created a family, the history of the great men who were the founders and glory of older families cannot fail to possess an especial interest. They can far better understand and appreciate this ancestral greatness who are themselves conscious of having played a similar part, and attained a similar position. They will easily discern the additions and concealments due to the false pride of descendants; and by reference to their own experience, will quickly strike the key-note to the forgotten story. And so, in their various degrees, all the true "working men" of the present age might be expected to find themselves drawn by the tie of congeniality towards those who were the architects of their own fame and fortunes in former times in a much greater degree than those lineal descendants of the latter, to whom the inertia of assured

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competence has denied the capacity of appreciating real combatants in the battle of life. The historical study of the peerage is, indeed, about the surest cure for tuft-hunting propensities with which we are acquainted. Its records are a most effective homily against family pride, and one continued exhortation to self-respect and self-reliance. The rapid transmutation of nobodies into somebodies, and the equally rapid displacement of these somebodies by other nobodies, are little calculated to inspire notions of separate caste, or to foster the insolence of aristocratic "toadies." Such narrow and contemptible feelings are not the lessons which will be drawn from an acquaintance with the actual vicissitudes in the peerage; nor can any compilation be taken as a fair representative of the natural results of such a course of reading which disregards the fact, that a history of the nobility of England is a tribute of justice to the illustrious dead, and not a courtly compliment to the fashionable living—a necrology, and not an extended St. James's Chronicle. The host of modern "honourables" (of whose growing number a recent pamphleteer reasonably complains) may still have their family trees and branches duly indicated, and their own proximity to higher grades of nobility marked with appropriate emphasis in the ordinary aristocratic guide-books, without covering and defacing with their insignificant names and addresses the memorials of those in whose actions the whole nation feels an hereditary interest. We would not deprive drawing-rooms and servants' halls of an innocent course of literature; we only claim something more and something different for our libraries and reading-rooms.

As a first step towards such a desirable result, the *Historic Peerage* of Mr. Courthope, based on the patient and honest labours of the late Sir Harris Nicolas, will be welcome to all historical students. Presenting in alphabetical order a complete outline of the changes in the peerage from the Norman Conquest to the present time, it affords a reliable backbone for the larger *Story of the Peerage*, the absence of which we have deplored. The compiler confines himself to ascertained facts, such as would be recognised in the Committees of Privilege of the House of Lords as evidence in any claim to a peerage. He therefore may be considered as falling short of, rather than exceeding, the legitimate admissions, according to the usual rules with which historians are satisfied in deciding on matters of fact. We are not aware, however, that we have lost much from the adoption of these stricter *legal* canons; while we have certainly gained much in the equalisation of family claims, and the consequent avoidance of even the suspicion of partiality on the part of the compiler. Besides the dates of accession

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to the peerage, and notices of proofs of sitting in the House, Mr. Courthope has added one or two historical facts in connection with the names, which rest on the authority of recognised documents. He has also entirely re-written, with reference to the latest inquiries and decisions, the introductory chapters on "dignities," which are the key to our whole system of peerage, and of which the dictionary of peers which follows forms at once the "exemplar and the proof." In this introductory matter, as well as in the body of the work, Mr. Courthope seems to have fully entered into the spirit of his predecessor; and the words in which Sir Harris, in the preface to the first edition of his "Synopsis," states his own claims to the confidence of the public, may be applied without hesitation to the present editor.

"To the merit of sedulous care, of rigid impartiality, and to having acted upon the resolution of not stating a single word which he did not believe to be strictly true, with the view of flattering the pride or gratifying the ambition of others, he conscientiously feels that he is entitled: and many instances will be found where dignities which by every previous writer have been attributed to different noble families, are in these pages proved either to be now vested in other individuals, to have become extinct, or never to have been created to the ancestor of the present peer. He has felt that with respect to hereditary honours more than with any other worldly possession, *Rien n'est beau que le vrai*; and that to attribute a dignity to an individual who has no legal right to it, is a species of falsehood, which, if not so injurious, is at least as morally culpable as any other deviation from truth. Hence he trusts that the public will possess at least one work in which no title is stated to be enjoyed by a peer which is not undoubtedly vested in him."

We cannot, however, expect that the average general reader will be much attracted by such a volume as Mr. Courthope's. The introductory chapters, though really full of points of daily interest, necessarily wear somewhat too much of the legal character of the report from the Lords' Committee, to which they so frequently refer, to command a very large audience according to present literary tastes. They would scarcely be in much demand in circulating-libraries even of the higher order, such as have recently come into vogue. Mr. Mudie would be a venturous man if he headed the subscription-list with an order for five hundred copies of such a work; and the annual new editions of the ordinary peerage-books, with the latest information respecting births, marriages, and deaths, and the Christian names of all the aristocratic infants of the past year, would be dangerous rivals in country book-societies to Mr. Courthope's simple, not to say *rude*, outlines. The editor must be content, for the pre-

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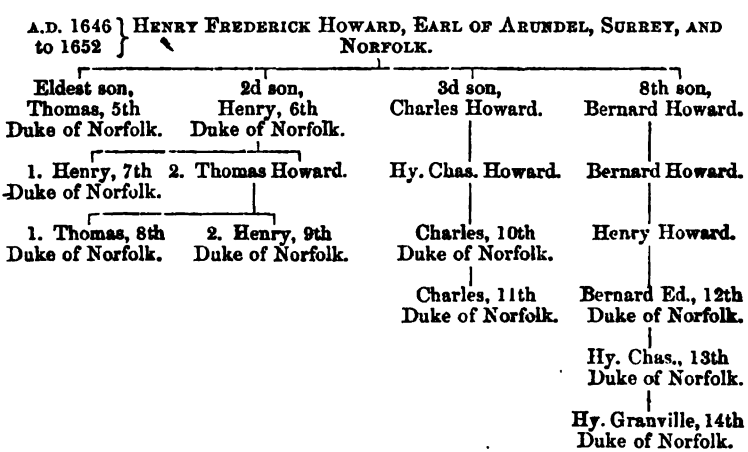
sent at any rate, with a more limited popularity. Still, it would be a great mistake to suppose that nothing of romance attaches to his brief records. To any one who chooses to reflect as well as turn over the pages, there is scarcely a genealogical table contained in the volume which is not full of suggestive matter of deep and melancholy interest. The hand of public or private violence which decimated the baronage of England during its earlier stages, seems scarcely to have done its work more effectually than the quieter inroads of natural mortality in later years. The Shrewsbury peerage, which has descended with much more than usual regularity through so many generations from the time of its great founder, has at the present moment, in default of heirs collateral to any of the later generations, had to ascend for the ancestors of its claimants to questionable genealogies of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. The Norfolk Howards are often spoken of as one of the great families least likely to experience the fate of extinction through default of male heirs. Yet even with these, what a presage is conveyed by the following short table of the succession of the last ten dukes!


A.D. 1646 to 1652
Henry Frederick Howard, Earl of Arundel, Surrey, and Norfolk.
Eldest son, Thomas, 5th Duke of Norfolk.
2d son, Henry, 6th Duke of Norfolk.
3d son, Charles Howard.
8th son, Bernard Howard.
1. Henry, 7th Duke of Norfolk.
2. Thomas Howard.
Hy. Chas. Howard.
Bernard Howard.
1. Thomas, 8th Duke of Norfolk.
2. Henry, 9th Duke of Norfolk.
Charles, 10th Duke of Norfolk.
Henry Howard.
Charles, 11th Duke of Norfolk.
Bernard Ed., 12th Duke of Norfolk.
Hy. Chas., 13th Duke of Norfolk.
Hy. Granville, 14th Duke of Norfolk.

From this table we see that of these ten successive dukes five left no male issue, and that in the first four generations of the family there were no less than eight dukes. The male issue of the three eldest sons of the Earl of Arundel being exhausted in the fourth generation, the dignity had then to be continued in the descendant of the eighth son; and were this line by any casualties to share the fate of its predecessors, we should have to grope for an heir to our noblest peerage among the pedigrees of the reigns of Elizabeth or James. The history

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of our peerage is indeed a tragedy of the old Elizabethan cast, in which the great effects of the play are produced at the expense of the lives of half the leading characters. From the Conquest to the present time, family after family rises into an ephemeral renown only to sink back into a still more complete obscurity and oblivion. Names which were the noblest in the times of the Plantagenets, are found low down in the dregs of the people in succeeding ages; and the serfs and menials of the Norman barons become the honoured patrons of the descendants of their former masters. The story of such transmutations is not one of light interest, and only requires a faithful and sympathising narrator to command a very general popularity for its recital.

We have already indicated our adoption of the usual great division of English history since the Conquest into the periods anterior and posterior to the accession of the House of Tudor. So far, at least as respects the comparative importance of the baronial element in the Constitution, this is a most significant demarcation. Whatever may have been the power and prosperity of particular nobles, the peers of England, as a body, never again took the same position in the history of their country. Throughout the Tudor and Stuart periods, they were little more than tame followers either of the king or the middle classes. They fought and suffered both for king and for people; but they had seldom much to do with the origin or decision of the struggle. Under the Revolution dynasties which succeeded, they emerged into political influence, not as a feudal or legislative body, but as centres of a great aristocracy, the ramifications of which spread through the whole of society, and which was strong because its chief power lay elsewhere than in the possession of a baronial dignity. The history of the peerage since the Revolution of 1689 is that of English society; its history before the Tudor era is that of the English State. This earlier period, however, subdivides itself into three distinct stages, each of which is the landmark of a corresponding stage of society. The division into baronies by tenure, by writ, and by patent, is much more than a mere chronological arrangement at the herald's office. It is a classification springing naturally out of the actual social progress of England, and can be explained only by a reference to this. Baronies by tenure are the immediate offspring of the Norman Conquest, and represent the state of things immediately consequent on that event. Whatever may have been the value of the rights of William derived from the alleged wish of Edward the Confessor, it is certain that he actually reigned by virtue of his own strong hand. In the words of an old English poem,

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"Swa stalworth man he was of hand,
That wit his forse he wan the land."

And the dignities which he conferred, as well as the penalties which he inflicted, had an immediate reference to the maintenance of himself and his followers on the conquered soil, against all, at home or from abroad, who came

"Apon the Normanz for to fight,
That wan the land wituten right."

The feudal system was in England, in those days, no mere paper constitution, but an organisation which was daily called into action in every part, and on the successful working of which the ascendency of the Norman dynasty alone rested. The grant of lands on the condition of military service to the crown was in this state of things simply a means of securing a united action against a common foe. The larger the grants, the more important it became to secure the continuance of this combined action; and this was done by calling the greater feudal tenants of the crown into council, as well as into the field. Three times every year, besides special occasions, the king met his barons, wearing his crown, and virtually ascertaining from personal intercourse what support he could count upon for its continuance on his head. This summons to council, as well as to war, was placed in the light of privilege, although it may be doubted whether it was not in those early times a far greater benefit to the crown than to the barons summoned. It was a means of making them collectively responsible for measures to which individually they were often averse or indifferent. Those thus privileged were said to hold of the king in chief by "grand serjeanty," while the rest of the tenants-in-chief held by simple "knight-service," and were not expected to attend the great councils. All alike were called barons; but those alone who held by grand serjeanty were barons in our modern sense of the term—were called the king's or greater barons—were said to hold their lands *per baroniam*, and had a criminal as well as a civil jurisdiction each in his own "court-baron." The tenants by knight-service, or lesser barons, were simply "lords of the manor," and had only a civil jurisdiction. Both classes of barons were bound to attend the king in time of war, with a certain number of knights, according to the number of knights' fees which they held of the crown. Of the number of the tenants-in-chief we have no record till that contained in Domesday Book, twenty years later than the Conquest. After the first violent aggression, the dispossession of the Saxon proprietors must have been a very gradual process; and this celebrated survey of England was perhaps itself the first consolidation of Norman feudalism. The whole number of tenants-

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in-chief at that period, including ecclesiastical corporations, amounted scarcely to 1400. What proportion of these were greater barons, and by virtue of their tenure were bound to attend the king at his great councils, we have no means of ascertaining for the early Norman period. In the reign of Henry III. their number is stated at 150; and this is probably in excess of the attendance in earlier reigns. Besides, however, this territorial and feudal nobility, there was a rank which was strictly personal, and which, though connected with the possession of landed property, does not appear to have been specially attached to any particular locality; this was the dignity of earl. The Saxon earldormen were lord-lieutenants of particular counties, or groups of counties, the government of which they actually administered, and the profits of which they received for their own or the crown's use through their deputies the sheriffs. But except in the cases of county-palatines, such as Chester and Pembroke, and the northern counties, which formed the old earldom of Northumberland, and whose unsettled condition and remote position required a more immediate local administration, the Norman "earls" had no authority in the counties whose names they bore, nor any influence beyond that attaching to their large possessions in any particular district. They were girt with the sword of a particular county, and received a grant of the third penny of the pleas of this county. Their hereditary title was in strictness derived from this county. Their landed property might or might not be within it; but they themselves were usually called by their Christian names only, as "Earl Roger" (who was actually Earl of Salop); or sometimes with the affix of one of their principal manors or castles, as, "Earl William de Arundel" (Earl of Sussex), and "Earl Richard de Clare" (Earl of Hertford). The manor of Clare was in Suffolk. The Conqueror and his successors, although they sometimes granted vast estates to one individual, and the bulk of these might also sometimes lie in one particular county (as in the case of the Lords Marchers), always took care that the remainder should be either scattered through a number of other counties, or situated in an entirely different part of the country. They thus took good security that the kingdom should not again (as in the times of the Saxon princes) be mapped out into a certain number of self-contained and defined satrapies. Thus the vast possessions of Odo, Bishop of Baieux, were distributed through seventeen counties; those of Robert of Mortain through nineteen, besides his property in Wales. Eudes, surnamed Dapifer, had fees in twelve counties; Hugh of Avranches, surnamed Lupus, besides the county-palatine of Chester, had considerable possessions in twenty-one other shires.

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It is not surprising, then, that with such widely-scattered lands, and so much vagueness in their mode of designation, we should often find ourselves confused and mistaken as to the identity of persons alluded to by the earlier chroniclers. To this confusion the insecurity of the tenure of lands, and the frequent changes and confiscations, contribute not a little. "The king," says the angry Saxon chronicler, "sold out his lands as dear as dearest he might; and then some other man came and bid more than the first had given, and the king granted them to him who offered the larger sum; then came a third and bid yet more; and the king made over the lands to him who offered most of all." Then the whole age was one of conspiracy and revolt throughout England and Normandy. The lands of the revolted English were granted to Normans. These Anglo-Normans, in their turn conspiring and revolting, lost their lands to other foreigners, or, on rare occasions, to Saxons who performed remarkable service to the crown. During the struggles between Duke Robert of Normandy and his brothers, the younger sons of the Conqueror, the lands and dignities of England changed hands as rapidly as in the later wars of the Roses. Several great Norman lords, finding it impossible to preserve a firm hold on their possessions in both Normandy and England, abandoned the latter country altogether; and their lordships were regranted by the crown to resident barons. Others, on account of their flagrant tyranny and rapacity, were stripped of their English possessions altogether by the juster policy of Henry I.; and, to the great delight of the oppressed Saxons, were driven back across the seas into Normandy. Such, in the year 1110, was the fate of Philip of Braiose, William Malet, and William Bainard; "although all men of noble blood, and of approved fidelity to the royal house. To the first one alone, after a lapse of some years, was permission to return granted. The name of the last-mentioned disappeared from that time from among the noble races of England; and his memory is preserved only in the name of one of the wards of London, where, on the river's bank, stood Bainard's castle until swept away by the great conflagration of 1666." The reign (if it can be so called) of Stephen, when England was divided between two hostile camps, and the allegiance of her nobles between two rival sovereigns, still further obliterated the original distributions of the Conqueror; and the royal circuits of justice made by the first Plantagenet swept a yet greater number of noble names from the baronial roll: hence comparatively few of the descendants of the greatest barons of the Conquest are to be found among the leading nobility of the Plantagenet period. The fate of some of this first generation of noble families we can trace, though the majority disappear silently from the

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drama. The "Earl Roger," to whom we have already alluded —the "Comes Rogerus" of Domesday Survey—was the son of Hugh Count of Montgomery in Normandy, and was nearly allied to the Conqueror, whom he accompanied to England, commanding the centre of the invading army at the battle of Hastings. William's charge to him is chronicled in the *Roman de Rou :*

> "William upon his war-horse went;
> Unto Roger his way he bent
> (He who is called of Montgomery):
> 'Form,' he said, 'I trust in ye;
> On this side shall your battle go,
> On this side shall ye charge the foe.'"*

Roger well fulfilled his trust—slaying in single combat a gallant Saxon, whose prowess had struck terror into the hearts of the Normans:

> "Dunc s'ecria: 'Ferez, Franceiz!
> Nostre est li champ sor les Engleiz!'"

He was richly rewarded by the Conqueror. In Sussex he had no less than seventy-seven lordships bestowed upon him, and in Shropshire he obtained nearly the whole county. His chief residences were his castles of Shrewsbury and Arundel; and this is a curious fact in connection with the claim to the earldom of Arundel advanced in later years in virtue of mere possession of this latter castle. Earl Roger is called occasionally Earl of Shrewsbury, as well as Earl of Arundel; but that both these were simply descriptions of him by his places of residence, or in modern phrase his "addresses," is clear, as according to the usages of the period in question neither the towns nor castles of Shrewsbury or Arundel could confer the title of an English earl; and such dignity, if vested in Roger de Montgomery, must have been derived from the *county* of Salop, where, according to Selden, he possessed palatine authority. He died in 1094, and was succeeded in his English possessions by his second son, Hugh. His eldest son, Robert, styled de Belesme, after his mother Mabel, heiress of Alençon and Belesme, attached himself to the fortunes of young Robert of Normandy; and during the contests between the Conqueror and his son, the family of Montgomery (with many others) was similarly divided between father and son. On the death of Hugh de Montgomery in 1098, his brother, Robert de Belesme, purchased the earldom or county of Salop from William Rufus for 3000*l.* In the sub-

* "Willame sist sor son destrier;
Venir a fet avant Rogier
(Ke l'en dist de Montgomeri):
'Forment,' dist-il, 'en vos me fi;
De cele part de là ireiz,
De cele part les assaldreiz.'"

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sequent fraternal dissensions, he was driven into exile by King Henry I., and was afterwards seized in Normandy and brought to England, where he died a prisoner in Wareham Castle in 1118, after a confinement of four years. His talents were of a high order; but his character is portrayed in the darkest colours by contemporary chroniclers. Henry of Huntingdon says, somewhat wildly, "he was a very Pluto, Megæra, Cerberus, or any thing you can conceive still more horrible." His great possessions of course passed to the crown, and the earldom became extinct in his family. Another great name during the early Norman period was that of Fitz-Osberne: William Fitz-Osberne, Count of Bretville, or Breteuil, in Normandy, is pronounced by Dr. Lappenberg, in his laborious and valuable *History of the Norman Kings*, to have been "the most faithful and most sagacious counsellor" that the Conqueror had ever possessed. He was related to the ducal house, and succeeded to the office of seneschal of Normandy, which had been enjoyed by his father. To his vast riches the founding of a monastery at Lyre, where his wife Adeliza lies buried, and of another at Cormely, where he himself is interred, bear witness. He was connected with the Anglo-Saxon royal race, and had probably visited the English court before the Conquest. His brother, the chaplain Osberne, was certainly a resident there previously. In his youth he had mainly contributed to the capture of Domfront, and afterwards maintained the newly erected castle of Breteuil against the king of France. To his discrimination the Duke William was indebted for the acquisition of the services of Archbishop Lanfranc, and thereby the friendship of the Papal chair, so important an element in the designs of the duke upon the English crown. To these projects it was he who induced the Norman barons, against their inclination, to lend a favourable ear. In the organisation of the expedition, he is said by his counsels to have guarded the duke equally against undue haste and procrastination; and at the battle of Hastings he commanded the van of the army. To him was then allotted, as his peculiar duty, the conquest of the Isle of Wight, which he successfully achieved. As a reward he had bestowed upon him the earldom of Hereford, and afterwards the government of the north of England. In this position, "his great liberality to the military, whereby he preserved the people from pillage, and at the same time rendered them well disposed towards him, gained him such universal esteem, that the king, although mistrustful and irritated against him, durst not venture to counteract him; and his laws, although at variance with those of the rest of England, were regarded as valid after the lapse of a century." The king's jealousy, however,

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soon removed him from York, and he was appointed, conjointly with Queen Matilda, to the lieutenancy of Normandy. Here, as one of the guardians of the young Count Arnulf of Flanders, he involved himself in hostilities with his ward's paternal uncle, Robert the Frisian, and fell in an ambush of the latter, at the commencement of the year 1071. His death so incensed his countrymen, that it required all the energy of the Conqueror to prevent the outbreak of a war with Flanders. His inheritance was divided: his elder son, William, had his father's fiefs in Normandy; his younger son, Roger, succeeded to the earldom of Hereford, and all that his father had acquired in England. The career of the new earl was brief and disastrous. In defiance of the prohibition of the king, he had given his sister Emma in marriage to Earl Ralph of Guader, an Englishman's son by a Breton mother, on whom the king had bestowed "the Consulate of the East Angles, or counties of Norfolk, Suffolk, and Cambridge." At the marriage festivities, which were held at Ixning in Cambridgeshire, a conspiracy was formed against the king, into which Earl Waltheof the Saxon was also drawn; but the latter, through repentance or pusillanimity, betrayed the plot to Archbishop Lanfranc, who was governing the kingdom during the absence of William in Normandy. The archbishop, mindful of the old bond of friendship between Earl Roger's father and himself, endeavoured, first by written representations, and next by the spiritual weapon of excommunication, to withdraw him from his rebellion. In the mean time he was held in check by an armed force under the Bishop of Worcester; while Ralph Guader was easily crushed and driven to Denmark by an army under Bishop Odo. The contest was ineffectually renewed by Earl Ralph, with the assistance of the Danish king; but he gained no fresh footing in England, and ultimately died in exile in the Holy Land. The rebellion of the Norman Earl Roger was, however, a more important affair, and King William himself hastened from Normandy, and cited his vassal to answer for his conduct before his court. "Roger hesitated not to appear, relying on his near relationship to the king; but he was declared, according to the Norman law, to have forfeited all his honours and possessions, and condemned to perpetual imprisonment. Even then his haughty spirit did not desert him, but served to exasperate the king still more against him; for when William on Easter-day had sent him a rich suit of clothes, he ordered a large fire to be kindled, and burnt them. He outlived the king, and died in prison and in fetters." His male issue speedily became extinct; but the husband of his niece and heir, Amicia, had granted to him by Stephen the county, borough, and castle of Hereford, unaccom-

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panied by the earldom, which passed away altogether from the family, and with the castle was afterwards regranted to an adherent of the Empress Matilda. The history of one more great earldom of the Conquest may, with the preceding, suffice as an illustration of the fate of the first great Anglo-Norman families. The earldom and the county of Chester had been originally granted by the king to Gherbod, a Fleming, who held them against the attacks of Saxons and Welsh until the year 1070, when, going into Flanders, by permission of the king, to look after his paternal property, he was entrapped by his enemies there; and during his imprisonment his honours in England were granted away without scruple by the king to Hugh de Abrincis, or Avranches (son of Richard, surnamed "Goz," Viscount of Avranches in Normandy), who had assisted at the battle of Hastings. He received the county of Chester (including that part of Lancashire which lies between the Ribble and the Mersey, as well as some adjacent Welsh districts), with the exception of some lands of the bishop's, "to be held as freely by the sword (*ad gladium*) as the king held England by his crown." By virtue of this grant, the possessors of fiefs in this district did not hold them, as in other provinces, of the king, but immediately from the earl. Hugh Goz received the further significant epithet of Lupus, the "Wolf," which he appears from the monkish chronicles to have fairly earned. They represent him as a man of the grossest sensuality and gluttony, and unbounded extravagance. "He carried about with him," says the king's chaplain, "not a family, but an army. He knew no moderation either in giving or receiving." He preferred the society of huntsmen and sportsmen to that of agriculturists, and, sad to say, even of learned Christian monks. In this last point probably lay the sting of his character. Although his gluttony made him at length so unwieldy in person that he could scarcely move, his warlike spirit remained unbroken; and in his latter years he actually achieved the conquest of the Isle of Anglesea. Upon the prisoners taken in this expedition "he exercised a more cruel vengeance than was usual even in those times. After the amputation of their hands and feet, they were blinded," and subjected to yet more horrible treatment. Like other great sinners, however, he died (in the year 1101) in the odour of sanctity, a professed monk of the abbey of Chester, of which he was the restorer. Eighteen years afterwards his male issue was extinguished by the death of his son and successor, Earl Richard, who, together with his wife, perished with the heir to the crown, Prince William, and many of the English nobility, in the fatal passage from Normandy. The earldom was then granted by King Henry to Randal de Meschines, a son of

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the sister of Earl Hugh, and passed from him through four generations, and another heiress, to John le Scot, Earl of Huntingdon, on whose death it was annexed to the crown by Henry III.

In some such ways as the above passed off the stage the vanguard of the Norman invasion. With the firm establishment of the House of Plantagenet on the throne, in the person of Henry II., a new race of nobles began to occupy the vacant seats. Names holding only a secondary place in the preceding period now rise into preëminence, and fresh families are heard of for the first time in connection with the important events of the times. The position of the Norman barons in England had greatly altered. To begin with, they had become by intermarriages in one or two generations more than half Englishmen. It was found almost impossible in inquisitions for blood to assign to any of the victims a purely Norman in contradistinction to a Saxon origin. The two races were getting entirely amalgamated in the higher ranks, although the mass of the population beneath remained purely Saxon. The jealousy felt by the Norman barons against the favourites of the new dynasty, drawn from Anjou and the great French duchy of Guyenne, which were now the *native* dominions of the kings of England, drew them more closely to the English nation by the bond of a common grievance, and a common dread of the ascendency of the continental dominions of the king. The Crusades, in the days of Richard, contributed as much as any thing to break down the old antipathy of race between Anglo-Normans and Anglo-Saxons: at home distrustful neighbours, they became sworn friends and brothers on the remote plains of Palestine. Removed from the unhealthy confinement of one small circle, filled with tragic and hostile recollections, they all alike looked forward to a glorious return to what was now felt to be their common country. The renown of the mixed race which warred under King Richard for the Holy City made a very different impression on the mass of the English population at home from that which had been produced by the exploits of their feudal tyrants on the soil of their conquered country. The loss of Normandy, it is well known, completed the reconciliation of the two races which occupied England; but considerably before that event, though the names of the great noble families continued for the most part Norman, the exclusive Norman spirit had ceased to exist among them. We are therefore entitled to look upon the twenty-four* barons who, in the year 1215, were appointed to enforce the observance of Magna Charta, as true representatives of the English nation, and not

* The mayor of London made up the number of the twenty-five guardians.

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of a mere dominant foreign aristocracy. They also represent the last holders of baronies by tenure, and, as such, indicate the completion of one chapter in the history of the old English nobility. An enumeration of their names will be our best introduction to the first race of English barons.

The name which should be foremost in connection with Magna Charta is that of Robert Fitz-Walter, "Marshal of the army of God and Holy Church," which wrung from the tyrant John this great national franchise. Robert Fitz-Walter was the grandson of Robert, fifth son of Richard Fitz-Gilbert, the ancestor of two or three English baronial families. Fitz-Gilbert was "the eldest son of Gilbert, Count of Brion or of Auci in Normandy (in which latter territory the town of Brion was situate)," and a kinsman of the Conqueror, whom he accompanied to England; and had large possessions awarded to him, of which the town and castle of Tonbridge in Kent, and the manor of Clare in Suffolk, were the chief seats. He became justice, or chief-justiciary, of England. His son Robert was steward to King Henry I., from whom he obtained the barony of Dunmow in Essex, renowned for the "flitch of bacon." His son Walter Fitz-Robert, who succeeded him in the barony, was the source of the family name of Fitz-Walter, adopted by his son Robert. Of the personal career of Robert Fitz-Walter we know nothing except in connection with the vicissitudes of the contest between the king and barons, in which he took so leading a part. He died in the next reign as a crusader at the siege of Damietta, in the year 1234. His barony descended regularly in the male line, through eight barons, down to the year 1432, when it passed through a female heir to the Radcliffes, and was by them forfeited by attainder in 1495. The family, therefore, belongs properly to the ante-Tudor period. It never, however, attained again to such a proud prominence in history as in the person of Robert Fitz-Walter; and it is through him alone that its name will descend to posterity.

Richard de Clare and his son Gilbert, who were both guardians of Magna Charta, were descended from the eldest son of Richard Fitz-Gilbert, and were therefore cousins of Fitz-Walter. Clare, we have seen, was a manor of Fitz-Gilbert's; and his Norman title of count, or its English equivalent, earl, being attached to this place, his descendants were known by the titles of Earls Clare, or De Clare. His grandson, Richard de Clare, was Earl of Hertford, enjoying the third penny of that county in the time of King Stephen, and was slain by the Welsh in the year 1139. He was the grandfather of the Richard de Clare of whom we are now speaking. This Richard, called variously Earl Clare and Earl of Hertford, married Amicia,

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daughter, and at length sole heir, of William Earl of Gloucester, and died in 1218. His son Gilbert, who succeeded his father in the earldom of Hertford, and became Earl of Gloucester in right of his mother, died at Penros in Brittany, in the year 1230. His son Richard, the next earl, was the colleague and rival of Simon de Montfort; and the same friendship and enmity were displayed by his son and successor, Gilbert. This Gilbert married Joan Plantagenet, daughter of King Edward I., and left a son, also named Gilbert, who succeeded him in the earldoms; but being slain at Bannockburn in 1313, and leaving no children, all the family dignities became extinct. Of his three sisters and heirs, two married the notorious favourites of Edward II., Piers Gavestone and Hugh le Despencer the younger. The earldom of Gloucester was revived again in 1397, in the person of Thomas Lord Despencer, grandson of Edward, son and heir of this Hugh le Despencer and Alianore de Clare; but the newly-created earl was degraded again in parliament in 1399, and beheaded by the rabble in the year following. Being attainted, his honours became forfeited. The Earl of Gloucester, who appears with that title among the conservators of Magna Charta, was not a member of the family of De Clare, but William Fitz-Piers, or Mandeville, the husband of Isabel Countess of Gloucester, the divorced wife of King John, and granddaughter of Robert Earl of Gloucester, the half-brother and unwearied champion of the Empress Matilda. The father of Fitz-Piers was justice of England in the reign of King John, and received the earldom of Essex from him on the day of his coronation; his wife being the heiress of the De Mandevilles, who previously enjoyed that title. The elder Fitz-Piers possessed great influence at court during the early part of the reign of John, and was the only one of his councillors who was able at all to moderate his violence. He was consequently looked up to, but feared and hated, by the king, who upon receiving the news of his death, in October 1213, openly rejoiced. "It is well," he cried laughing; "in hell he may again shake hands with Hubert our late primate; for surely he will find him there. By God's teeth, now for the first time I am king and lord of England!" It is not at all wonderful that the son of such a man should be found among the foremost of the opponents of the king's tyranny. He did not, however, long survive his honourable appointment, being slain at a tournament in the succeeding year. His brother and successor, William Fitz-Piers, or De Mandeville (also one of the confederated barons), dying without issue in 1227, the earldom of Essex was conferred on his nephew, Humphrey de Bohun, Earl of Hereford, son and successor of Henry de Bohun, first earl of that family.

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This Earl Henry was lord high constable of England, and also one of the Magna-Charta barons. The two earldoms of Hereford and Essex, and the dignity of lord high constable, continued in his family down to the year 1372, when, through failure of male issue, they became extinct, and the name of De Bohun disappeared from English history.

Another of these Magna-Charta barons was Robert de Vere, third Earl of Oxford, and hereditary great-chamberlain of England. The founder of this distinguished family was Alberic or Aubrey de Vere, son of Alfonsus Count of Ghisnes, within the county of Flanders, and descended from a younger son of that house. Aubrey de Vere came into England with the Conqueror, from whom he received numerous lordships, principally in Essex and Suffolk. He fixed his residence at Colne in Essex, and died in the year 1088. His son Aubrey was created by King Henry I. great-chamberlain of England to him and his heirs, and was known in the reign of Stephen by his foreign title of count. He was a decided partisan of that king, and, as "a man well skilled in legal knowledge," on one occasion appeared as his representative and advocate before a hostile synod of bishops at Winchester. Being able to make no impression upon the assembly, Count Aubrey appealed to the Pope, in the name of the king, and dissolved the council, the knights with him drawing their swords to enforce his orders if necessary. The count was slain in a tumult by the Londoners in 1140. His son, Aubrey, became reconciled to the Plantagenets, and before the year 1155 was created Earl of Cambridgeshire, if the King of Scotland claimed it not; but in the event of his claiming that county, Count Aubrey was to have the choice of four others, Oxford, Berks, Wilts, or Dorset. "He was thus created an earl, though by what name he was to be distinguished remained uncertain; until Henry II. gave to him the third penny of the pleas in the county of Oxford, '*ut sit inde comes;*' which county (*comitatum*) he was to hold to him and his heirs." He died in 1194,* and his dignities passed successively to his eldest son, Aubrey, and his second son Robert—the Magna-Charta baron. Any attempt on our part to trace the fortunes of the De Veres at length will be seen to be out of the question, when it is remembered that the family was not extinct in the male line until the reign of

* We adopt Mr. Courthope's dates and genealogy. The *Libellus Genealogiæ Comitum Oxoniensium*, copied by Leland into his Itinerary, makes the fourth Aubrey the first Earl of Oxford, and tells a marvellous story of the deeds and marks of heavenly favour of the "3d Aubrey," a companion of Robert of Normandy in his crusade. "This Aubrey," it says, "for his greatness of stature, and stern look, was named 'Aubrey the Grim.'" According to this account and date, there would seem to have been another Aubrey, not mentioned by Mr. Courthope.

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Queen Anne. One or two leading points may, however, be noticed. Robert de Vere, the grandson of the first Robert, followed in the footsteps of his ancestor, and was so decided an adherent of Simon de Montfort, that by a charter of the 26th October 1265, Henry III. gave away all his honours and lands to Roger de Mortimer, "who does not appear, however, to have used the title. It is probable that the varied fortunes of the king and Montfort at this period rendered the grant of no effect." "Of this Robert, and Alice his wife," says old Leland in his Itinerary, quoting from the "Genealogy of the Earls of Oxford," "came Robert Erle of Oxford, &c., caulled the good Erle Roberte, which had to wif Margaret, daughter to Roger Mortimer, Erle of Marche. This good Erle Robert went to Rome on pilgrimage, A.D. 1300. At the which tyme a certaine pagane, caulled Vitrocus, builded the castelle Vitro, and the town theronto adjoyning, standing in the realme of Naples, wher by tyranny he did very much hurt to the Christianes: so that Robert Erle of Oxford, by appointment, fought with him *in duello*, and vanquishid him, and after this, by powre of God, gave the Castelle Vitro and the town to the Bishop and See of Rome. In token of this victorie, ther stande on the gates of the town of Vitro the armes of Vere, the Bore and Molette, engraven on stone. God shewid many miracles for this good Erle Roberte." Up to this point the De Veres are associated with what we should call the "popular" cause, or, at any rate, that which was identified with the preservation of constitutional restraints on the crown. In one or two generations, however, they changed sides; and in the person of Robert de Vere, son of the great-nephew of the "good Earl Robert," the family was placed in the front of the unpopular party. This Robert, being a great favourite of Richard II., shared the prosperity and adversity of his patron. He was created Marquis of Dublin and Duke of Ireland; but when the popular party gained a temporary ascendency in 1388, he was banished and attainted, and all his honours forfeited. He himself died in 1392; but his uncle and heir, Aubrey de Vere, obtained a fresh grant of the earldom to him and his heirs male in the same year; and King Richard being once more in the ascendant, the attainder of the duke was repealed and annulled in 1397. The deposition of Richard, however, and the accession of the House of Lancaster, led to the annulling of all the proceedings of the parliament of 1397, and among others, of this reversal of the attainder of Duke Robert. The actual Earl of Oxford thenceforward held his title simply under the grant of 1392. His great-grandson, John de Vere, obtained in 1464, on the fall of the House of Lancaster, a reversal of the proceedings in the reign of Henry IV., and was thereby restored to the *original* Earldom of Ox-

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ford. Taking part, however, with the king-maker Warwick, he shared in the defeat at Barnet, from which battle he was the only peer on that side who escaped with his life. He afterwards suffered imprisonment and banishment, and in 1475 he was attainted and all his dignities again forfeited. He returned with the Earl of Richmond; and obtained from that prince, as King Henry VII., the restoration of all his honours and possessions, and a confirmation of the dignity of great chamberlain. He was appointed lord high admiral, and died in 1514. This is the Earl of Oxford who has been made familiar to the English public by Sir Walter Scott, in his novel of *Anne of Geierstein*, as the merchant Philipson. He left no son; his honours passed to a nephew; and from that time the glory of the house of De Vere began to fade. Edward de Vere, the seventeenth earl, in the reign of Elizabeth, was the "spendthrift earl" of the family, and disposed of large portions of the property to support his reckless extravagance. It was still, however, in the succeeding generations a wealthy landed family, but it played no conspicuous part in public affairs.* Aubrey de Vere, the twentieth and last earl, dextrously trimmed between the two parties during the civil war, was an elegant man of pleasure during the dissolute reign of Charles II., and died in 1702, without either by his life or death contributing any thing to the fame of his family or the service of his country. His beautiful daughter and heiress was selected by King Charles II. to be the wife of his illegitimate son by Nell Gwynne; and their descendants, the Beauclerks, dukes of St. Albans, now represent the old house of De Vere.

Saier de Quincy, Earl of Winchester, as he was generally called, but more strictly Earl of the County of Southampton, having married the younger coheir of Robert de Bellomont (surnamed Fitz-Parnell), last Earl of Leicester of that family, was raised by King John to the preceding earldom. He, however, espoused the cause of the barons, and was one of the guardians of Magna Charta. He was at the Siege of Damietta in 1219; and died in the Holy Land a short time after, on a pilgrimage to Jerusalem. With his second son Roger, who died in 1264, the earldom became extinct in this family. His daughter married Hugh de Vere, son and successor of the De Vere of Magna Charta. "Some writers assert that Robert, his eldest son, who accompanied his father to the Holy Land, returned to England only to find his inheritance seized by his younger brother, whose right to it he unsuccessfully disputed." Whether true or not in this particular case, there can be no doubt that such

* We should mention, however, Sir Horace Vere, first cousin of the spendthrift earl, a distinguished military commander in the Low Countries, made Lord Vere of Tilbury in 1625.

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an occurrence represents a class of cases not unfrequent during the holy wars. "The possession of the lands of the earldom overruled the strictly hereditary nature of the dignity;" and Earl Roger, supposing him to have obtained livery of his brother's lands during his absence in Palestine, may very well have maintained himself in the dignity against not only his brother, but that brother's daughter and heir.

The next Charter Barons whom we may notice are Roger Bigod, second Earl of Norfolk of that family, and his son Hugh, who succeeded him in the title. Hugh Bigod, the father of Earl Roger, and younger son of the Roger Bigod of Domesday Survey, was steward to Henry I., and the main instrument in the elevation of Stephen to the crown. The Archbishop of Canterbury having scruples on the subject of the oath taken by the barons to Matilda in the reign of Henry, Hugh Bigod met this objection by asserting on oath that the king in his last moments, in *his* presence, released the chiefs of the realm from the oath which they had taken. Probably for this important service he received from the new king the third penny of the county of Norfolk, and the earldom. He, however, proved a turbulent subject to his new master; and towards the close of that reign we find him holding the Castle of Ipswich against King Stephen, in the interest of young Henry Plantagenet. He had to surrender the castle; but as his name appears as a witness to the final agreement between the rival competitors, which was concluded almost immediately afterwards, he would seem to have escaped from any severe punishment of his rebellion. He was confirmed in his dignities by Henry on his accession to the throne, and died in 1177. The career of the house of Bigod was a brief but a glorious one, as far as concerns the interests of their country. Besides the two Charter Barons of the reign of John, the next earl, Roger, and his nephew and successor, also Roger, the fifth and last earl, both took a very prominent part in the civil contests of the reigns of Henry III. and Edward I. The former (who became earl-marshal of England in right of his mother, sister and coheir of Anselm, Earl of Pembroke) was the spokesman of the barons at a parliament called by King Henry at Westminster on the 2d of May 1258. All the barons went to the hall in complete armour, and as the king entered there was a rattling of swords. "What means this?" he exclaimed; "am I a prisoner?" "Not so," replied Roger Bigod; "but your foreign favourites and your own extravagance have involved this realm in great wretchedness; wherefore we demand that the powers of government be intrusted and made over to a committee of bishops and barons, that the same may root up abuses and enact good laws." The king, after considerable hesitation, was

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compelled to give his unconditional assent; and on the 11th of June, at what the Royalists called the "mad parliament," held at Oxford, the committee of government was formed, of which the most conspicuous members, of the barons' party, besides Roger Bigod and Hugh Bigod his brother, justice of England, were the Earls Simon de Montfort of Leicester, Richard de Clare of Gloucester, and Humphrey de Bohun of Hereford. A few years later, however, the Bigods and Bohuns seem to have become distrustful of the proceedings of Simon de Montfort, and they appeared in arms on the side of the king in the bloody battle of Lewes, the issue of which placed Henry in the hands of his enemies. In the next reign, Roger, the son of Hugh Bigod, who had succeeded his uncle in the earldom, as earl-marshal, led the first line of the English battle in their victorious attack on Wallace's army at Falkirk. By his side fought Humphrey de Bohun, grandson and successor of the Earl of Hereford who fought at Lewes. The houses of Bigod and Bohun seem to have generally acted together. They now became the leaders of the barons in the movements which wrung the confirmations and extensions of the Charter from the warlike Edward I. On one occasion, when the king laid heavy and illegal tallages on the country, and with the proceeds had raised two armies for his foreign wars, the Earls of Hereford and Norfolk both refused to accompany him abroad. Turning to the latter, the king exclaimed, "By the everlasting God, Sir Earl, you shall go or hang!" "By the everlasting God, Sir King," retorted Roger Bigod, "I will neither go nor hang;" and both earls withdrew, followed by thirty bannerets and fifteen hundred knights. The earl succeeded in his patriotic objects; but it was at the expense of his family dignity. According to Nicholas Trivet, having spent largely while contending against the king, he was earnestly called upon to repay such sums of money as he had borrowed of his brother, John Bigod. To obtain the money for this purpose, the earl in the year 1302 surrendered his earldom and marshal's rod with his estates into the king's hands, on condition of having all his debts paid, and the estates, with other lands, being restored to him for his life. His last public act before this resignation was, in the year 1301, to set his hand, along with his old colleague De Bohun, and large numbers of the noblest of the English barons, to the celebrated letter, written, if not sent, to Pope Boniface, in which it is declared that "the kings of England, in their said kingdom, have never submitted their rights in temporals to any ecclesiastical or secular court; have never answered to them, nor ought to answer; but have inviolably observed to keep up the free preëminence, state, and dignity of the said kingdom, at all times. Whence," continued these true

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English barons, "upon a due deliberation and treating upon the contents of your memorable letter, the common and unanimous consent of all and singular was, is, and will be, God willing, for ever: That our aforesaid lord the king ought not to answer judicially before you, nor submit his rights over the realm of Scotland, nor any other of his temporal rights whatsoever, to your doubtful judgment. Neither has he any reason to send his messengers or proctors to plead for him in your presence; particularly when the premises will most manifestly tend to the disinheriting of the right of the English crown and its royal dignity, and the utter subversion of the state of the said kingdom, and be a prejudice to our liberties, customs, and paternal laws, the observation and defence of which we stand obliged by our oaths to defend; and which, by the help of God, we will with all our power and strength maintain." Roger Bigod died in 1307; and John, his brother, who would have been his heir, not being restored to the family honours or summoned to Parliament, the Bigods lost their baronial position, and disappear from history.

William Marshal, son and successor of William, Earl of Pembroke and Marshal of England, was another of the guardians of Magna Charta. His father (the fourth baron of the name) obtained the earldom by marrying Isabel de Clare, daughter and heiress of the previous earl. The first baron took his name from being marshal to Henry I.; and this dignity continued in the family under the altered form of marshal of England, and with the earldom became extinct on the death of the sixth earl in 1245. The first earl is celebrated as the mediator between King John and the barons; and on the king's death, as the guardian and successful asserter of the rights of his young son and as the Protector of England. Of this great earl, together with the Cardinal-Archbishop of Canterbury, Mr. Hallam says, that "to their temperate zeal for a legal government England was indebted during that critical period for the two greatest blessings that patriotic statesmen could confer: the establishment of civil liberty upon an immovable basis; and the preservation of national independence under the ancient line of sovereigns, which rasher men were about to exchange for the dominion of France." Whether the earl is really entitled to such unreserved praise is perhaps doubtful, as we have no means of ascertaining what would have been his course had John, in the absence of this diversion from France, succeeded in violating with impunity the provisions of the Charter to which he had assented. And although we know that the earl was personally favourable to the Charter, we do *not* know whether he himself would have taken any steps towards obtaining it in the absence of Fitz-Walter and other uncompromising leaders. To his son,

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however, the second Earl of Pembroke, we may willingly assign all the glory attaching to a trust which would not have been reposed in him without some confidence in his firmness and decision. The Protector died in 1219, and his son William in 1231. They were succeeded by the younger son of the Protector, Richard, who took a decided part against the unworthy favourites of Henry III., and was by them treacherously slain in Ireland. So the family may be regarded, on the whole, as confessors for English liberty.

We next come, among the Charter Barons, to William de Mowbray, fourth baron of that family, and to Roger his younger brother. They were descendants of Nigel de Albini, who obtained the forfeited lands of Mowbray, Earl of Northumberland, and whose son Roger took the name of De Mowbray. The tenth and eleventh earls were created Earls of Nottingham by Richard II.; and the latter, Thomas de Mowbray, being raised to the higher dignity of Duke of Norfolk and Earl Marshal of England, is well known to readers of Shakespeare in connection with his quarrel with Henry of Bolingbroke, which led to the banishment of them both by the king. The duke died in exile at Venice, in the very year of the downfall of King Richard. His second son, John, was restored to the dignity of Duke of Norfolk in 1424. The grandson and namesake of this John Mowbray was created Earl Warren and Surrey in the lifetime of his father; but dying without male issue, the higher honours became extinct; while the barony of Mowbray descended to his daughter Ann, on her death fell into abeyance, and after being revived in the Howards, fell again into abeyance, in which it now remains.

There were several baronial families of the name of Albini; but the William de Albini who was sworn to enforce the observance of the Charter was the third in descent from William de Albini, surnamed Brito, lord of Belvoir Castle in the reign of William Rufus, who is supposed to have been the son and heir of Robert de Todeni, lord of Belvoir. In carrying out the trust reposed in him by the nation, William de Albini narrowly escaped with his life; for being taken prisoner, after a prolonged defence of Rochester Castle against King John and his foreign mercenaries, the enraged monarch was only prevented from hanging him with the whole garrison by the interposition of one of the leaders of the mercenaries, who feared reprisals on the part of the barons. On the death of his son in 1285, the barony passed to a female heir, who married into the family of De Roos.

John de Lacy, Constable of Chester, is another of the Magna-Charta guardians, whose family name is familiar to our ears. He was eighth in descent (through one female heir) from Ilbert de Lacy, lord of Pontefract, by gift of the Conqueror. Henry de

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Lacy, fourth baron, was the founder of Kirkstall Abbey. John de Lacy was created Earl of Lincoln, having married Margaret, daughter of the Robert de Quincy of whom we have already spoken, by Hawise, Countess of Lincoln. His honours expired in 1312, with his second successor Henry de Lacy, who was also Earl of Salisbury by right of his wife, and was one of the leaders of the English vanguard at Falkirk.

We now come, in our enumeration, to Richard de Percy, whose name is full of historical recollections. He was the youngest son of Josceline de Louvaine (younger son of Godfrey Duke of Brabant) by Agnes de Percy, heiress of a barony obtained by William de Percy, surnamed Algernon, in the time of the Conqueror. Richard is said to have "usurped" the barony to the prejudice of his nephew, the son of his elder brother, and to have maintained it during his lifetime. He died in 1244, and was succeeded by his nephew William, who was the ancestor of the Earls of Northumberland, and of the celebrated Hotspur. The original barony became extinct in 1571; but a new barony was created, 1557, in the same family, and in 1628, by an illegal stretch of prerogative, identified with the old. The barony of Percy enjoyed by the present Duke of Northumberland is, strictly speaking, a creation of the year 1722.

The remaining barons, who complete the number of the guardians of Magna Charta, are William de Fortibus, Earl of Albemarle; Eustace (third baron) de Vesci; John (third baron) Fitz-Robert; William Malet, Geoffrey (fifth baron) de Say; William de Huntingfield; and Richard (fourth baron) de Montfichet.

We have now passed under rapid and imperfect review some of the leading families to whom we are indebted for the foundation of our present constitutional liberties; and it will have been seen how few of them survived the dynasty of the Plantagenets. We may now pass to another stage in the history of baronial dignities, in which, while their basis was enlarged, their number became limited. Of this change, and the causes by which it was brought about, Mr. Courthope gives the following account:

"Selden considers that the lands which were conferred by William the Conqueror on his followers descended to their posterity, forming the great baronial body of the kingdom. But such a system, so apparently complete, did not long endure; the troublous and stormy period of the first Plantagenet monarchs, the frequent rebellions, and unsettled state of public affairs, had been in themselves sufficient so to reduce the power of the great tenants of the crown, that many were brought to poverty, whilst others alienated portions of their possessions; and when we add to the causes produced by their own turbulence, amercements for real or pretended offences, aids, reliefs, and

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other feudal exactions, we wonder not to find that the great baronial tenures began to be broken up. Licenses for alienation of the crown tenures became frequent, and were easily obtained: by such means the crown was doubly benefited; for not only were the Exchequer coffers replenished, but the power of those great vassals broken, who, by reason of their vast estates, had been enabled to make head against the crown. Hence the principle that had governed the assembly of the great council of the kingdom, from the Conquest until the reign of King John, ceased to exist: the alienation by the barons of their knights' fees increased the number of those who held of the king *in capite;* but as they increased in number, so did they decrease in wealth and power; and it resulted that, either in the reign of King John or in that of his son King Henry III., the king obtained a discretionary power of calling to his great council only such persons as he thought fit so to summon, and the great council of the realm came to be divided between those whose great possessions and known fidelity to the crown procured them a writ; and those who, not holding *per baroniam*, were yet summoned at the king's pleasure, and by a writ similar to that addressed to the tenants *per baroniam*. All these were called the greater barons, or *barones majores;* whilst those who had become possessed of subinfeudations giving manorial rights, and those who still held the knights' fees granted to their ancestors, were styled lesser barons, or *barones minores*, and became in process of time the germ of the present House of Commons, or that body out of which the freemen elected their representatives to serve in the general council of the kingdom. Henceforth, as observed by Blackstone, the dignity of the peerage, instead of being territorial, became personal; proof of tenure *per baroniam* became no longer necessary, and the record of the writ of summons came to be sufficient evidence to constitute a lord of parliament."

The most important point in this change, is the fact that the position of a peer of the realm was made dependent, not on military service, but on attendance in Parliament. The class from which the summoned peers were selected was still one in which military service to the crown formed the basis of their property; but "whatever may have been the privileges of those persons who antecedently held lands by barony, at no period subsequent to 23 Edward I. did such tenure constitute *ex debito justitiæ* a right in the tenant to be summoned to Parliament as a peer of the realm; such right thenceforward emanating from the king's writ alone." The inchoate right may have continued to exist among the representatives of all the greater barons, but it only became operative by an exercise of choice on the part of the king. The great council of nobles became in fact a representative council of the barons selected by the king. At the same time the "qualification" of these representatives, to use a modern expression, was enlarged by the recognition of tenants who had hitherto served the crown only in the field.

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It is observable, that the chronicler Matthew of Paris gives for the first time, in the year 1246, the name of "Parliament" to the great council of the barons. The civil element in the baronial service was becoming the more important; the military service had begun to be supplied indirectly, and from another source. Attending the king beyond seas on military expeditions had always been a matter of grace, and not of duty, on the part of the barons. We know how nearly the expedition of the Conqueror was defeated by the resistance of his nobles on this very point. As the Norman barons became more firmly planted on the soil of England, and more closely bound up with home interests, they became more and more averse to these transmarine expeditions, except in cases of extreme necessity. The Crusades were supplied with warriors chiefly by the cajolery and penalties of the Church. Except in the first outburst of religious enthusiasm, there was little disposition on the part of the English barons to embark in such a distant undertaking, and many were the excuses and delays which followed the actual assumption of the Cross. We have seen what were some of the effects of these prolonged absences on the disposition of property and titles; and the examples thus afforded must have added additional strength to the inclination of the rest of the nobility to stay at home and take care of themselves and their country. But the great additional territory on the Continent acquired by the first Plantagenet brought with it increased demands for "foreign" service on the part of his barons. As long as these possessed estates and dignities in Normandy as well as England,—or the war could be made to assume by any sort of pretext the aspect of a "Norman" question,—the king might manage to carry over an English feudal army, or, at worst, draw an army from Normandy itself. But when Normandy was lost to the English crown in the reign of John, there was no longer the same hold on his barons; and the loss of nearly the whole of the French dominions of the crown in the reign of Henry III. took away the remaining hold upon them—a general regard for the dignity and honour of the kingdom. Thenceforward, for a foreign war to command the feudal services of the barons, it must be nationally popular; and the crown was reduced on other occasions to a different mode of raising an army. Where actual military service was denied, money might be granted as an equivalent; and with this, mercenary troops could be hired. It became no longer so much a matter of importance to gather round the king in his great council *all* those greater barons, whose acquiescence or refusal would determine the size as well as supply the men for the required army. The amount of money that could be raised was the question now; and on this

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it became as much or more important to ascertain the disposition of the lesser tenants, who were often by this time much more wealthy than the tenants by grand serjeanty. The price of these money-grants came to be the redress of grievances, and the gift or confirmation of charters. These affected all classes of tenants; and they all required to be allowed to put forward their special complaints. An assembly, composed of all the barons, greater and lesser, was out of the question; and selection and virtual representation became the only resource. This idea was at the same time extended to the other classes of the kingdom, and subsidies and grievances brought with them something like a national representation in parliament. As to the effect of this modification in the peerage upon the relative power of king and barons, it is not easy to speak decidedly. At first sight, the gain appears to be all on the side of the crown. The right of *choice*, and the arbitrary manner in which this was frequently exercised, to the extinction by desuetude of several peerages which had been recognised or created by one or more writs of summons, would appear at first to strike at the very root of the independence of the nobility. No doubt the new prerogative was sometimes abused; and the parliaments which assembled were sometimes composed (in troubled times) merely of the adherents of one particular party, writs not having been issued to the other barons. Still this was the exception, and remedied itself; as such assemblies carried with them no authority out-of-doors except such as attached to the material preponderance of their members, and their proceedings were reversed on the ascendency of the other party in some subsequent parliament. They were only indications of a state of revolution, in which no forms could guarantee fairness. In an ordinary assembly, it became necessary for the king to consider how far the resolutions which were passed could be carried practically into effect out-of-doors. If he packed his House of Lords, and overawed his Commons, the laws they passed, and the subsidies they granted, might remain practically waste-paper and idle figures when the parliament had separated. It was necessary to consult the actual state of things outside the parliament, much more than the caprice or wishes of the crown within, if the desired *coin* was to be substantially drawn from the pockets of the nation. A better expedient was to summon a fair number of the nobles opposed to the crown, and either win them over by personal intercourse, or come to some compromise with them which would secure that the measures passed should be practically carried into effect. So that whether or not writs of summons to parliament created legally an hereditary dignity,—on which point the highest authorities differ,—a con-

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siderable proportion of the peerages descended in the same family in virtue of, or confirmed by, repeated though not unintermitted summonses to parliament. And explain it how we may, the spirit of independence in the nobility was, in point of fact, not much, if at all, affected by this seemingly important change.

The first writs of summons to the House of Peers which give us any means of ascertaining the proportions of old and new families thus admitted to the peerage, are of the year 1295, the 23 Edward I. In that year eleven earls and fifty-three barons were summoned. Of these latter, forty-two were certainly old barons by tenure; one was seised of lands which were *previously* held *per baroniam;* one is doubtful; but the remaining *nine* are not any where stated to have been previously barons of the realm. These new nobles were Nicholas de Meynill, Walter de Fauconberg, Robert de Hilton, Walter de Huntercombe, Robert Lascells, Nicholas de Segrave, Hugh Pointz, Geoffrey de Camville, and Bogo de Knovill. The next writ of summons which supplies us with any analysis of the progress of the peerage is one of the year 1299, the 27 Edward I. "This writ included ten earls and *eighty* barons, the considerable difference between which number of barons and those summoned in 23 Edward I. is worthy of attention. Of the *fifty-three* barons included in the writ of 23 Edward I., only *thirty-five* were summoned in that of 27 Edward I.; hence *forty-five* persons were then summoned for the first time, and eighteen who were summoned in 23 Edward I. were omitted." Of the *forty-five* thus newly summoned, it appears that "*twenty-four* held lands *per baroniam*" (or were old peers), "whilst *twenty-one* were never before barons of the realm." A few additional sums in arithmetic, which Mr. Courthope happily does for us, will enable us to arrive at some idea of the general operation of this change during the reign of Edward I. These twenty-one new barons of the 27 Edward I., added to the nine or ten deriving under the writ of 23 Edward I. and one or two summoned by separate writs between these two years, raise the number of the peers in 27 Edward I., exclusive of earls, "to about *one hundred persons, sixty-six* of whom, having held lands *per baroniam*, had been barons by tenure, and *thirty-three* or *thirty-four* had only become so by virtue of a writ of summons to parliament." Agreeably to this calculation, *ninety-nine* barons were summoned in the 28 Edward I.; and of these, one, who was not a baron by tenure, Almaric de St. Amand, was summoned for the first time. In the 32 Edward I. (Nov. 1304), *ninety-four* barons were summoned; but only two new names appear, Robert de Burghersh and William Paynell, neither of whom was a baron

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by tenure. It appears from the Close Rolls of 47 Henry III. that the temporal barons *by tenure*, being about *one hundred and fifty*, were called in that year by several writs to be present with their horses and arms to perform service (*cum equis et armis ad habendum servitium*); and this calculation of the number of the greater barons seems to be confirmed by a passage in Matthew of Paris. Taking, then, this number as a measure of the persons who held *per baroniam* in the time of Edward I. also, and deducting from it the sixty-six peers *summoned* to parliament *by writ*, who held *per baroniam*, it would appear "that *eighty-four, considerably above half*, of the individuals of the kingdom who *before* the 23 Edward I. were indisputably barons of the realm, were never included in any writ of summons to parliament."

From the reign of Edward I., therefore, we have a new period, comprising the history of a mixed nobility of old and new barons. Their exploits are chiefly connected with the intestine struggles of the disastrous reign of Edward II., or with the Scotch and French wars of that king and his great successor. In the struggle of the barons against the favourites of Edward II., the leaders were Thomas Plantagenet, Earl of Lancaster and Leicester, and Steward of England, cousin of the king; Aymer de Valence, second and last Earl of Pembroke of that family, whose father was the son of Queen Isabel, widow of King John, by the Earl of March; Guy de Beauchamp, seventh Baron Beauchamp of Elmley, and second Earl of Warwick of that name (after whom Guy's Tower in Warwick Castle is called); Edward Fitz-Alan, ninth Baron Fitz-Alan of Clun and Oswaldestre, and second Earl of Arundel of that name; Robert de Vere, "the good Earl Robert" of Oxford; Humphrey de Bohun, Earl of Hereford and Essex, son of the Earl Humphrey who fought at Falkirk and led the barons in their opposition to Edward I.; Gilbert de Clare, eighth and last Earl of Gloucester of that family; Henry de Lacy, last Earl of Lincoln of that family; and Henry, tenth Baron Percy, and first baron *by writ* of his line. Of Aymer de Valence it is a curious fact, "that although he succeeded his father, and was of full age in 1296, yet he did not assume the title of Earl of Pembroke, nor was he summoned to parliament by it, until the 1 Edward II." The Fitz-Alans succeeded the Albinis in the possession of the castle and manor of Arundel, John, fifth Baron Fitz-Alan, having married an eventual coheiress of the latter family; but their son, John Fitz-Alan, although he lived for twenty-three years after obtaining the property, never gained thereby the title of Earl of Arundel, but ranked among the simple barons as "Dominus de Arundel," or Lord of the Honour of Arundel.

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The same was the case with his son John, who is said in the inquisition after his death to have died seised of this castle and honour, "held by the fourth part of a barony." His successor, Richard Fitz-Alan, on coming of age in 1289, was knighted by Edward I., and received *the sword of the county of Sussex* from the king "*ut vocatur comes.*" But as the earldom of Sussex was claimed, and the title assumed, at this time by John de Warren, Earl of Surrey, "perhaps the greatest noble of the time in which he lived," Fitz-Alan probably preferred avoiding his hostility by assuming the title of Earl of *Arundel*. As such, he is placed by a roll of writs of summons of the year 1295 *iunior* to all the other earls.

Lancaster had been called by the minion Piers Gavestone the "old hog" and the "stage-player;" the Earl of Pembroke, who was pale and tall, he had nicknamed "Joseph the Jew;" and he spoke of the Earl of Warwick as "the black dog of Ardenne." They all vowed vengeance upon him; Lancaster, Warwick, Oxford, Lincoln, and Arundel refused to attend parliament until he was removed. A committee of peers was appointed to reform the state and the royal household. These were called "Ordainers;" but the king recalled Gavestone as soon as the parliament had dispersed. A fresh parliament again obtained the banishment of the favourite, and the grant of several most important provisions—to the effect that all grants to individuals made without leave of parliament should be invalid; that the king should not make war or leave the kingdom without the consent of the baronage; that they should have the appointment of a regent during his absence; and that all the great officers of the crown and the governors of foreign possessions should be chosen by the baronage, or with their advice and assent in parliament. A new clause was also introduced into Magna Charta—that the king should hold a parliament once a year, or twice if need be. Edward dissembled and yielded; but as soon as he was freed from the presence of the barons, he hastened northwards, where he hoped to raise an army, and was joined again by Gavestone at York. But the barons under Lancaster surprised the court near Newcastle. Edward fled first with Gavestone to Scarborough, and then to York, leaving the favourite to defend Scarborough Castle. Lancaster, following, soon compelled Gavestone to capitulate, on condition of his life being spared; but he had fallen into the hands of enemies who were little disposed to keep faith on this point with so dangerous a prisoner. He was escorted by Pembroke to Dedington near Banbury, and in the morning put on a mule and conducted by the Earl of Warwick to Warwick Castle; his entrance being greeted by a burst of

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music. In the castle-hall a council, consisting of Lancaster, Warwick, Hereford, Arundel, and others, deliberated on his fate. "You have caught the fox," they said; "if you let him go, you will have to hunt him again." He was hurried to Blacklow Hill, "a mile or two from the castle, on the edge of the road that leads from Warwick to Coventry;" and there his head was struck off. This may serve as a specimen of the contests of this reign. De Clare of Gloucester and De Bohun of Hereford commanded the vanguard of the English army at Bannockburn, and charged the army of Bruce at full gallop. The result is well known: Gloucester was left dead on the field, thus extinguishing the great house of De Clare; and Hereford took refuge in Bothwell Castle. Here he was soon afterwards compelled to capitulate to Edward Bruce; and was exchanged for the wife, sister, and daughter of the King of Scots, the Bishop of Glasgow, and the Earl of Mar,—a rate of exchange which shows the value set upon the person of the head of the De Bohuns. He did not, however, survive his release many years: in the subsequent struggle of the barons against the king's new favourites, the Despencers, in the year 1322, he was surprised, together with Lancaster, by a superior force at Boroughbridge: Hereford fell in the engagement; and Lancaster was taken, and tried and executed at Pontefract. Froissart says of the latter, "He was a wise man and a holy; and he did afterwards many fine miracles on the spot where he was beheaded." The Earls De Lacy of Lincoln and Beauchamp of Warwick were both dead; the honours of the former becoming extinct. The sixth Beauchamp Earl of Warwick, Henry de Beauchamp, was created Duke of Warwick by Henry VI. in 1444, and crowned "King of the Isle of Wight" by the king's own hand. On his death without male issue the dukedom became extinct; and the earldom descended to his daughter Anne, who dying under age, the dignity passed to her aunt, sister of the duke, and wife of Richard Nevill, the celebrated "king-maker," who was son of the Earl of Salisbury, and by right of his wife became Earl of Warwick.

De Valence of Pembroke died in 1323; and Fitz-Alan of Arundel, who, being connected closely by marriage with the Despencers, had espoused their cause, and been one of the promoters of the execution of his former ally Lancaster, was beheaded on the triumph of Roger Mortimer and Queen Isabella in 1326. The stage is therefore cleared, and we may usher in a new set of actors. Roger Mortimer was the eighth Baron Mortimer of Wigmore, and second baron by writ; descended from Ralph de Mortimer, a companion of the Conqueror, who obtained the castle of Wigmore in Herefordshire as his share

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in the Conquest. The character, career, and fate of Roger Mortimer are too well known to require recapitulation. His son Edmund was not restored to his father's earldom of March, but was summoned to parliament as a baron. Roger, the grandson of Earl Roger, was also first summoned as a baron; and then, on the reversal of the attainder of his grandfather, summoned as Earl of March. His son Edmund married Philippa, daughter of Lionel Plantagenet Duke of Clarence, third son of Edward III.; and their daughter Anne, marrying Richard Earl of Cambridge, united in the person of her son Richard Duke of York the representation of the royal houses of Clarence and York. We now come to the heroes of Edward III.'s French wars. The leaders at Crecy among the English nobles were Thomas de Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick, and son of "the black dog of Ardenne," who had charge of the young Black Prince, and was with him in the thickest of the battle; John de Vere, Earl of Oxford, nephew of "the good Earl Robert;" Richard Fitz-Alan, Earl of Arundel, son of the earl executed by Mortimer; William de Bohun, Earl of Northampton, fifth son of the Earl of Hereford killed at Boroughbridge; William de Roos; and John Willoughby (of Eresby), the last a barony created by writ. Another noble much distinguished in these wars, was Henry Plantagenet, Earl of Lancaster, Derby, and Lincoln, nephew of the Earl of Lancaster of Edward II.'s time. He was created Duke of Lancaster; and his daughter Blanche, marrying John of Gaunt, was the mother of King Henry IV. Beauchamp Earl of Warwick rendered himself again conspicuous at Poictiers, and, with John Lord Cobham, had the honour of conducting the captive king of France and his son to the victorious Black Prince. The Cobham peerage was a creation by writ.

With the reign of Richard II. we reach our final stage in the history of the old nobility of England. We have alluded to the somewhat arbitrary manner in which, from the reign of Edward I., writs of summons to parliament were issued and withheld. This had not much impaired the general independence of the peerage, as will have been seen from our preceding sketch; but it was open to the objection of uncertainty and possible hardship to individuals. Besides, in the more settled state of things in England produced by the long and brilliant reign of Edward III., household magnificence began to be the prevailing taste among all classes. Castles subsided into manor-houses, moats were filled up, and the halls of the nobility vied with each other and the court in displays of the glories and profuse hospitality of the age of chivalry. When men were less engaged in daily physical contests for supremacy with their

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immediate neighbours, they began to canvass more rigorously each other's established rights and honours. Abroad, in the assemblies and festivities at which English knights were present, the question of precedence would be certainly mooted. It became, therefore, important to the nobility of England that their noble *status* should be definitely fixed and defined, so as to insure to them and their families a permanent grade of honour. "The introduction of letters-patent, fixing precisely the nature of the dignity granted, and the limitation of succession to that dignity to the heirs of the body of the grantee, was well calculated" to carry out their wishes, and also "to rescue the chief legislative body of the kingdom from that undue influence which had been obtained by the arbitrary issue of writs, which at the most seem only to have conferred a life-estate in the dignity. The grantee of the patent might in himself be the servant of the crown; but he became at the same time the root of that hereditary principle which, uninfluenced either by the crown or the people, was destined (to quote the words of Blackstone) 'to support the rights of both, and form a barrier to withstand the encroachments of either.'"

The first instance of a barony created by letters-patent is that of John de Beauchamp of Holt, Steward of Richard II.'s household, who was created by that monarch Lord of Beauchamp, Baron of Kyderminster, on October 10, 1387—"to him and the heirs male of his body." The principle thus introduced did not, however, make much progress till the reign of Henry VI.: but from the twenty-fourth year of that king "the practice became general; and between that time and the termination of the reign of King Edward IV. there are found eleven instances, of which three are by charter and eight by patent. Out of these eleven cases, two embody the old principle of barony by tenure, five are limited to the heirs male of the body, three to heirs male, and one without words of limitation at all."

In the period from the reign of Richard II. to the accession of the House of Tudor, we must confine ourselves to the bare mention of some of the leading noble families; and, indeed, their history is so generally known that nothing more than this is required. Besides the Percies, Mowbrays, and Fitz-Alans, to whom we have already alluded, and the two latter of whom were succeeded in their dignities at the close of this period by the Howards, dukes of Norfolk and earls of Arundel and Surrey,—we may mention the Beauforts, dukes of Somerset (descended from a natural son of John of Gaunt), who played so important a part in the Wars of the Roses, the last duke dying in exile and under attaint in the reign of Edward IV. The De la Poles

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derived their honours from Michael de la Pole, first baron, who was created Earl of Suffolk in 1385, and was lord chancellor; but afterwards was attainted, and died in exile at Paris. Michael de la Pole, the third earl, was slain at Agincourt. His brother William, created Marquis and Duke of Suffolk, was lord chancellor and lord high admiral in the reign of Henry VI., and was beheaded at sea in 1450. His name and imputed character are well known from Shakespeare's historical plays. His son married a sister of Edward IV., and died in 1491. Edward de la Pole, their son, who succeeded, was compelled by Henry VII., "for a consideration," to surrender his dignity of duke, and content himself with that of earl. He was attainted in 1503, and beheaded in 1513. With him the house of De la Pole was extinguished. The fate of the Nevills, earls of Salisbury and Warwick, is well known. Another family of Nevill, earls of Westmoreland, lasted through this period, and became extinct in the latter part of the sixteenth century. John, twelfth Baron Talbot, the celebrated general in the French wars, gained the higher title of Earl of Shrewsbury in 1443; and this has descended in his family to the present day. The De Cliffords, old barons by tenure, obtained a great name in the Wars of the Roses, and were promoted to be earls of Cumberland under the Tudors, becoming extinct in the seventeenth century.

The accession of the House of Tudor closes the history of the old nobility. The Wars of the Roses swept away nearly all the earldoms and baronies which had survived from the times of the early Plantagenets. Henry VII. could summon only twenty-nine peers to his first parliament; and of these, the greater proportion were recent creations. With one or two exceptions, the old names with which we are previously familiar never again meet our eyes; and those which do so, appear in a character entirely subordinate to their former proud dignity. The time was gone for ever when a great noble could reply with Earl Warren to questions of title on the part of his sovereign by drawing his sword, and protesting, "By this instrument do I hold my lands, and by the same I intend to defend them. Our ancestors, coming into this realm with William the Bastard, acquired their possessions by their good swords. William did not make a conquest alone, or for himself solely; our ancestors were helpers and participators with him!" The Warrens, Bohuns, and Bigods, have passed away for ever, and their title-deeds with them:

> "The good knights are dust, and their swords are rust;
> Their souls are with the saints, we trust."

A new generation of nobles—Howard, Seymour, Sidney, Devereux, Paulet, Cecil, Grevile, Russell, Herbert, Wharton, Paget,

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Stanhope, Grenville,—take their place in history, but under very different conditions. Court favour was now the slippery and dangerous step to the old territorial dignity of noble.

"Fain would I climb, but that I fear to fall,"

was the secret aspiration and dread of the prospective barons of England. Such was not the spirit in which their predecessors struck heavy blows at Hastings, and charged at Falkirk and Crecy. Some of the new race of nobles won glory and a great name in our annals for themselves and their families in other fields of distinction, and come down to us with the memory of being good and faithful servants of king or people in the great movements of their days. The peerage also outlived the base origin of many of its creations during the degraded rule of the Stuarts; and both then and since has contributed its fair quota to the great names of the century. But the true nobility of England has long ceased to rest its influence on the position of a peer in parliament: its limits are now once more extended to the whole *territorial* aristocracy of England. The Representative Council of the days of Edward I. has ceased to take the lead in the State, and the House of Commons has virtually superseded its functions as coadjutor of the sovereign. But the influence of the aristocracy was never greater, though the House of Lords is the least operative of its channels. It is strongly felt in the "popular assembly," and it is predominant in the country at large. It has retired to its original seats in the early Norman days,—those strongholds of hereditary dignity, the family estates and manors of England. These were the originals and basis of the baronial dignity, and with these living and recognised claims the history of the nobility begins and ends. They are so recognised, not merely from the actual power which they imply, but from their connection in the minds of the most independent Englishmen with the old historical associations of the past centuries. They are the foster-brothers of our constitutional liberties, coeval with, and nourished or starved by, the same social and political vicissitudes. Mayfair and Belgravia cannot in themselves confer such a title to respect. The modern nobility of England derive their true and special greatness from the feudal traditions of country life. There they may still find nearly every thing harmonising with the idea of permanency which "land" brings with it, and of which an hereditary nobility is the expression. There they may still inspire, even among those brought up under the most unaristocratic associations, that feeling of respectful interest so well explained by Washington Irving: "It is incumbent, then, on the high and generous spirit of an ancient nation to

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cherish these sacred groves that surround their ancestral mansions, and to perpetuate them to their descendants. Republican as I am by birth, and brought up as I have been in republican principles and habits, I can feel nothing of the servile reverence for titled rank merely because it is titled; but I trust that I am neither churl nor bigot in my creed. I can both see and feel how hereditary distinction, when it falls to the lot of a generous mind, may elevate that mind into true nobility. It is one of the effects of hereditary rank, when it falls thus happily, that it multiplies the duties and, as it were, extends the existence of the possessor. He does not feel himself a mere individual link in creation, responsible only for his own brief term of being. He carries back his existence in proud recollection, and he extends it forward in honourable anticipation. He lives with his ancestry, and he lives with his posterity: to both does he consider himself involved in deep responsibilities. As he has received much from those who have gone before, so he feels bound to transmit much to those who are to come after him. His domestic undertakings seem to imply a longer existence than those of ordinary men: none are so apt to build and plant for future centuries as noble-spirited men, who have received their heritages from foregone ages.

"I cannot but applaud, therefore, the fondness and pride with which I have noticed English gentlemen, of generous temperaments and high aristocratic feelings, contemplating those magnificent trees, which rise like towers and pyramids from the midst of their paternal lands. There is an affinity between all nature, animate and inanimate: the oak, in the pride and lustihood of its growth, seems to me to take its range with the lion and the eagle, and to assimilate, in the grandeur of its attributes, to heroic and intellectual man. With its mighty pillar rising straight and direct towards heaven, bearing up its leafy honours from the infirmities of earth, and supporting them aloft in free air and glorious sunshine, it is an emblem of what a true nobleman *should be;* a refuge for the weak, a shelter for the oppressed, a defence for the defenceless; warding off from them the peltings of the storm, or the scorching rays of arbitrary power. He who is *this,* is an ornament and a blessing to his native land. He who is *otherwise,* abuses his eminent advantages; abuses the grandeur and prosperity which he has drawn from the bosom of his country. Should tempests arise, and *he* be laid prostrate by the storm, who would mourn over *his* fall? Should *he* be borne down by the oppressive hand of power, who would murmur at *his* fate?—'why cumbereth he the ground?'"

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Art. VI. — RELIGION AND SOCIETY: PALEY AND CHANNING.

Channing, sa Vie et ses Œuvres; avec une Préface par M. Charles de Rémusat. 1857.

Paley's Natural Theology. Edited by Lord Brougham and Sir C. Bell. 3 vols. 1855.

The publication of the elegant and compendious French memoir of Dr. Channing, which we have placed at the head of this article, is scarcely likely, we think, to answer satisfactorily what is obviously and pointedly the authoress's immediate purpose. The French people are now permanently living—at least as regards their social and political life—under what, according to Paley's definition, may be termed a high sense of "obligation;" in other words, they are "urged by a violent motive resulting from the command of another."* But to the student and disciple of Dr. Channing "obligation" of this kind appears to be rather a condition of disease than an element of happiness; and mourning over the choked-up springs of spiritual liberty in France, our authoress obviously desires to bring a profound moral and religious influence to dispel what she no doubt truly regards as a profound moral and religious insensibility. But we greatly doubt whether—notwithstanding the vivid and constant interest in the destinies of France which Dr. Channing's life and writings display—his be the kind of faith and teaching to take a powerful hold even of the most cultivated portion of the French people. There can be no doubt that that clear simplicity of mind and intellect, which seems to some extent an American, and certainly a New-England characteristic, might give him great advantages with a French audience; and there can be no doubt at all that the one central enthusiasm of his life is likely to appeal powerfully at the present moment to the French people. He was *possessed,* we may truly say, by a deeply-meditated and enthusiastic reverence for the moral and spiritual individuality of every human mind; and it was this rooted reverence for the inward freedom of human life which made him resist so stoutly the contagious despotism of Bonaparte's policy, and afterwards sympathise so eagerly with the popular party which the Revolution of 1830 brought forward in France. He held that the "only glory of a state" consisted in promoting "the free and full development of human nature;" and his first intense political im-

* Paley's *Moral and Political Philosophy,* book ii. chap. ii.

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pressions were due to the practical mockery of this principle by what was then the greatest nation of Europe. At school he read how the passionate tyranny of a Parisian mob,—at college how the calculating tyranny of one man's genius,—rode roughshod over private and individual liberty; and an absolute spiritual horror at all irreverent invasion of the inmost freedom of man entered ever after into the deepest essence both of his political and religious faith. It might not therefore seem unnatural to expect that the life and writings of Dr. Channing—and especially the writings selected by the authoress of this memoir—would produce a profound impression on the unsettled religious thought of France,—indeed, on all who believe in the spiritual character of freedom; and just now more especially, when they feel the yoke to which, in weariness of selfish conflict, they willingly submitted themselves, pressing heavier and heavier on their necks.

Nor is it in any way to our purpose in the present paper to explain at length our grounds for fearing that this expectation may not be fulfilled. We have only alluded to the immediate aim of the publication of the French memoir in order to call attention to one marked feature of Dr. Channing's faith, which, while it connects that faith closely with the various religious traditions he inherited, certainly renders it unlikely to satisfy the strongest religious cravings of the French character at the present day. We refer to its moral and spiritual loneliness, to its strict subordination of social life to the life of the individual, to the secondary and subservient position which it assigns to social laws as compared with those regulating the culture and formation of solitary character. If there be one deeply-rooted desire in the modern French character which may be said to be either properly religious, or verging very closely on religion, it is the desire for some stronger sense of social unity. Hence the communistic dreams which the most enthusiastic, and perhaps the purest popular, writers of modern France so freely indulge. And hence also the strong hold which the Catholic Church keeps on a community which has intellectually outgrown its tutelage. With this eager yearning for conscious organic unity, for close social cohesion, Dr. Channing's writings evince no sympathy. In his youth, indeed, and even later, he dreamt of a community of goods; but that was due solely to a republican love of strict equality and dread of selfish avarice: indeed, he truly regarded the close mutual dependence which would ensue with thorough aversion, as a great spiritual danger, if not as a necessary evil. But he went further than this: in his estimation, social life was a mere discipline for the nourishment of individual character; and great as was the stress he laid on the culture of social affections, it was rather as adding grace and dignity to a self-sustained

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character than as lying round the very roots of human individuality. The English religion of the last century conceived the individual life to be quite as distinct and separable from the human society in which it is educated as it is from the world of inferior animals; and even Dr. Channing's faith, which presents the highest form of that religion, uniformly regards social influences as *superinduced* on the individual nature, instead of as having their source and strength in the deepest depths of that nature. We do not think it possible that his mind and writings should deeply rouse the spiritual life of a people who, if they are groping after religious faith at all, are certainly seeking it from the social side. The French touch most nearly on the supernatural world,—on the awe of spiritual inspiration,—when the power of social sympathy has melted away their sense of individual isolation, and kindled anew the exultation of a common life. Dr. Channing, like even the deepest of the religious thinkers of his time, felt religion to be a solitary life; and though religious faith led him out into society, he would never have felt that society led him involuntarily into a more vivid religious faith. In short, though one of the most profoundly religious men, not only of his own time, but of all times, his writings are not likely to satisfy the craving of the present day—a craving deeper perhaps relatively among the French than amongst us English, who are the most reserved of the Western nations, but manifestly growing rapidly even amongst us—for a Social Faith; not, indeed, a Faith to reconstitute society from the old ecclesiastical point of view, but a Faith that recognises, that, so far as it can, explains, and that at least gives free expression to, the infinite or religious side of social life and duty.

We seize the occasion, therefore, of the appearance of this French memoir of Dr. Channing, to trace the two most conspicuous stages in the passage of English religious thought into this its social phase; and we have chosen, therefore, the two writers who, since the comparatively modern date when first any attempt was made to analyse the *human* principles of religious conviction, represent most simply, most tangibly, and within the narrowest compass, the selfish or unsocial, and the disinterested but solitary or non-social, stages of theoretic religion,—Paley and Channing. They are writers whom, on many accounts, it is instructive to compare. The tone of their minds at first presents almost more than a contrast,—an absolute antagonism; and yet they are quite capable of comparison. They are both singularly lucid and singularly self-consistent, each a perfect specimen of his own characteristic mental type. They are both of them, too, remarkably *considerate* thinkers; for they were neither of them men whose minds were apt to be distracted from the main drift

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of their thought by any disturbing fertility of intellectual resource; and almost every thing that comes from either of them bears the characteristic stamp of its mental origin. Again, while both rely in great measure for their belief on the Jewish and Christian revelation, both of them—and especially Paley—have the child's faculty of passing tranquilly by all that they find there which is foreign to their type of character. We find in this great simplicity and uniformity of mind, belonging to both Paley and Channing, a great facility for contrasting their forms of faith, which would be wholly wanting were we to choose most of the other remarkable thinkers of our day. Coleridge, for example, was, in regard to the social side of religious faith, much in advance of Channing; yet it would be impossible to compare profitably a Christian faith of such complexity of form and element as his with one of such bare, and even bleak, uniformity as Paley's. In order to exhibit the gradual transition from an egotistic to a social theory of religion, we must study a life and character like Channing's, whose simplicity is scarcely less remarkable than Paley's, so that his far greater depth and intensity are brought into much more conspicuous contrast.

Paley stood in the same relation to the doubts which rose up in men's minds before the great storm of popular feeling at the time of the French Revolution, as Channing stood to the great after-swell of passionate and turbid sentiment which it left behind. The doubts which Paley strove to dispel, were the first surface-symptoms of the stirring passions beneath: but this he did not feel; he assumed the same superficial position as his opponents, and fought against their nominal apologies for scepticism rather than against that scepticism itself. Christianity in no way met the views of that age. The comfortable classes found it inconvenient and unintelligible; the uncomfortable classes found it ill adapted to violent partisanship and predatory tastes. And yet the objections raised to it were much less deep and searching then than those of a later date. The sceptics of that day did not grapple with it,—they moved "the previous question." A great revelation of selfishness was at hand, threatening a dissolution of society in England, accomplishing it in France; but it was not yet revealed. And as a barrister takes his objections to hostile *evidence* before he argues on the actual innocence or enormity of the act proved by it, Paley's age contented itself with declining to discuss what Theism and Christianity really were, while it was open to argument whether or not there were any *primâ-facie* reasons for attending to them at all. And Paley accepted the ground thus assigned to him. He admitted virtually that you could prove a religion to be true before you had explained what it was; he contended that you might prove a Creator from

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the structure of the universe,—that you know his revealed will from the evidence of history: and hence, though assuming a thoroughly selfish principle of human action, by a judicious combination of this principle with his previous results he strove to rob it of its desocialising tendency. To be selfish with due regard to divine edicts, "worked out" much the same as unselfishness from the first; and had the great advantage over it of being, as he supposed, truer to nature.

But it would not only be unjust to Paley, it would be fatal to the line of thought we have in view, to refer his theory of selfishness to the character of the man. Paley was a thoroughly practical person, and his object was to convince practical persons. Like all practical men, he cared little about the tools he worked with, so long as they did his work effectually. What society at that time seemed inclined to accept as the strongest motive, he eagerly seized, not caring much whether or not it were the strongest in fact, so long as it were the strongest for his purpose, clear and tangible enough, that is, for broad and effective handling. This is important to observe, not only because it is justice to Paley, but because it indicates the wide prevalence of the social disease which was then eating out the heart of religion. Paley adopted the selfish theory mainly because he did not want to encumber himself with the defence of one which would have been at that time more disputable as well as more subtle and refined. He thought that the fewer were the disputable concessions he asked for at the commencement, the more telling and forcible would be his conclusions. He found that the assumption of universal selfishness was almost undisputed, and apparently much the *least* favourable for a moral theory; and accordingly he aspired to build up on it a doctrine of moral and social propriety which he hoped would be proof even against the reasonings of the world. The selfishness itself was in the times; the desire to manufacture that somewhat unpromising raw material into something wearing a respectable likeness to virtue and piety was his own. Except for the extraordinary vigour of his understanding, Paley was no doubt a sufficiently commonplace archdeacon, but probably by no means a cold or selfish person. He was vividly and actively humane; and a humane temper is one of the most characteristic features of the better feeling of those times. We mean, of course, by a humane temper, pleasure in the happiness, and pain in the misery, of creatures in some way or other beneath ourselves. Paley seems to have been one of those persons—and his class is by no means extinct—who, though heartily benignant and profoundly compassionate, are little capable of giving or receiving any human sympathy. And it was perhaps characteristic of his day. Thus, for instance, it was one

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of his greatest enjoyments, we are told, to see animals, even shrimps, happy. "Now see," he said on one occasion to his friend, after a fit of musing by the seaside; "only look at the goodness of God! how happy those shrimps are!"* And he has himself recorded, in the most characteristic passage of his *Moral Philosophy*, how much more clearly the happiness "of a healthy infant" seemed to speak to him of God's goodness than that of maturer beings. "I seem, for my own part, to see the benevolence of the Deity more clearly in the pleasure of very young children than in any thing in the world. The pleasures of grown persons may be reckoned partly of their own procuring; especially if there has been any industry, or contrivance, or pursuit to come at them; or if they are founded, like music, painting, &c. upon any qualification of their own acquiring. But the pleasures of a healthy infant are so manifestly provided for it by *another*, and the benevolence of the provision is so unquestionable, that every child I see at its sport affords to my mind a kind of sensible evidence of the finger of God, and of the disposition which directs it." This is most characteristic not only of the writer but of all his writings, and of the age in which it was written. He was not unwilling to conceive any agency as divine that was completely *clear* of man. Directly human elements were introduced, endless doubts were suggested. Was it not the aim of Paley's writings to show by how gradual and artificial a process the moral nature of man is formed? Laws of association, habits, "violent motives resulting from the command of another,"—do not these dress up the mind into something quite stiff and monotonous? The simple instinct of pleasure, the vivid throb of untutored enjoyment, was what Paley could alone trust as completely natural and divine; and when he could get back to it, though it were only in a "shrimp" or a "healthy infant,"

* The sketch of Paley's habits by his son, who was obviously somewhat grieved not to be able to describe a demeanour of more consistent solemnity, gives a very pleasant notion of his simple, kindly, and elastic, if not very profound, nature. "His taste for the objects and works of nature, rather than any skill in natural philosophy, led him still to be fond of gardening, though it now rather became a mere gentlemanly work of superintendence. For an hour after breakfast and dinner he had his regular walks of musing and recollection; with which he let nothing interfere, nor any one share, except his youngest daughter, who, with a basket under her arm to pick up any thing that he chose to put into it, followed him *haud æquis passibus*. At such times he seldom spoke a word; but now and then he used to surprise his little companion by bursting out into the most immoderate laughter, or mouthing out scraps of poetry or sentences of prose. With the handle of his stick in his mouth, now moving in a short hurried step, now stopping at a butterfly, a flower, a snail; at one instant pausing to consider the subject of his next sermon, at the next carrying the whole weight and intent of his mind to the arraying some pots in his greenhouse, or preparing with the greatest gravity to remove some stick or stand that offended his eye,—he presented the most prominent feature of his mind very obviously, but made it perhaps happy for his public character that he chose to be alone."

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he breathed free again, feeling that he had slipped the strait-waistcoat of his moral system. The belief of that day was not favourable to human nature; if it held that God had revealed Himself once in one man, it held still more strongly that He had closely veiled Himself again from ordinary men; and in animal happiness and childish inexperience it rejoiced to feel secure against the unintelligible union of complexity and shallowness which it found in human nature.

And Paley was a fair representative of his age; more completely at home with things than with persons, or at least more at home with persons on light superficial subjects than on the deeper principles of character, society, and faith. His son tells us that "it was more consistent with his character to suppress or conceal his feelings. On religious subjects he seldom conversed, and rarely spoke at all on them with any of his family. It is clear from the composition of his later sermons that there was not an attempt made to guide either himself or his hearers by feeling." Nor in his earlier sermons was the attempt made with any success; the empty rhetoric of the age, which distinguished them, shows no trace of real feeling. His strongest human emotion was the genuine benignity to which we have already alluded. His sermons are dull in the extreme; moral disquisitions endeavouring to present to his audience "violent motives resulting from the command of another," but actually presenting very weakly ones. Once only he wrote on a social subject, at a most exciting period. It was in 1790, when all England feared that the revolutionary excitement which had broken out in France would extend to this country. There never was a man who had less sympathy with the great passions of multitudes than the Archdeacon of Carlisle. He could, indeed, understand and express with characteristic strength of conception the apparent incongruities of social *arrangements*. The celebrated passage in which he describes the complete inconsistency of our property-laws with the natural instincts of animals, and draws his ludicrous picture of the ninety-nine superior pigeons half starved, and feeding themselves on the chaff and refuse, in order to keep for the weakest and worst pigeon of the flock, not only more than he can eat, but more than he can conveniently spoil and throw away, proves clearly enough that he appreciated the *primâ-facie* grotesqueness of some of our human institutions. But he never understood in the least the power of social passion which these institutions can call forth; and the tract he issued to tranquillise excited feeling in 1790 is amusingly characteristic of the man and the education he had received. He called it *Reasons for Contentment*, and marked it himself as "the best thing I ever wrote." We are not surprised to hear it was "not very generally

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read, and by those who read it was not very generally admired." It proves more than any thing he ever wrote that he had not even the conception of the great forces which hold together, and of the great forces which rend asunder, human society. When you read it, and consider at what time it was written, you realise for the first time that he may indeed have supposed his treatise on morals likely to confirm and restore social virtue. The *Reasons for Contentment* are addressed to the poor, and composedly point out that the poor have as many or more pleasures than the rich; and that there is scarce any situation in life equal in enjoyment to that of a peasant, who sits on summer evenings at the door of his cottage, and "with his children amongst his neighbours feels his frame and his heart at rest; every thing about him pleased and pleasing, and a delight and complacency in his sensations far beyond what either luxury or diversion can afford. The rich want this; and they want what they must never have." Thus, sitting apart in his country parish in Westmoreland, did the frigid-minded divine chant his utilitarian lullaby over a world that was rapidly ceasing to acknowledge its charm, and had altogether defied its power. The love of liberty, which, strange as it may seem, is of all passions the most social (since no man can be really free without fellowship), the pulses of national ambition, the vindictive hatred for tottering aristocracies, which through centuries had kept knowledge and power, as well as justice and honour, to themselves,—all these "violent motives" were foreign to Paley's nature. The "happy peasant, sitting at the door of his cottage on a summer evening," might have understood them better than the archdeacon. The sense that society has been dull, profitless, evil,—a slavery instead of a source of joy and strength; the hope that springs from a people's harmony; the reverence for something higher than man, which comes of watching the mighty workings, whether for good or evil, of a people's will,—all this the merest peasants have often deeply felt, and even died to realise. And Paley's name would utterly be forgotten if "the best thing he ever wrote" had indeed been on a theme which more than any other needed deep insight into social character, a deep sympathy with social temptations, and a deep fear of social sins.

But though a dry-minded man, little open to great social influences, Paley's natural force of nature comes out in the liveliness of his curiosity and the acuteness of his intelligence concerning the world of creatures and things beneath him. He was an elastic-minded man, whose intellect was always at work on what we may call the theory of doing. He would have been the true apostle of the recent gospel for teaching the world "common things;" for he not only delighted in common things, but what

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is far rarer, he did not learn to understand them in order to deal with them, but he learnt to deal with them for the sake of understanding them. His aim was theoretic, his procedure was practical. Common things were his companions; and even companions were valued mainly for the sympathy they afforded with regard to common things. Almost the only letter, not on business, that is preserved of Paley's is singularly characteristic. It is written to a friend just going to Constantinople, and is full of eagerness to see the new country through the medium of his friend's observation. Paley evidently feared to have vague or "fine" and general descriptions, when he wished for one close, utilitarian, and adapted to his own Cumberland experience. He fills his letter with eleven rules by which his friend is to observe and describe. He is to compare "every thing with English and Cumberland scenery: *e. g.* rivers with Eden, groves with Corby, mountains with Skiddaw." "Get, if you can, a peasant's actual dinner and bottle." "Pick up little articles of dress, tools, furniture, especially from low life, as an actual smock, &c." This is not only essentially characteristic of Paley, but of that part of him by which he to some extent realised the ideal of the eighteenth century in England. Society then forgot its aims, and devoted itself to improving its machinery—as if that were possible without keeping its aims in view; and philosophy and religion, catching the same inspiration, smiled, not without reason, at the vague grandeur of idealism, and set itself to understand and rectify human manners and study the divine mechanics. Paley did this in the most effective way. He cultivated a familiarity with the arts—human or animal—at every odd moment. He wrote his books, we hear, in short loose paragraphs; starting away from a page of his *Natural Theology* to look at something in the garden, or "copy a recipe for cheap broth." And it is easy to discriminate in his writings the traces of these hasty and frequent excursions into the external world. Not only the abrupt divisions, but the exultation of new booty in the way of a reviving illustration just as the idea is beginning a little to fade away, all speak at once of brief but forcible intervals of thought, and of repeated intervals of refreshing communion with the ingenuities of nature and art.

Such was the great exponent of the most popular moral philosophy of the eighteenth century; and Paley's *Moral Philosophy was* popular,*—probably because it was not, strictly speaking, moral. His son, indeed, calls him "a very hero of morality;"

* He received 1000*l.*—in those days a much larger sum than now—for his *Moral and Political Philosophy*, though it was his first work. His son tells us that his father met with a copy of the second edition before he was aware the first was out of the publisher's hands. It would be difficult to get 1000*l.* now for any volume on such a subject.

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but by this he only means a moralising hero, a devotee of practical sobriety. Even his practical code of ethics, like his thought, was by no means of a fine texture, fitting close to the average life of the day rather than rising above it,—practical therefore, but also very mechanical. He respected morals and politics chiefly as divine "contrivances" for preventing fatal collisions between individual happiness-seekers; yet though divine, surely from this point of view, contrivances much less effective than various human contrivances of similar aim. Happiness-seekers might perhaps—had that been the divine purpose—have been more successfully saved from collision, either by ampler supplies of that desideratum, or by far more "violent motives" restricting each seeker to his own peculiar line of happiness, than any with which we have been in fact supplied. Paley's lengthy treatise on morals would scarcely have been either needed or written had the human-happiness-regulating machine answered as well in holding society together as the instincts of the beaver or the bee answer with the settlements of those well-organised communities which he disposes of so succinctly in other works. However, he has the great merit of expressing what almost all other people then thought, and that too in its most bare and unceremonious form.

If we have dwelt long on the personal character of Paley, it is in the belief that, however well his writings may characterise the age in which he lived, the man himself characterises it and its social deficiencies more accurately far. But before leaving him, we must briefly examine the great train of thought which he worked out in a book of far more permanent and sterling value than his *Moral Philosophy*; in a line of thought, too, certainly not less strikingly representative of his day and of the mind of his generation. The great acuteness of Paley's intellect was, as we have indicated, chiefly shown in detecting the various *fittings* of the world. It differed from that of other practical men principally in not needing the stimulus of practical ends. *He* generalised and rationalised the ingenuities which *they* put into operation. A philosopher of a very different school has laid down as the proper standard of morality, the rather vague test of "conformity to the fitness of things." If you take it, however, in the most literal and physical sense you can imagine, that is exactly what Paley's intellect was so acute to discern. He loved to note how the universe *pieced together*. He did not search out the deeper meanings and expressions which these "fittings" of the world were really intended to convey; he only asked if they were obviously and intentionally the furniture of this world, and of no other,—if they were contrived to fit its various niches, and contrived also to correspond and look symmetrical *inter se*. Like a child over its dissected map, he scarcely looked to see

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whether the whole picture grew in unity of colour, depth, and import, as it grew towards completeness; so long as the bits suited, he thought but little of the new hints which might be derived from each successive touch and tint with regard to a solution we will not say but rather a just appreciation of the great problem of creation. It was the one great faculty of his mind to detect coincidence. He carried about with him, as it were, in his mind the shape and measure of all apparently dislocated things and facts; and no sooner saw a trace of some corresponding thing or fact than he descended swiftly upon the phenomenon, and investigated the apparent connection. This is the one great talent displayed in his *Horæ Paulinæ;* it afforded him all the best illustrations for his *Moral Philosophy;* it was, on a somewhat larger and vaguer scale, the faculty which is remarkable in his *Evidences:* and this keen intellectual tact, as we may call it, culminated in the really wonderfully able and ingenious work on *Natural Theology.*

The exclusive bias towards "evidences"—towards the study of means rather than of ends—which Paley's mind thus gave to the religious thought of his day, was, for two principal reasons, remarkably unfavourable to the social side of religion, nay, even dissociating: first, because in persuading men that they knew much more about the *means and machinery* of God than about His final ends, character, and life, it overshadowed the only centre of Unity; next, because in representing the creation of sensitive existence as a mere machine for producing and accumulating a great sum of happiness, it necessarily suggested—as it in fact suggested to Paley—that God's care for the *individual* was merged in His care for the *species;* and consequently that individual ends and general ends might come into direct collision. On both these tendencies we must dwell with a few illustrations, as they seem to us most characteristic of the religion of the age.

1. There is nothing that tends to do away so quickly and completely with the social power of any religion, as the merging of the divine life and character in what are supposed to be the mere means or instrumentalities of the divine agency. Every sacerdotal corruption, and every dreary mechanical philanthropy, every philosophical dogmatism that has strained faith and dimmed the light of inspiration, has been founded on this false and depressing notion. The priest has never ceased to tell men that the "*means* of grace are mercifully made more distinct to our poor limited human vision than the divine life which it is their purpose to impart; and we must be content to adopt the one, and rest in hope that we shall have the other." The external philanthropist has ever preached "that there is more dependence to be placed on judicious habits formed early in life than on any impulses of devotion or fanciful illuminations of conscience; and that if we

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will but have sufficient confidence in the educational means, the well-known and providential laws of human growth must result in the moulding of a sober and well-disciplined character as the end." And so, too, we have seldom been without the presence of some "enlightened" philosophy, teaching us "that of the absolute and eternal principles of things we can know nothing; that it is the wisest as well as the most humble course to acquaint ourselves with the processes of creation which we may understand, and to exchange the fruitless study of divine ends for the study of nature's means and man's limitations." In all these cases we believe the very reverse to be the truth; that we know, or may know, through the voluntary self-revelation of God, far more of His real and intimate character than we can ever know of His mere *methods* of action, whether natural or ordained. And we not only may know this, but need to know it, in order not to misread entirely and cloud with selfish dissociating meanings these subordinate methods. We need to have ever before us the purifying vision of His character, that we may not misinterpret the processes of nature by mistaking the mere ingenuity of the scaffolding for the beauty of the building; in order that we may not misinterpret the institutional side of religion and education into selfish and unintelligible ordinances, which either crush, or stupefy, or corrupt the life of society.

And it cannot be denied, that to such misinterpretations the thoughts predominant in Paley's works have not a little contributed, in so far as they severed completely the *reasons* for belief from the *object* of faith; marshalling his arguments, both with regard to nature and revelation, in long array, without ever introducing us to the Being to whom they should lead. The only source of social unity is in God Himself. Paley, like the high ecclesiastical school, the high Calvinistic school, and the rationalistic philanthropic school, in their very different ways, exhausted all his strength in pointing out the admirable adaptations of the *approach* to God. There are, no doubt, certain points both of his *Natural Theology* and of his *Evidences* where he allows a single ray of the divine character itself to shine through the crowded indications of mere intelligence and capacity which He displays: where, for instance, he dwells on the solicitude for weakness and helplessness evinced in the parental instincts of animals; still more, perhaps, where he shows the anxiety for symmetry and beauty which is displayed in the animal universe,—the most unsymmetrical and unsightly and unexpressive organs being closely "packed" and covered-in in so fair symmetrical and expressive a frame; most of all, perhaps, where he shows that the limitations of human and animal life appear to be provided for in the great system of celestial astronomy itself,—sleep implying

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night as its correlative, so that the periodic exhaustion of bodily and mental powers is closely linked with the arrangements of the planetary system. In all these cases we seem to get a glimpse of foundations of society which lie beyond mere ingenious mechanism,—of provision for social disinterestedness,—of an external justification for the love of beauty,—of the law of alternate growth through labour and through rest in the life of man. And in all these cases Paley's argument rises above its ordinary level, simply because it allows us to see some deeper aspect of the divine character than mere intelligence: in helping us to see God's care for helplessness, His care for beauty, His care to show us that a creature's energy needs constant renewal,—his greatest strength coming out of perfect and unconscious rest,—Paley really helps us to see the character of God, and not a mere contriver. But in the main, Paley's argument fixes our attention painfully on the limitations of nature, instead of on the character that shines through. A *means* may be ingenious; but if it expresses nothing in itself,—if it be a mere scaffolding or step-ladder to something else,—it is rather what we should at first term an indication of a finite mind than of an infinite mind. The most divine of God's works are never mere *means*, they are means and end at once. The eye is useful, and so far only a means; but it is spiritual and expressive, and so far an end. But when you come to be told about the stomach of the camel, the folding poison-tooth of the serpent, the valves of the thoracic duct, the rings of the trachea, the bandage at the ankle, and so forth, you feel that such contrivances, *argued from alone*, would rather impress you with the limited ingenuity of a finite mind than the perfect wisdom of an infinite spirit. These instruments of life, as such, are not adequate revelations of God: all the works of His that we fully understand are like a human society, in which each element lives for the rest, and yet has a life of its own; in which all means are ends, and all ends means. That we cannot often discern this in the organic mechanism of the body, is one reason, we believe, why physiological even more than mechanical science has so often had an atheistic influence; it displays intelligence rather than intellect, design rather than purpose, contrivance without character.

And, unhappily, this is just what human nature is too prone to take advantage of. If it may make its own God, it will adopt almost any mode of proving him, or any mode of worshiping him. Liberated from the vision of the divine life, it eagerly accepts the arguments or the institutions commonly reckoned religious, and wrests them to its own selfish purposes. The happiness-theorist recognises the marvellous contrivances of the universe, sees in it a happiness-manufactory, and infers a doc-

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trine of selfishness. The education-theorist recognises the same marvellous mechanism, sees in it a repository of fixed habits, and infers a speedy millennium through the moulding influence of classes, tracts, and schools. Each interpolates his own end, accepting at once the divine "method." And so, too, in dealing with Christian teaching, the method of Paley has only been too closely followed out. The "means of salvation," as they are called, absorb all attention from the meaning of the end. When you come to ask what salvation is, you get the most opposite answers, and are even told you are asking an irrelevant question. The "appointed means" are more distinctly revealed, it is said; rather say, they are more pliant to human purposes than the divine end. By the Calvinist we are told that the whole essence of revelation consists in the discovery to man of a new means by which, without any previous eradication of sin, sin may be pardoned. By the Romanist we are told that even repentance, or the putting off of sin, would not avail without adopting penance,—the appointed means of absolution. In both cases a contrivance for reaching God, be it acceptance of a doctrine or obedience to an ordinance, is substituted for the end; and the true end itself is left unguarded from the disfigurements of human dogmatism, selfishness, and pride. Only a faith which keeps ever in sight the personal character of God keeps ever in sight the one true bond of human society that can subdue selfish ends, harmonise jarring purposes, unite in one life the members of one body. Any system which, like Paley's, elaborately distracts the attention to the subordinate machinery either of divine agency or human belief, opens a direct way to the interweaving either of such purely selfish ends of action as he himself proposed, or of other ends of more complex nature, with the methods of divine agency, and thus eventually opens the way to the multiplying discords and ultimate disorganisation of all social life. That which accounted for the coincidences of the universe, he recognised; that which constituted the coherence of human society, he passed by.

2. But Paley's rationale of the world as a great happiness-manufactory held within it another still more dissociating principle. In regarding sensitive happiness, or pleasure, as the "pulse of the machine,"—as the one aim of God in producing it,—he measured by a standard that set society and individuals at variance. For if the object of the universe be the production of a certain gross amount of the article "pleasure," it is immediately obvious that the individual creatures which feel it are of no account, except in proportion to the degree in which they swell the total of enjoyment; and individual interests may thus come into immediate conflict with general interests. For instance, to sacrifice one sentient being for every two created, would produce

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the same gross result, and therefore be as agreeable to the divine method, as the creation of one only; yet, clearly, to the individual sacrificed it would not be the same thing: and thus the selfish principle inevitably introduces a conflict between social principles and individual principles of action. Society cannot be held sacred, as grounded on a divine unity, by those who regard social good as the average result to which the sacrifice of their own being might at any time be justly required. Paley, gazing on the mechanical side of the universe, and principally on the lower orders of creation, thought he saw this principle, and did not wholly shrink from it. He saw Nature "so careful of the type, so careless of the single life;" he saw that "of fifty seeds she often brings but one to bear;" and he drew the conclusion that it was "general happiness or pleasure" that was the great aim of the universe. When he came to the human world, he was obliged, therefore, to admit that "general happiness" is God's end, private happiness the right end of every individual, and the two by no means identical; extricating himself from his difficulty by the hypothesis that "everlasting" happiness will set the balance right, by more than repaying in another world the sacrifice of private happiness in this. The whole theory of his moral philosophy rests on the importance of keeping "general rules," even when the particular result is evil; and he reconciles us to the sacrifice, only by crediting with an infinity of future happiness those who thus act. Thus his theory of society is, as it were, formed on the observation of the lower world of involuntary animal life, where the increase of the gross sum of happiness appears to involve the constant sacrifice of hosts of sensitive creatures. There it is involuntary. But men, having a will of their own, might not like to resign in favour of "an average of happiness;" and consequently society which involves that sacrifice is always liable to destruction. Paley, therefore, has to find a new motive for consulting the "general consequence," rather than the "particular;" and he finds it in a promise as to a future life. *Here* society and individuals would be constantly at issue; until you come to look into the revealed future "general rules," and "general consequences," the regard for which alone opens the way for positive law and impartial justice, would have no claim over us. Nor, indeed, is it as *general* rules that they do establish a claim over us, but simply because their observance is to be rewarded with a perpetuity of private blessing in time to come. The society, therefore, which by this artificial compromise is established as a compact whole here, dissolves again after death into an infinite number of private individuals, enjoying each his own perpetuity of private happiness. The social "compromise" is but temporary, and could not have been bind-

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ing at all without this divine offer of a high reward in the next life for postponing particular happiness to the general happiness in this. Clearly, then, Paley saw in society only another "contrivance" for securing a larger amount of happiness than could otherwise have existed within the same area,—an amount secured frequently at the immediate expense of individuals, and giving, therefore, a clear title to "compensation."

In short, Paley was not a thinker to sound the intellectual depths even of his own age. Creation must indeed have been mechanical, man selfish, and society held together by a thread, had the ingenuities he found in the former, and the motives he discovered in the latter, been as little mixed with finer elements as he supposed. He stretched his arm but a little way into the deep waters; and fancied that the strength of the upper currents which he measured there, disclosed to him the origin of the mighty storm, and the fixed constitution of the still mightier tide. He saw deep enough to discern the ingenuity of the universe, but not deep enough to see its wonder and its bloom. He saw deep enough to discern the prominent selfishness of man, but not deep enough to see how that selfishness was tempered, regulated, and overpowered. He saw that God had revealed fragments of His will, but did not see that His mere will could never have been obeyed without the purifying revelation of Himself. But we must not imagine that the shallowness of his philosophy was a fair measure for the shallowness of his character. The mysteries which seemed to him to vanish beneath the acute gaze of his understanding, really existed for him as for us: but Paley discerned spiritual things, if we may so say, by a sense of touch, more than by a sense of vision; and he could not believe that he saw at all what he could not present tangibly to others. He tells us himself that he once fancied he felt something more in "obligation" than a "violent motive resulting from the command of another;" but on attempting to handle the matter, the mystery disappeared from his view. In truth, his eye was fitted for the outward world, not for the inward. He took society and man without demur at their own low estimate of themselves. He understood the animal creation best; and the homely humour with which he compared the instincts of animals and the "rational" selfishness of man, was probably of permanent benefit to his day. So far as his *theory* went, however, no man could have been further from discerning or teaching that religion is essentially social, and that the deepest root of faith grows out of the purest society. He has absolutely no glimpses of such a truth while dealing with social and political duties; very few come to him even when, in his construction of evidences, he shrewdly analyses the motives of suffering Christians; and no

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doubt he had his brightest gleams of light on the constitution of the universe while he walked about his garden marvelling at flowers and shells; "laughing immoderately" as he tried the hypothesis of rationality on the instincts of the sparrow and the butterfly; or giving God heartfelt thanks for the enjoyments of "shrimps," and the divinely ordered "pleasures of a healthy infant." Though, according to Paley's conception, the benignity of God shines down complacently even on the selfishness of man, yet he is conscious of a sickly glare in the contrast, which makes him glad to turn away to the unspoiled happiness of animal life. He is half aware that it is light shining into darkness, —the darkness comprehending it not.

It is like passing straight from the market-place to the mountain side, to exchange Paley's broad, rough, and business-like familiarity with the "common things" of the universe for the delicate spiritual freedom, but too arduous and too self-cultured forms of Channing's faith. Paley cannot, like Channing, be called an individualist, simply because he left no room in his creed for moral individuality at all; unravelling all characters alike into the one primary and impersonal element of a desire for pleasure. But if Paley's creed were not individualistic, still less was it social; its very first assumption being competitive self-love, the force which soonest rends the union of human society. It attempted, indeed, to assuage these otherwise inevitable conflicts; but this it attempted only by promising a liberal distribution of retiring pensions in "everlasting happiness" to all those who should waive the cravings for immediate enjoyment here. No society that had fully taken to heart Dr. Paley's system would have been able to understand why *one* "kingdom of God" should comprehend all men; indeed, they would have thought it a very unfortunate arrangement, quite certain to reintroduce into the future specially appropriated for recompense those inequalities of position, and those necessities for self-sacrifice, which they had hoped were peculiar to the state of probation. But Channing's faith included the amplest recognition of the sacredness of society; and yet, as a faith, it certainly was not social but individualist. Born a generation later than Paley, the enthusiasm of the war of independence had in part already anticipated for America, and especially for New England, that mighty social movement which changed the face of Europe during Channing's early youth. He not only inherited that profound love of freedom which—in political and practical life at least—the New-England fathers had ever cherished as the great involuntary blessing bestowed on them by their persecutors, but he inherited it at a time when political life all over Europe and

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America was reacting upon the most inward life of faith; when dreary conservatisms were justifying themselves by advancing drearier inward scepticisms; when violent socialisms were appealing to vague and turbid "universal sentiments;" and when the stern and jealous lovers of republican freedom necessarily strove to assert for the spiritual will of all men that measured responsibility, that sphere of real but limited and equal self-control, which was most closely analogous to their political faith. Channing's father was a Calvinist; and Channing found in actual possession of the religious world in which he was educated a kind of gradually rationalising Calvinism, which was not very averse to fortify itself by the aid of the latitudinarian school of the English Establishment, at that time represented by Paley. In both schools of thought, the ends and realities of religion were entirely subordinated to the means: the Calvinistic theologians stopping short of any care for the spiritual life to be desired, in their technical interest about the "means of redemption;" and the latitudinarians, in like manner, ignoring the *objects* of faith, in their anxiety about the means of proof about contrivance, testimony, and "unintentional coincidences." No wonder that Channing found the received divinity a most dreary study. On one side were explanations how to get redeemed, the point being apparently immaterial what the reality of redeemed life would be when the process was over; on another side he was deluged with convincing demonstrations of the existence (elsewhere) of God and Christ, but in no way shown how they did, as actual existences, live and prove themselves in his own life. This was the state of the religious literature of the day when Channing began his studies. Social and political interests were passing into the young republic, and, partly as a consequence, the old religious formulæ were dying out. Paley's consecration of "violent motives," and Edwards's predestinarianism, were no doctrines for a young and vigorous nation, rapidly growing in power and activity, and thrilled by the great vibrations of hopeful political change which reached them from the old world.

But if unsocial latitudinarian philosophy and grim tyrannic theology were little suited to that place and time, it was neither the place nor the time for a religion of fully developed social power to spring up. The enthusiasms of the day were, strictly speaking, political rather than social. So far as they touched social difficulties at all, they touched them on the external side; rather raising, for example, questions as to the formal equality of different classes than as to their inner character and mutual moral dependence. The issues, as to the true relations between employers and employed,—as to the relations between the criminal or dangerous classes, and society at large,—as to feminine

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capabilities and duties,—and as to all the more intricate problems of social duty and social guilt which occupy us so much now,—had not yet been raised or cared for. And accordingly Channing, though he elevated the religion of his day to sustain and guide a noble political faith, never kindled in it that perfect glow which fuses into one temper the deeply channelled class-feelings of a highly civilised society, and which alone ever enabled any man, even for a moment, to live by sympathy the inmost life, and almost to avail himself of the most individual experience, of another. There was an extreme simplicity of constitution in Channing's mind, which gave him a certain advantage in treating political morality, which is almost always simple: but when he touches social problems, this simplicity amounts to tenuity of treatment; you feel that the complex and crossing threads of these questions are not gathered up in his mind. His faith reflected perfectly, and justified from the deepest spiritual sources, the noble New-England passion for freedom; but it never attained, and scarcely even sought for, the religious springs of a deep and spontaneous social unity. It kept even to the last much of the bare moulding, and of the self-tasked and self-contained temper, of the old Presbyterian thought.

Paley lived in the study and admiration of divine means, Channing in the contemplation and pursuit of divine ends; and though this was the characteristic power of his mind, it may be truly said to have been his weakness, that there was no "natural" man to *graft* them into. "His soul was like a star, and dwelt apart." His spiritual aims were ranged round his will in fair ideal perfection; but there seemed no *mass* of natural tastes, dispositions, and temperament to fill up the intervening space. And consequently he never appreciated that Pauline side of theology which implies and asserts a double nature in man. The noble will, the clear sense of freedom and responsibility, was at the centre of his character; around it only an ethereal atmosphere, in which shone luminous purposes of good. His life reads like one long series of high and free volitions; it has not that close texture of human interests and motives, that spontaneous mingling of high purposes with the commoner impulses and enjoyments of human life, which gives them their deepest social power, and possibly even their widest influence. Every thing was an "aim" to Channing, or it was nothing at all. "Great men," he said, "are produced by great ends." This is no doubt true: but the ends must find their way round to the springs of life, so as to be "beginnings," and unconscious beginnings, as well as ends; they must mix freely in states of mind into which they do not enter consciously or predominantly; they must dissolve themselves, so as to defy analysis, into all sorts of insignificant

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and secular pursuits, if they are to take their most influential and expressive form. They cannot remain in the insoluble shape of "great ideas," if they are really to work on men, and colour the aspects of social life. Channing's was, no doubt, a mind of more delicate grain than that of even his great English contemporary Dr. Arnold, and certainly of a key quite as noble. But in this respect Arnold was vastly superior; if, as has been truly said, he too was deficient in a solvent humour, by which his overtasking views of children's duty might have been modified, and his sometimes strained "moral thoughtfulness" relaxed, yet he had an eagerness about human arrangements of all sorts which gave his "high principles" a more natural and less formal and didactic vent than they found with Dr. Channing.

"A remarkable person," says his accomplished biographer, "in a state of mystic illumination, once said of Dr. Channing, 'He was kept from the highest good by the love of rectitude.' Very probably he would himself have verified the correctness of this criticism. There certainly had been periods of his life when he restrained himself too stiffly, though every year of maturing virtue rendered him more free. . . . . An earnestness, a susceptibility to profound emotion, an exuberance of sanguine cheerfulness, a chivalrous daring, a stern yet smiling heroism, a poetic glow,—flashed out at times through his guarded evenness of deportment, giving promise of a higher style of greatness than that which he revealed. And yet when one beheld his composed consistency, his attempered strength,—most self-relying when least outwardly sustained,—his presence of mind and foresight, his calm contentment, and above all his steady growth,—the question rose whether his energy of will and wisdom were not most displayed in this willingness to wait. . . . . Seemingly he had sacrificed impulse to method, fullness of force to order."*

If the illumined critic had said that Dr. Channing was kept from the highest good by his *pursuit* of rectitude rather than by his love of it, we think the criticism would have been just. If there is, and can be, no binding religion while we stop completely short of the aims and objects of life, after the fashion of Paley, yet there is no doubt that the highest good is reached by those who trust rather than strain, who are content to have aims given them rather than to toil arduously after aims of their own. Channing was conscious of this defect in the cast of his own religious character in later days: he felt that he had not attained to the "wise passiveness" of the poet, that he had been too ready to believe that

> "Nothing of itself would come,
> But we must still be seeking."

Whether it be or be not true, as his biographer hints, that this

* Channing's Memoir, edited by his Nephew, vol. iii.

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was not a natural necessity of his mind from the first, but rather a tendency cherished by his deliberate purpose, we have little means of judging. But it seems clear at least, that if his character acted strongly on the type of his faith, his faith reacted strongly upon his character. Let us look briefly at its most striking elements.

Perhaps the central conviction in Channing's faith was the unreserved and intense belief not only in the freedom of the human will, but in the real power of the will to adopt and interweave into human life, or to reject and resist, the divine purposes and influences. This doctrine was preached, at least in his early life, quite beyond the verge of spiritual health, and yet probably never issued in spiritual pride. At all events, the noblest features of his noble character, as well as his weakest points, were due to these "voluntary virtues." There sprang from it that resolute determination to weigh anxiously all that could be urged on a side of thought that was uncongenial to him, and to weigh it the more carefully the more clearly it led to a conclusion which he could not endure. "I owe the little which I am," he says, "to the conscientiousness with which I have listened to objections springing up in my own mind to what I have inclined, and sometimes thirsted, to believe; and I have attained through this to a serenity of faith that once seemed denied in the present state." The same high mettle that would face, as a duty, all that is disquieting, appears, though perhaps in a more fanciful form, in a remarkable letter to Mr. Blanco White.

"I have thought, that by analysing a pain I have been able to find an element of pleasure in it. I have thought, too, that by looking a pain fully in the face, and comprehending it, I have diminished its intensity. Distinct perception, instead of aggravating, decreases evil. This I have found when reading accounts of terrible accidents which have at first made me shudder. By taking them to pieces, and conceiving each part distinctly, I have been able to think of them calmly, and to feel that I too could pass through them. Sympathy increases by the process, but not fear. The sympathy weakens the personal fear; but this is not the whole explanation. The soul, by resisting the first shudder, and by placing itself near the terrible through an act of the will, puts forth energies which reveal it to itself, and make it conscious of something within mightier than suffering. The power of distinct knowledge in giving courage I have never seen insisted on, and yet it is a part of my experience. The unknown, the vague, the dark, what imagination invests with infinity,—this terrifies; and the remark applies not to physical evils, but to all others."

And the same characteristic supremacy of *will* shines out in Dr. Channing's whole moral theory. He could not bear to see undeliberate action. He held that the will should be always in court, ready to hear appeal after appeal, rather than to pledge the future to a mere decision of the past.

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"There is such a thing as being slaves to our own *past good impressions*. I think perfection lies in a *present power* over ourselves, in a superiority to what is good as well as evil in our past course, in acting from a fresh present energy. Few of us attain this. Most good men turn their benevolent objects into hobby-horses, and ride them most furiously; or rather are hurried on by them passively, unresistingly. Such is the weakness of our nature. Our tendency is to slavery. The difference is, that some are the slaves of good, others of bad impulses. That blessed freedom in which we govern ourselves according to our ever-improving and daily changing perceptions of right is an eminence to which we slowly rise."

And even in his purely intellectual capacity, the most characteristic touches are those of a mind which has checked itself half way, in order to note the course of an impulse, and record its peculiarity. "I would avoid," he says, in the course of an unhealthy list of regulations as to his inward self-government,—"I would avoid the *diffuseness* which characterises anger." The deliberate respect which he entertained, however, for this conscious self-government, and which induced him to denounce, most wisely, those "religious revivals" which "overwhelm the mind with foreign influences, and strip it of all self-direction," led him into a self-scrutinising habit of mind that never did any man any good. Like many other theologians, he had, at least in early years, no faith that God could show him his sins unless he went through the most worrying catechetical process to find them out. He tried every test that spiritual chemistry could suggest to discover traces of sin. "Have my thoughts this day been governed, my attention concentrated? what have I learned? what has constituted my chief pleasure? have I been humble? have I had peace?" &c.; painfully showing that he did not then believe that the "word of God was quick and powerful as any two-edged sword, piercing even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit." He did not wait for the secret uneasiness that is the work of God; but thought that, even "if our hearts condemn us not," conscience might be cross-examined till she gave up her secret. Channing was too little of a quietist. He writes at times as if he thought that "every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God" was wrung forth by human will. "Force of moral purpose," he says, "makes us happy. There is an exhilaration, a hope, a joy, springing up within us when we *will* with power what we see to be good, when we are conscious of treading under foot the low principles and interests which would part us from God and duty." Is not this rather the imaginative will of the ideal conflict, the joyous will of the poet *conceiving* vanquished Satans, than of the practical man sorrowfully beating them? Generally speaking, the Mephistopheles is not very skil-

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ful and formidable whom it is an "exhilarating" process to beat. Perhaps the less splash and effort the will makes in these conflicts, the more it does. If it declines to entertain evil, it has done its work; the good that enters and occupies instead is not its own.

It is clear, that neither on its stronger nor on its weaker side is this high doctrine of self-regulation,—this horror of any concession of the command of the mind, even for the shortest interval, to any power except deliberate free-will,—likely to be an element in a strong social faith. Channing's fear and hatred of "epidemic religion," his fixed belief that "all strong passion has the effect of insanity on the judgment," were not the characteristics of a man who would regard social power and influence as in any way a primary test of truth. Still less was his positive teaching as to minute and constant self-culture, his high estimate of spiritual endeavour even in the least practical sphere of life, his early tendency to inculcate morbid self-regulation, likely to draw a religious society into much closer union. A common life must be the ground of close social union. Channing's teaching tended to make each man conscious of his own individuality —alike in its noblest and its most painful phases—more and more profoundly. He spoke of spiritual life too much as an aspiration, too little as a reality. He sometimes made men feel the infinite distance between themselves and God—the spiritual immensity across which the poor human will must cheerfully work its way—more keenly than the power which, if they would but recognise it, already worked in them. His was often the teaching of want; the aim was distant, the way was long, and for each man solitary. Even the fact of God's help had to be painfully realised by an effort of thought. He is apt rather to tell men what they ought to feel *on the hypothesis of religion,* than to explain to them what they do feel in the light of religious certainties. The "*thought* of God" frequently takes the place in his writings of God. Of course this is often the state of any sincere man's mind. But realities, not thoughts of realities, are the basis of all union; facts, not hopes. And Channing, by the ideal cast which he teaches us to give to every spiritual influence that acts on the mind,—keeping it at arm's length till we have weighed and estimated its value,—often turns a certainty into an aspiration. We know how easy it is to doubt the existence even of the material universe, if we will not follow our first instinct to assume it, but begin instead to discuss what value we are to attach to our impressions; and it is certainly not less easy to turn spiritual realities into shadows or mere foretastes of the future, by holding aloof from the influence they bring.

But Channing's high value for individuality not only implied

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a latent distrust of social influence; he expressly teaches that society is valuable only as subsidiary to the spiritual life it cherishes in individuals.

"Society is chiefly important as it ministers to and calls forth intellectual and moral energy and freedom. Its action on the individual is beneficial in proportion as it awakens in him a power to act on himself, and to control or withstand the social influences to which he is at first subjected. Society serves us, by furnishing objects, occasions, materials, excitements, through which the whole soul may be brought into vigorous exercise, may acquire a consciousness of its free and responsible nature, may become a law to itself, and may rise to the happiness and dignity of framing and improving itself without limit or end. Inward, creative energy is the highest good which accrues to us from our social principles and connections. The mind is enriched, not by what it passively receives from others, but by its own action on what it receives. We would especially affirm of virtue, that it does not consist in what we inherit, or what comes to us from abroad. It is of inward growth, and it grows by nothing so much as by resistance of foreign influences, by acting from our deliberate convictions in opposition to the principles of sympathy and imitation. *According to these views, our social nature and connections are means. Inward power is the end; a power which is to triumph over, and control the influence of society.*"

This doctrine pieces-in with the whole temper of Channing's mind, which, as he himself was aware, was not social. Even the closest ties seemed scarcely to penetrate to this inner essence of his spirit, till they had been made the "materials and excitements" of spiritual contemplation. "I sometimes feel," he once said in allusion to his love for his children, "as if the affection which springs from thought were stronger than that of instinct." And all social ties were, in his view, intended rather to mature and refine special fruits in the soul of each,—to yield

> "The harvest of a quiet eye
> That sleeps and broods on its own heart,"

than to answer any end in themselves. A society was, in Channing's mind, never so perfect as when it exercised no characteristic or controlling influence of its own in swaying or moulding the minds of those who formed it. He held that sympathy, in the deeper concerns of the spirit, must generally be given in the dark, and received in the twilight. And as it never seemed to cross him that a society's faith, if noble at all, is a higher and better, and moreover quite different thing from the sum of the individual faiths it contains, he had no standard by which to try the value of society except that of the effect which it produced on individual character. He would have said with the poet:

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"Is it strange
That our diviner impulses, great thoughts,
And all the highest, holiest life of the soul,
Should yearn for mortal sympathy, and not find it?
It is the exceeding goodness of our God
To bend our love unto his Father's breast,
And press our heads to his bosom. *We are greater
As children than as brothers.*"

And this was Dr. Channing's constant creed; not that he would have held it in any sense depreciative of the moral dignity and independence of human will, but simply in this, that the ultimate and deepest religious life of man cannot include any human sympathy and social unity,—that it is in a depth below the deepest life of society, and is a direct act of duty or love to the Father of spirits. This faith underlay all Channing's writings. But is it true? Is it given to human spirits to be children at all without being also brothers? The law of society is written on the *individual* conscience; and spiritual life is not possible to individuals at all if you strike out the social conditions under which it is invariably found. Indeed, truth itself, the search for which is usually supposed to isolate the mind, is truth no longer if you erase the conditions of society. We perceive all complete and perfect truth through others more than through ourselves. It is through our union with others, through their life in our minds and ours in theirs, that even the most solitary acts of true spiritual life become possible. The mysterious power of social influence is not merely an *aid* to the perception of truth, but the very condition of holding it. Suppose for a single instant that the mind could be absolutely isolated,—no longer drawn towards this mind for clearer intellectual vision, or able to read its moral experience under the fascination of that,—and it would shrink up into absolute individuality—the narrowness of spiritual death. Possibly Dr. Channing's school might reply, that the value of all social influence is only to open to us as it were the character of God; and that, He remaining, all our moral experience would remain, even though every human being were annihilated. Yet is this true? Is not the greater part of our spiritual life as a *matter of fact*, still conditioned by the individual channels of human influence through which we have drawn it? Would "progress"—would *life*, as we understand it,—that is, the growth of thoughts and faculties, all of which have immediate and direct concern with the society in which we are placed,—be longer possible if the very law of our being, the very condition of our conscience, the very spring of our piety, were annihilated by the annihilation of the other members of that living body of which we are part? It is the condition of human life that we could not be children at all without also being brothers. The social law of our being reaches,

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we are confident, to the deepest depth of our most solitary life. A man's individual life could not grow, nay, could not be that of a man at all, could he be truly cut off from the community of man; even in solitude and isolation it is the life of a social being so long as it is human.

Channing's difficulty in realising this truth lay, we believe, in his religious position. He had grasped for himself the truth of moral freedom. Brought up in the gloomy belief that the shadow of predestination hung over the world,—that there was nothing for man to do but to live his appointed lot, the truth had suddenly dawned upon him that he had indeed a free creative will, a power of really becoming a "fellow-worker" with God. This conviction inspired him at once with that profoundly "generous view of human nature" so much exaggerated—or at least so little balanced by the belief which is its counterpart—in his school. And yet the sole point on which he rested this constant assertion of the "dignity of human nature" was moral freedom. All the involuntary affections and instincts of man he was inclined to distrust in the comparison; at least he held that they were to be always and invariably tamed, ruled, kept in abeyance; our likeness to God consisting in this solitary and lordly will. Hence he became something of a moral idealist, straining the power of the will, both in theory and in practice, beyond its true limits. He held up to himself a conception of duty that necessarily made his religious faith seem one of mere aspiration—a restless striving after an "ideal," instead of a quiet trust in the mighty arm of God. He wanted, in order to complete his type of faith, an adequate belief in the divine capacity of the *involuntary* side of human nature—an adequate trust in the life and conditions of feeling imposed upon the will, as well as in the freedom which those conditions circle. He needed to believe that God's life as well as his love runs through these natural channels; that likeness to him does not consist in becoming as near as we may to pure creative wills; that the divine Word unites and inspires not only our human natures, but our human natures on *their human side*. This was Channing's difficulty in finding a social character for his religion. He thought, in common with his Unitarian school, that religious union came only from the infinite side; that it was the common arch bending over us all, and that alone, which rendered common worship natural. Once take that view, and it is impossible not to deprecate secretly the limitations of humanity; not to think we were meant for something diviner than those limitations; not to strain at an assimilation to God on the free and voluntary side. But those who believe that the Word could really become flesh, and that the same Word does really still perennially penetrate with

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life and draw together into unity the individual souls of men, are not in danger either of laying too heavy a burden on the individual will, or of deprecating the binding power of social, even though they seem purely human, ties. They believe that the will of man, free as it is, is not meant to guide, but only freely to follow guidance; and that the less it strives to carve out its own path, the more quickly and freely it will ascend.

The defect we have pointed out in Channing's type of faith shines out especially in his doctrine of humility, which—genuinely humble as the man himself was—is the meagrest and falsest in *effect* of any part of his teaching. "Humility," he said, "is the virtue of an enlightened understanding." It "has its foundations in a correct estimate of our characters..... It is to be formed not by fixing our thoughts exclusively on the worst parts of our conduct, and ascribing the guilt of these to our whole lives, but by observing our whole lives impartially, surveying the good and the evil in our temper and general deportment, and in this way learning to what degree we are influenced by the various dispositions and principles which enter into our character." Now had this been the description of the mode of truly estimating what our characters are like,—what are our tendencies and dangers,—it would be true enough; but pride consists in the desire to reject assistance, to undervalue the assistance we have received, to stand alone where our nature is not capable of standing alone. Humility has nothing to do with "enlightened understanding," it is a *willingness* to see our need of help,—to recognise to the full the reality and amount of the help we have received. The clearest vision is consistent with pride,—for we may discern, but discern most reluctantly, how little we are. It is in the *desire* to claim a power we have not, not in the *mistake* of claiming it, that the sin against humility lies. Nor could any question of measuring present dispositions, and weighing out individual temper arise in such a case. It is of course no humility to affect a lower estimate of ourselves than we really have; but it is not a question of estimate at all; it is rather whether we are inclined to *credit ourselves* with powers and dispositions which have been formed in us by no power of our own. Those who feel that right consists in simply *not resisting* the divine life in us,—in declining to make a false choice,—and that no higher power than this is within the limits of human freedom, must feel that humility has more to do with the willing recognition of the divine life and Word in us, than with any microscopic attention to our own characters. In fact, the duty of estimating our own characters accurately is seldom a duty at all. If we are really eager to recognise the Light that shines into us, we shall have no need to catalogue the dark lines in the spirit on which it falls.

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But though we believe that Channing's faith was, for the reasons we have enumerated, not adequate to satisfy the yearnings for a social religion, its deficiencies were perhaps a blessing to his country. The growing power of the American democracy was even then beginning to threaten individual freedom. Even then "manifest Destiny" was pleaded against individual conscience. Even then the ocean of popular opinion threatened to engulf the calm and deliberate judgments of private thought. Channing's faith—nay, the very deficiencies of his faith—led him to stem this tide. He did not respect, he dreaded the encroachments of social opinion. He raised his voice with undismayed courage against the most terrible of these "manifest destinies," —Democratic Encroachment, Slavery, and Annexation,—which are to the States of America what Clotho, Lachesis, and Atropos were to the States of ancient Greece. Without exaggeration and without timidity he denounced the greatest political sin of his day. Habitually self-restrained even in indignation, his clear sweet voice was heard where the voice of stormy invective would never have been listened to. His faith was something like that of a high-mettled child,—so simple, so eager, so ideal. It did not give him all the command of social forces which he might otherwise have wielded; but if it had not all the breadth of a maturer religion, it had all the immunity from corrupting elements, the spotless purity, of a faith that has grown up in the solitude of one meditative spirit. Amidst the raging tempests of American politics at the present day, we doubt if any living voice has so much power to strengthen the hands of Northern freedom, and disarm the fierce passions of the South, as the clear keen words of Channing. He had not the faith that would closely knit together a great society, but he had a faith that could purify it from its social selfishness.

Art. VII.—EARL GREY ON REFORM.

Parliamentary Government considered with reference to a Reform of Parliament: an Essay. By Earl Grey. London, 1858.

Lord Grey would have saved his readers some disappointment if he had simply announced an essay on Parliamentary Government. As such his book is valuable both from the strong clear sense of his remarks on the results of various lines of policy, and from his authority as a witness to the existing facts of our constitution, not ill-placed for taking a dispassionate view. In the latter capacity he has done good service in calling attention to

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many of the features which distinguish that form of polity at present subsisting among ourselves from others which likewise admit popular representation to a greater or less extent. But he mostly "works in the deeper strata of the matter," as Mr. Carlyle says; and there are few or none of those practical suggestions which we should naturally look for in a book appearing with such a title-page, at a time when a new Reform Bill was supposed to be at hand.

Another omission has been referred to with high praise by some of our contemporaries. It is most true that Lord Grey proves himself to belong to the modern type of English statesmanship by ignoring all theories of representation based on notions of the inherent rights of a free community; and confines himself to stating and weighing a great variety of practical advantages and disadvantages attendant upon various systems. This is the course almost universally adopted by recent English opponents of democratic ideas; and it has many notable precedents in its favour. It distinguishes those who pursue it alike from dreamers of the study, and from those who spin webs of theory to hide their want of specific information. It gets rid of some controversies which will never be settled, and of some classes of opponents whom it is neither possible to satisfy nor worth while to be always refuting. It suits well that tone of scepticism, mildly cynical and conspicuously indisposed to the labour of grappling with principles, which is epidemic in our society of to-day. It commits to nothing, and leads to none of that one-sided stress of mind in argument which makes both sides forget necessary qualifications, offend quiet people, and rush into some untenable position. Above all, it affords to those who wish that nothing should be done, a reasonable anticipation that nothing will be done while people are persuaded to stand balancing *pros* and *cons*, and working hard calculations of political probability. Yet with all these unquestionable advantages, it may be doubted whether the method has not received more praise than it deserves. It is right to press all these particular matters on public attention; but men seldom, if ever, act from more than one real motive at a time, and they do not decide large questions by casting up two columns of *pros* and *cons*, and striking a balance. No process is more difficult or more deceptive, and the vote is generally staked upon some leading characteristic or evident result of the one opinion or the other. Why does that characteristic or result attract the perplexed attention and fix the wavering mind, but because it is felt that there opposing principles join issue and conflict? Other matters may illustrate the point, lead up to the point, show how much must be sacrificed on the one side or the other, whichever way the point is decided; but there is the point itself, there is what gives interest to the

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struggle, and is the reason why there is a separation into opposite parties at all. The real questions to be faced when Parliamentary Reform is dealt with, are, whether certain unrepresented classes have or have not (speaking roughly) *a fair right* to be represented;—whether other classes, already admitted to some share of power, have or have not *a fair right* to a greater share.

An anti-democratic thinker who evades the question of *right* is necessarily driven in the last resort to one of these two modes of conception and argument;—either the idea of government *by* the people must give way to that of government *for* the people instead of being reconciled with it; or the democratic view must be admitted to be theoretically just, while all attempts to apply it are staved off on one temporary pretext after another. The speculative dilemma expresses the practical danger of drifting into absolutism on the one hand, or democracy on the other; and the natural repugnance of mankind to the first makes it peculiarly desirable that they should not be left between two such alternatives. If the two were looked at with equable indifference, common sense, unaided by theory, might perhaps be trusted to strike out some other course distinct from both. But this is not so. Absolutism is never embraced but as a refuge from some worse evil. It is far more than the extreme expression of one of the elements of a mixed polity. It is hostile to all polity. Absolutism and democracy are not two mutually qualifying principles which can be left to check each other and combine; but the former is an immoral reaction from a generous error; and till two wrongs make a right, the mere conflict of the one with the other cannot issue in a healthy national organisation. If that which we call in England "constitutional freedom" can only be supported as a compromise between right and wrong, or as a limitation which can be superinduced upon absolutism and turn that wrong into right, we may rest assured that it is not destined for permanence.

The difficulty of discussing the subject lies really in the fact that the constitutional theory, so far from having nothing to do with speculations on political right and wrong, is based upon abstractions much too subtle to admit of any direct and immediate reduction into practice. It is far otherwise with democracy. Its theory is the old revolutionary notion of the Rights of Man, which, so far from being exploded, is, we are persuaded, highly influential with many who are little aware of it, and gives them an apologetic tone in dealing with democrats which must soon lead to an abandonment of their own position. That all men are free and equal, and that therefore the numerical majority of the moment must govern, is a simple theory enough, and is not much hampered or impaired by the mere rejection of persons of proved incapacity, moral or intellectual, although there

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is much room for disagreement about the precise limits of qualification. As long as this is tacitly or expressly held up as the ultimate ideal of the State, and only opposed by arguments which deny the principle of national self-government altogether, and tend to substitute despotisms of right divine, of intellect, of mere physical power, of empirical convenience, or of blind fate, the advance of the true doctrines of constitutional government cannot be hoped for. It is necessary to give an emphatic denial to the assertion that the sense of the *nation* is obtained by resolving it into its component atoms, and watching whether the greater number of them run into one vessel or another. But the denial cannot be given unless we rise to an abstract conception of the nation in the unity of its life and the historic completeness of its career, which it would strain the most "victorious analysis" to reduce to a scientific formula, and which, if so reduced, would convey no idea except to philosophical students. We shall indulge in no such pedantry of definition, holding it part of the good fortune of Englishmen that the fundamental ideas of political philosophy have been already presented to them in a form so descriptive, so well adapted to convey profound and abstract ideas to persons who dislike the show of profundity, and the reality as well as the show of abstraction,—in a word, in a form so national,—that subsequent writers need do little more, so far as respects the elements of the subject, than select and quote. The ornate Burke (like the plain and massive Butler) seems to have been created to clothe abstract principles in a form in which Englishmen can be asked to take them to heart; and we think that a recurrence to his writings at the present day would do a great deal of good, and prevent much aimless drifting, and stop much needless apologising for a departure from conceptions which are really wanting in breadth as well as in depth.

We wish that our space did not oblige us to omit the connecting links between the following passages in the Appeal from the New to the Old Whigs:

"We are so little affected by things which are habitual, that we consider this idea of the decision of a majority as if it were a law of our original nature: but such constructive whole residing in a part only, is one of the most violent fictions of positive law that ever has been, or can be made on the principles of artificial incorporation. Out of civil society nature knows nothing of it; nor are men, even when arranged according to civil order, otherwise than by very long training brought at all to submit to it. The mind is brought far more easily to acquiesce in the proceedings of one man, or a few, who act under a general procuration for the state, than in the vote of a victorious majority in councils in which every man has his share in the deliberation. * * * *

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As in the abstract it is perfectly clear that out of a state of civil society, majority and minority are relations which can have no existence; and that in civil society its own specific conventions in each corporation determine what it is that constitutes the people, so as to make their act the signification of the general will; to come to particulars, it is equally clear that neither in France nor in England has the original or any subsequent compact of the state constituted a majority of men, told by the head, to be the acting people of their several communities. * * * *

To enable men to act with the weight and character of a people, and to answer the ends for which they are incorporated into that capacity, we must suppose them (by means immediate or consequential) to be in that state of habitual social discipline, in which the wiser, the more expert, and the more opulent conduct, and by conducting enlighten and protect, the weaker, the less knowing, and the less provided with the goods of fortune. When the multitude are not under this discipline, they can scarcely be said to be in civil society. Give once a certain constitution of things, which produces a variety of conditions and circumstances in a state, and there is in nature and reason a principle which for their own benefit postpones, not the interest, but the judgment of those who are *numero plures* to those who are *virtute et honore majores. Numbers in a state* (supposing, which is not the case in France, that a state does exist) *are always of consideration,—but they are not the whole consideration.* * * *

A true natural aristocracy is not a separate interest in the state, or separable from it. It is an essential integrant part of any large body rightly constituted. * * * *

The state of civil society, which necessarily generates this aristocracy, is a state of nature, and much more truly so than a savage and incoherent mode of life. * * * *

Men qualified in the manner I have just described, form in nature, as she operates in the common modification of society, the leading, guiding, and governing part. It is the soul to the body, without which the man does not exist. *To give, therefore, no more importance in the social order to such descriptions of men than that of so many units, is a horrible usurpation.* * * * *

When great multitudes act together under that discipline of nature, I recognise the PEOPLE. I acknowledge something that perhaps equals, and ought always to guide, the sovereignty of convention. In all things the voice of this grand chorus of national harmony ought to have a mighty and decisive influence. But when you disturb this harmony; when you break up this beautiful order, this array of truth and nature, as well as of habit and prejudice; when you separate the common sort of men from their proper chieftains, so as to form them into an adverse army,—I no longer know that venerable object called *the people* in such a disbanded race of deserters and vagabonds."

In a true representative government, then, we seek *the resultant of the national forces, having regard not only to their comparative strength, but also to their comparative worth.*

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Among the many difficulties of government, there is none greater than to determine how far that which is strong can and must be made to yield to that which is worthy. It is every day's experience that a country is *not prepared* for what is good in itself; that the success of a given measure would presuppose the existence of an amount of virtue or intelligence or knowledge or energy among the people which the statesman sees not to be there. To stand aloft and make the computation beforehand, and to act accordingly, is the profession if not the practice of absolutism. A representative government, if perfect, would do naturally and unconsciously what a perfectly wise and good despot would do by observation and calculation. That is to say, it would represent, not the highest conceivable views of life and duty, but the highest *indigenous* views,—the highest views which would be supported by an adequate sympathy from the more potent elements in the community.

The object of the reformer must be to find out what is that highest and most perfect form of organisation to which the facts of the particular State seem to point, and then to work towards its realisation. He will find that he cannot give himself up to the contemplation of the body politic as an organic whole affected by a long history, and taking its character from the comparative prominence or excellence of particular parts, and the relations of one part to another, without losing the idea of the right divine of numbers, and attaining to the idea of a national life amenable to certain laws, and clothed with certain responsibilities. The sense that this national life must express itself in a national government, and that such a government must recognise the "degrees and orders of men amongst us" will so occupy the mind, that questions of the right of the state to govern its members will seem (as in truth they are) irrelevant. Those questions are as puzzling in the case of a pure democracy as in that of a despotism. We have to admit the notion of subordination as involved in that of organisation itself. The strength of democracy is in its fallacious show of recognising the autonomy of the individual. When it is once perceived that the admission of the idea of a *nation*, and a *national government*, excludes this autonomy from the conditions of political problems, a great step has been made. But the next step is not less important; and the manner in which it follows from the last is often not perceived. ***Equality***, whether as a fact or a right, disappears as soon as limitations upon the absolute free-will of the individual are admitted. Every thing that is worthy about the notion of equality vanishes when the equality of absolute individual freedom is given up, and the mere rebellious disinclination to admit of any thing greater and better than ourselves, the envy which ostracises good citizens, or

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seeks in the indiscriminate depression of all a consolation for being obliged to bow to the will of one, show themselves as the really efficient supporters of levelling doctrines.

It may be thought that such views must have a negative result only. A recurrence to the principles of Burke is treated by many as a mere adoption of mouthing commonplaces to mask the design of promoting the interests of privileged classes. That this is by no means the case we hope presently to show; but meanwhile we assert unhesitatingly, that the negative results are of extreme importance, and much need enforcing at the present day. This is not a day of principles; but a careless or supercilious practicality rides roughshod over every thing. Principles have their revenge; for the upshot of despising complete theories is, that men run away with incomplete ones. So it happens just now. Theories of the state being in abeyance by common consent, newspapers, books, and speeches appear all to assume the shallowest of the exploded dogmas of the French Revolution, and to drift towards democracy, as though there were no ground of principle to be found any where else. Whigs, Tories, and Radicals, talk of extension of the suffrage, and greater numerical equality in constituencies, as if they were indisputably good things in themselves, and as if the gradual adoption of the Points of the Charter were the be-all and the end-all of political philosophy. Men who have never thought take up the ideas of uniformity and equality as furnishing the key to politics, just as they take up utilitarianism in morals, or the *Dieu-bonhomme* principle in theology. That an assemblage of delegates elected by the universal suffrage of the whole people, as American Presidents are, would not do at present, most would admit; but it is material to be prepared to deny emphatically that it would constitute a national representation; for the opinion held on this point will affect the course taken on all subsidiary questions. The simple fact is, that such a constitution does its best to ignore every thing that makes a nation an organic body, or government possible at all. Instead of giving their due and balanced effect to the greatest number of forces, it does its best to exclude all but one from being felt.

But constitutional doctrine is associated with negative results alone, merely because it is not put forward by the opponents of democracy with a sufficient amount of boldness and conviction to compel the advocates of popular rights to find out that it is a two-edged weapon. Lord Grey, for instance, adopts an exclusively critical tone, and confines himself to pointing out specific practical conveniences or inconveniences arising from this cause and from that. We should not have a syllable to say against such a method, if we had many thoughtful political writers,

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some of whom approached the subject from one side, and some from another; but believing as we do, that we are about to venture upon considerable organic changes at the bidding of a democratic party possessed with wrong ideas, which are allowed to prevail only because there is nothing better to set against them than apathy or mere timid Conservatism, it is a source of disappointment to find such a man as Lord Grey coming forward with a weighty essay, in which there appears no trace of any generous conviction that there is such a thing as political right and wrong. A redistribution of the franchise is a question of political right and wrong, or it is at the present time a matter not worth entertaining. The work before us, indeed, gives some colour to the common idea that Burke was a mere coiner of excuses for Conservative reaction. Lord Grey starts with a quotation from him, but forgets that Burke cannot be quoted aright if he is made to seem insensible to the music of that "grand chorus of national harmony," in which his own voice is heard like the bass of the organ. A writer is properly excluded from a commanding influence with the people if there is nothing in the popular heart with which his own beats in sympathy. The true answer to the democrat is, that meaning above all things to be national and representative, he is neither the one nor the other, that his *majority* is not the *nation* of fact and history, and that his assembly is an unnatural tyranny, not a natural representation. And if that answer is not given, if, after all, he is left in possession of the field of political justice, the arguments directed against him have an immoral Machiavellian look, which deprives them of the force which they would have if they were pressed in another spirit.

Let, then, the opponents of democracy show themselves as the advocates of true representation, and throw to the winds the epigram in the Essay on Man, which would distinguish governments by their administrative qualities alone, and which is mere foolishness in the mouth of any one who does not look to Nesselrode and Metternich as his types of statesmanship. It will be perceived that anti-democratic doctrines have a positive side, and that their principle is not "cold obstruction," when their advocates give hearty recognition to the unrepresented classes as part of the nation, and show a disposition to allow them the weight to which they are entitled, and to inquire impartially what that weight is. We miss in Lord Grey any evidence of a willingness to deal with their claims as they should be dealt with.

Representation of classes—that is the political idea which is coming daily into greater prominence. The fear is lest it should be put forward in a wrong and merely negative spirit. Let it be

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once frankly admitted that it is as good a cry for the artisan as for the capitalist and the proprietor, and we shall get into a more fruitful course of discussion than any which has of late prevailed. The real question of parliamentary reform is, whether that complex being, the British nation, is fairly represented in parliament. Has any one (and if any one, who?) *a fair right to complain* of the existing distribution of power? "Numbers in a state," says Burke, "although not the whole consideration, *are always of consideration.*" It has been a forgetfulness of one half of the doctrine which has brought the other into disrepute. Lord Grey, if he does not forget the popular half, produces the impression that he remembers it only to evade it. Can we be surprised that the author of such a passage as the following should be looked on as "little better than one of the"—Tories?

"The only sound principle on which constitutional changes can be attempted, is that of directing them to practical improvements of the government, and to the removal of evils that have been felt; not to the gratification of men's passions, or their love of change. But, if this principle is recognised, it follows that a new Reform Bill ought not, like the former one, to aim at the transfer of a large amount of political power from one class of society to another, since this is no longer necessary, in order to protect the general interests of the community from being sacrificed to those of a minority of its members. It is not, however, to be inferred, that no reform of our representation is required, because there is no occasion for altering the existing distribution of political power among different classes of society. A reform is wanted, though not for the same reasons as formerly. In the present state of things, the objects that ought to be aimed at by such a measure are, to interest a larger proportion of the people in the constitution, by investing them with political rights, without disturbing the existing balance of power; to discourage bribery at elections, without giving more influence to the arts of demagogues; to strengthen the legitimate authority of the executive government, and at the same time to guard against its being abused; and to render the distribution of the parliamentary franchise less unequal and less anomalous, but yet carefully to preserve that character which has hitherto belonged to the House of Commons, from its including among its members men representing all the different classes of society, and all the different interests and opinions to be found in the nation."

This looks very much like advising us to make as much show of concession to the democratic spirit as possible, without really parting with any power. We find every fault with it which can be found with a political speculation on the subject. It shows an insensibility to the facts of the case by ignoring the undoubted fact, that an extension of the suffrage sufficiently large to give any real satisfaction would have nothing to do with "the existing balance of power." That means, if it means any thing, a balance

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of power between commercial and territorial aristocracies; but a large extension of the suffrage would impart a new element which it would puzzle both aristocracies to deal with, and the introduction of which might produce results particularly inconvenient to the "advanced Liberals" who now represent Bury, and other similar places. The political economy and evangelical orthodoxy of our comfortable town classes would find their composure a little disturbed if a few genuine representatives of the feeling of the artisans (like Mr. Holyoake) were to come forward.

It shows a perverted political *morale* by tacitly assuming (as, indeed, is more or less assumed throughout the essay) that "bribery" is the natural and legitimate counterpoise to "the arts of demagogues."

It connives at the democratic doctrine of majorities by the mode in which it speaks of the unequal and anomalous character of our present representation.

In our opinion, the three things needful in every Reform discussion are, first and foremost (though negatively), a distinct and practical denial of the principles of "liberty and equality," coupled with a demand of efficient representation of all classes; secondly, an assertion of the right of the artisan class in virtue of their potency in the nation as it exists, of their intelligence, and many fine moral qualities (and also in virtue of their economical delusions, which nothing else would so effectually tend to dispel), to that position in the government of the country which the principle of representation of classes ought to give them; and thirdly, a demand that by some device or other the thinking power of the nation should have its representatives in parliament, and that care should be taken that the pursuit of practical statesmanship from an early age should not be rendered impossible (as there seems some danger of its becoming), except in the case of those cadets of great families who monopolise the county seats. Unless these three objects are kept steadily in view, and boldly put forward, we can see in parliamentary reform only an evil or a delusion; an evil if at every discussion of it we are only to drift aimlessly a little more in the direction of democracy; a delusion if it is taken up without any idea of satisfying the classes whose demand for it is the real reason why it is undertaken at all.

If we were to proceed to discuss measures, it would be apparent that in advocating a right theory we have no hope of seeing it reduced into any completeness of practice. The choice between a few rough expedients is all that is open to us, and the only use of theorising is to determine the direction in which we shall move, and to show the importance of not giving way any further to a simpler doctrine which it would be far easier to carry

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into practical effect. But as in the present condition of parties there seems every probability of our having other opportunities of returning to the subject of parliamentary *reform* properly so called, we will now briefly address ourselves to one or two of the leading characteristics of Lord Grey's work, in what perhaps it would be fair to consider its principal aspect as an essay on *parliamentary government*. He uses that phrase to denote the peculiar system which obtains among ourselves, resting on the doctrine of ministerial responsibility, and tending to obliterate in practice the distinction between the provinces of the legislative and the executive powers. He well observes, that while we keep these functions technically separate, one of the most marked distinctions between the British constitution and that of the United States is, that we practically allow them to run into each other. Since his book appeared, there has been a notable instance of the manner in which the fall of a minister may depend wholly and solely upon the view which the House of Commons may take of his conduct in a single exercise of his executive functions. On the other hand, in spite of the occasional recalcitrancy of particular ministries, there is no doubt that the burden of the initiative in all important legislation is practically imposed on the ministers of the Crown. Aristocratic, therefore, as we are, we leave to the House of Commons an unchecked control over the administration, which the Congress of the United States by no means possesses; and we give the widest possible sweep to our political changes by effecting a total change in the temper in which all our legislation is initiated, whenever we disagree with a minister on a single subject of importance. Such an ultra-revolutionary constitutional theory is qualified in practice by the moral responsibility imposed upon the opposition. The efficiency, the stability, and the dignity of our constitution, may be said to depend on the cautious reserve with which we exercise the power of turning out ministries. One of the greatest alterations introduced by the measure of 1832 has been the material reduction of the power of ministers directly or indirectly occasioned by it. It is evident that Lord Grey considers the maintenance of due relations between the House of Commons and the Queen's servants to be the problem which ought mainly to engage the attention of politicians. After describing ministerial authority in the House as "the very keystone of the whole system of parliamentary government," he thus continues:

"Hitherto the undue diminution of this kind of authority in the government, since the passing of the Reform Acts, has not been so seriously felt as it is likely to be hereafter. Until lately various circumstances, and especially the existence of parties formed previously to the alteration in the constitution of the House of Commons, have com-

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bined to avert, or at least greatly to mitigate, the inconvenience that might have been apprehended from this source. We cannot, however, expect this to continue; and already there are clear indications of the approach of a different order of things, in which, from the dissolution of ancient party ties, and the great curtailment of the indirect influence of the government, the existence of weak administrations may become habitual. The fact of all the most important public questions on which parties were formerly divided having been finally settled, has contributed to increase the difficulty of maintaining the authority of the government in the House of Commons. While these questions were still at issue, they served as a bond of union both to the party which supported, and to that which resisted, the measures in dispute, and helped to keep up the party discipline, upon which the strength of a ministry, as well as that of an opposition, greatly depends.

The events of the last few years are obviously tending to that virtual alteration in the constitution which would result from the loss of the authority of the administration in parliament. There is the greater danger of this, because no change of the law is necessary to bring about such a change in the character of our government. The principle, that the confidence of the House of Commons is necessary to a ministry, was established by no legal enactment, but by opinion and usage, which grew up by degrees. These may be altered as gradually and insensibly as they were originally formed; and the more easily, as there has never at any time been a uniform and unbending rule that ministers ought to retire whenever they meet with a parliamentary defeat. The strongest governments have all occasionally experienced such defeats, under circumstances that have been regarded as making it their duty to bow to the decision of parliament. The government of the country could hardly be carried on, and the just weight of the House of Commons at the same time maintained, if the administration were not allowed on certain occasions thus to submit to it without retiring. But hitherto the rule has been the other way; and it is only of late that there has appeared to be a disposition to multiply exceptions in a manner which may break down the rule. As it becomes more difficult to constitute strong governments, this disposition is likely to increase. A weak ministry, when a popular clamour is raised in favour of measures they know to be wrong, must always be too much tempted to take shelter from responsibility in a sham resistance to them. The House of Commons and the public, on the other hand, may also be frequently tempted to acquiesce in the continuance of a government on these terms, as the easiest mode of carrying some object in favour of which the passions or prejudices of the people may be excited, in opposition to the sober judgment of enlightened and right-minded men."

Lord Grey's desire for "a strong government" is by no means founded on that vulgar liking for rapid and telling legislation and administration which betrays too many superficial observers into a temporary admiration for bureaucratic governments. Nor does he show any tendency to Mr. Carlyle's idola-

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try of direct individual energy. He is a true English statesman in his dislike both of multiform interference and despotic force. He loves a national government and steady national progress, and wishes neither to keep the people in leading-strings nor to see them inspired with the enthusiastic and awe-struck loyalty which enables a Cromwell or a Napoleon to treat a nation like an army, and lead them at once by forced marches to a point which their natural energies would take a much longer time to reach. He thinks a strong ministry indispensable, as the only means yet discovered of combining a deep sense of individual responsibility with government by means of a popular assembly. The advantage which he sets before us is a moral one. The system which he approves is one which shall not enable political leaders to find excuses for questionable acts in the pressure of popular or party influences, particularly those of a vehement and temporary kind. The sense that he approaches his subject in this spirit, and that he has unusual means of judging of the tendencies of modern changes in our political system, ought to induce us to weigh his opinions with great respect. To recur for a moment to our objections to his mode of treating questions of representative reform, we must take leave to express our regret that his silence upon the great first principles of representative government is calculated to create a misunderstanding of his views on those points upon which he is most satisfactory. We are deeply convinced that there is no real inconsistency between a generous tone with reference to the subject of national self-government, and the assertion of stern principles of thoughtfulness and self-denial in speaking of the duties of those to whom the freest state must look up as its rulers and guides.

As his object is caution and warning, we ought not perhaps to expect to find that he lays any great stress upon the more hopeful appearances of the present state of public affairs; and in suggesting one or two grounds of encouragement for the future, we would not be thought insensible to the dangers on which he insists with so much weight of authority. We venture, however, to think that some of the apparent dangers of our present condition arise from circumstances of a comparatively transient kind, and that germs of future stability may be discerned independently of the extension of that direct governmental influence which he thinks it so necessary to secure by preserving a large body of patronage in the hands of the minister of the day.

And, in the first place, we may observe, that the perpetuation of the party traditions of five-and-twenty years ago, so far from affording a purely preservative influence which we shall miss when those traditions finally die out, is rather a cause of weak-

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ness than of strength. The efficiency of party organisations depends on the distinctness with which opposing principles are held, and the interest which they excite in their advocates. Now at present there is quite too large a common element in our great parties, and the real division of sentiment and opinion which will one day renew the healthy struggle between outs and ins exists on both sides of the House, but is hampered and masked by a variety of personal and party associations banding men together in connections which are not at issue with each other on really great and important matters. In one sense Whiggism and Toryism will never be extinct; but in another, Toryism is dead already, and it appears to us that we are steadily approaching a state of politics like that which prevailed in the United States before slavery, and annexation, and protection became matters of such absorbing interest, and when the division between Tories and Whigs was replaced by that between Whigs and Democrats. Perhaps we take too cheerful a view; but we cannot help looking on the change with complacency; for what does it amount to but that the party of stability, instead of depending on the blind allegiance of a host of ignorant prejudices, is recruited by men of disciplined and educated minds, who attach themselves to it as a matter of principle? We still feel the effects of that terrific shock with which the eighteenth century closed. A lengthened repose was broken by an ardent and youthful onslaught on every thing established, and stolidity on the one side offered a very wholesome resistance to sanguine and intemperate zeal on the other. But there would be little hope for human affairs if free institutions could only be kept in a healthy state by a perpetuation of this strife between bold discovery and the timid obstinacy of mere use and wont. The elements of a far nobler and truer conservatism are to be found among all parties; and we need not fear but that when the extinction of some old quarrels, and the departure of their heroes from the scene, allow these scattered elements to draw together, they in their turn will take up a sufficient number of untenable positions to afford exercise for assailants ready to measure the strength of their youth against the wisdom and experience of a too cautious Treasury bench.

Another ground of hope is to be found in the habit which Englishmen have of organising themselves quickly when necessary, *and not till then.* Nothing will induce Englishmen to stand in rank and file on small occasions, and when they are not ordered to do so by what they are pleased to consider competent authority. They hate pomposity and palaver, and will never be made to understand the advantages of routine for routine's sake. For this reason their party discipline is easily relaxed at a time when party struggles do not involve matters of real interest.

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But, for our own parts, we do not fear that, when occasions for acting with order and subordination present themselves, there will be any failure to do so. Our countrymen decline to stand in an orderly *queue* at the door of a theatre, and woe betide the policeman who should attempt to introduce such an innovation; but our soldiers can stand drawn up in motionless ranks on shipboard amid the terrors of the wildest storm, and yield precise obedience to their officers till the moment when they are finally engulfed in the waves. The presence of national danger silences faction, and we feel a strong faith that if there is much setting up and pulling down of ministries on small occasions, it will be because no serious interests are jeopardised in the process. The continual criticism of the details of measures, and the indisposition on the part of members to acquiesce in a ready-made policy, to follow party leaders with implicit trust, or to be always considering whether their individual scruples and perplexities may not fritter away the strength of an administration to which they feel able to give a general support, appear to us to be inseparable from the vast scope and endless particularity of our modern legislation. If these hindrances place some check upon parliamentary action, perhaps no great harm will be done; and, at all events, the absence of such small vigilance would be very dangerous when long bills indirectly (and often, indeed, directly) affecting private or corporate interests are daily making their appearance.

Lord Grey's antecedents dispose us to think that he overlooks or disparages one reason for the apparently fitful temper of recent parliaments, which has little to do either with the manner of their election or with the principles on which their business is conducted. We refer to the increasing interest taken in matters of foreign policy. Great ignorance upon such subjects prevails, but at the same time there is strong feeling, and the feelings excited do not suit particularly well with our party divisions at home. We are beginning to feel sore, gloomy, and not wholly unapprehensive, as we look at the darkening aspect of the Continent of Europe, and the extension on every hand of slavery political and religious. At the same time we don't know what to say to the revolutionary doctrines which are abroad. We have a hearty dislike for the oppressors of "the nationalities," and our allies the French, who say we puzzle them and try their temper, certainly return our good offices of that kind; but as for communism, we abominate it, and we would rather not be asked to give in our adhesion either to democracy or to *la solidarité des peuples*. Peace and retrenchment are the traditional rallying cries of the old Liberal party. The Tories have long been assiduously cultivating similar modes of speech, in order to recommend

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themselves without any direct sacrifice of principle, and they cannot be expected to unlearn their lesson for the purpose of heading a crusade in favour of "liberty all the world over." A damp too is cast upon our aspirations of various kinds by the growing dislike which we feel for the proceedings of our Transatlantic kinsmen, and by our disappointment at finding them not only falsifying many of our prophecies respecting themselves, but turning upon us with undisguised hostility when we thought ourselves surest of their sympathy and coöperation. We cannot form ourselves into compact parties to debate home questions which do not stir our sympathies strongly, when we feel that the questions of the day are European questions, and that our old party classifications give us leaders who, from whatever side they come, will not speak frankly, and do not inspire us with confidence on the subject of the dark phase through which human society appears to be passing.

Those of our statesmen who have occupied themselves with matters outside of our own country and dependencies, keep their knowledge as a secret and sacred thing, with which the vulgar are not to intermeddle. The public wants instruction, and remains uninstructed; and has fits of enthusiasm and disappointment which take away that proud and equable cheerfulness to which Englishmen have long been accustomed. We believe that the real craving of those who in these times take a vivid interest in politics, is to understand how it is that we seem to be so powerless in the midst of an absolutist reaction, and even hear mutterings within our own borders about the unsatisfactory nature of free institutions. We do not impute any unworthy scepticism on the latter subject to the son of Charles Earl Grey; but a rather more hearty expression of confidence from such a quarter would have been cheering. Placed as we are, we believe that an isolated and expectant policy is the only eligible one; but it would be easier to acquiesce in it if the national sentiment were better reflected among our public men. For our own parts, we believe that positive omissions to act, and still more a persistently wrong tone adopted by some of our most prominent statesmen in years not so very long past, have made us in some degree responsible for the present state of affairs. This, coupled with the reserve on such questions practised by some, and the neglect of our external policy indulged in by most, have generated a want of confidence foreign to our habits and fatal to our party discipline. It is not that occasions for active measures of foreign policy are often known to occur, but that when the nation and its leaders misunderstand each other on these points, the misunderstanding evinces a want of sympathy which hinders loyal following on other questions. The English are a very difficult

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people to understand in this matter; and perhaps many will think we altogether exaggerate the effect of the mistrust to which we allude. No doubt the average man of business fancies he is quite utilitarian, and all for non-interference; and seems to plume himself on an ignorant contempt for every thing which is not insular. But it is dangerous to take him at his word; and to prove that it is so, it is only necessary to look back at the history of the last ten years, and consider what sort of causes have made and wrecked reputations in their course. Lord Aberdeen, Mr. Gladstone, Lord John Russell, and Lord Palmerston, must, one would think, have found by this time that there is a deep hatred of continental despotisms in the English mind, which will prevent it from heartily acknowledging any chiefs who are thought, rightly or wrongly, to be indifferentists in the cause of general freedom.

We will not admit that the only passion which lacks its gratification is the national vanity. Even granting that this might be sufficient to explain the indignation excited by diplomatic failures at Vienna, and French threats unanswered, the strong desire for war with Russia was occasioned by no wounds to our susceptibility, any more than the invincible repugnance of the people to the Austrian alliance. Even Mr. Gladstone almost gained a hold on the popular affections (notwithstanding his supposed skill in dialectics and his ecclesiastical crotchets) by his Letters from Naples, which had no direct bearing on any subject touching the national pride. Lord Palmerston himself did not owe his popularity so much to his unreliable *civis Romanus* doctrine as to the belief that he was the only statesman the main object of whose life was the extension of constitutional freedom. In spite of our attachment to our gallant allies over the Channel, and our anxiety to admit them to go rather more than halves with us even in Eastern waters, and in spite too of the many misdeeds of Lord John Russell, there is yet an under-current of feeling that, as regards the French Emperor and "the new kind of despotism," the old Whig leader is the one man who has not bowed the knee to Baal; and if we mistake not, he will get his reward accordingly.

We believe, then, that the want of serious application to the task of instructing and guiding the nation on the questions which are at present the most capable of moving it deeply, the want of sympathy with its highest hopes and most chilling apprehensions, and the indisposition either to arouse or to confide in its impulses, which characterise our statesmen, have much to do with the disintegration of the political world. To this, and to the manner in which old names, connections, and prejudices, interfere with the natural division into a party of stillness and a

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party of movement, which, under whatever names, form by action and counteraction the machine of all parliamentary government, we think that the weakness of recent ministries is mainly attributable; and we have every confidence in the healthy power of our constitution to recover ultimately its full play and spring.

It by no means follows that we should neglect Lord Grey's warning against the mistake of leaving the government without any patronage in its hands to reward its adherents. We agree with him that no good will be done by expecting men to profess or practise a quixotic superiority to the benefits derivable from an alliance with those in power. If a man selects his party conscientiously, and has that due appreciation of his own merits, without which he is not likely to be eminently useful to others, there is no harm in his feeling that he has a right to serve the State which he has helped to save, be it only in the capacity of a revising barrister, an Irish peer, or a colonial chief-justice. There is harm in making the natural effects of *esprit de corps* subjects of imputation in a system which can only be worked by means of *esprit de corps*, and in importing covert dealing and hypocrisy into transactions which it is impossible to abolish, and which do not on the whole involve more abuses than are necessarily incident to any system in which fallible mortals are intrusted with large discretionary powers. Lord Grey's remarks on patronage generally, and especially his explanation of the relations which subsist between our permanent civil service and the rest of our institutions, and his defence of our practice in this department of the art of government, are well deserving of attentive consideration; but our space does not allow of our entering upon the subject here.

We must not conclude without adverting to the probable effect upon our system of having some representatives of the artisan class in the House of Commons. We must take leave to assume (although we have no doubt that this element ought to make its appearance) that such representatives will at first, and for some considerable time, be few in number. It must never be forgotten how large a part of the business of Parliament consists in raising and spending money; and as long as this is the case, it is only fair that the moneyed classes, when they act together, should have the ultimate control of the State. We do not therefore anticipate—and we should earnestly deprecate if we did anticipate—an importation of artisan influence sufficient to give a perceptible impulse to our movements in any new direction. Such an experiment would be far too hazardous to be risked. But indirectly, we believe that members *really* representing the artisan class would have a very considerable effect upon our proceedings. The reason is, that in their presence it

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would be impossible to blink questions of principle. The little verbal mystifications, the avoidance by mutual understanding of delicate topics, the narrowing of great questions to petty issues, which find acceptance among the adepts in the game of politics, would be good for nothing in the presence of the stern logic of the working-man's true representative. He has always been out of the game; and has no mind to learn it, seeing no fun in it, but rather a dreary waste of time. The necessity of dealing with him, and of answering the somewhat elementary questions which he would put, would tend more than any thing else to marshal men in disciplined ranks, in order to support or oppose definite and well-marked opinions. Such at least is our hope and anticipation. But it will not be realised unless the working-men elect worthy representatives of their order; and the uncertainty whether they will do so—whether, indeed, it will be possible for them to do so—is in itself a sufficient reason for proceeding tentatively and cautiously in giving them the opportunity. If they were to select pothouse orators,—men who lead strikes without needing to strike themselves,—small flashy *litterateurs*, and generally men of words rather than men of thought,—they would only bring in an annoying but contemptible element of confusion.

We have quoted one passage from the book before us for the purpose of taking exception to its spirit; and we cannot help feeling the coldness of the atmosphere which pervades the whole. The extract with which we conclude will, we think, exhibit with fairness the general character of Earl Grey's views, and indicate the point from which he contemplates his subject.

"Assuming this to be true, it follows that the great object of those who desire to prevent a dangerous disturbance of the balance of the constitution ought to be to secure the adoption of a just and well-considered plan of reform, instead of one based upon the principle of ultra-democracy.

But the ultimate passing of a measure of the last kind is not more likely to be insured by a determined resistance to all reform than by allowing bills to pass which make apparently slight additions to the democratic power, and which may perhaps be plausible in themselves. I advert to such proposals as that for the extension of the county franchise, which was defeated by a small majority in the last House of Commons, and would probably have been carried in the new one but for the effect of the ministerial promise. As part of a large measure, holding out the prospect of settling the question of parliamentary reform for some considerable time, this is a proposal which might probably be adopted with advantage, but which, if carried singly, would be calculated only to increase both the appetite for further change, and the power of those who demand it. The danger of such alterations in the franchise is exceedingly well stated by M. de Tocqueville in the following passage. He says: 'Lorsqu'un peuple commence à toucher

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au cens électoral, on peut prévoir qu'il arrivera, dans un délai plus ou moins long, à le faire disparaître complétement. C'est là l'une des règles les plus invariables qui régissent les sociétés. A mesure qu'on recule la limite des droits électoraux, on sent le besoin de reculer davantage; car après chaque concession nouvelle, les forces de la démocratie augmentent, et ses exigences croissent avec son nouveau pouvoir. L'ambition de ceux qu'on laisse au dessous du cens, s'irrite en proportion du grand nombre de ceux qui se trouvent au dessus. L'exception devient enfin la règle; les concessions se succèdent sans relâche, et on ne s'arrête plus, que quand on est arrivé au suffrage universel.'

Nothing can be more just than this reasoning; and it leads directly to the conclusion, that there is more real danger in such small and partial measures as that I have mentioned (which are mere steps towards democracy) than in a more extensive change in our representation, provided the latter is founded on a deliberate review of our whole system, and is so framed as to correct the faults in opposite directions which are to be found in it. If, therefore, permanent resistance to all change in the state of the representation is (as I believe) impossible, the wise course for those who hold Conservative opinions is to show themselves ready to concur in some fair and reasonable settlement of the question of parliamentary reform. Their doing so would be no less for their interest as a party than for the good of the country; since in the present state of opinion, so long as the question of parliamentary reform remains unsettled, not only the general question itself, but those particular ones which form part of it,—such as the ballot, the extension of the franchise, and the shortening of parliaments,—will throw difficulties in the way of Conservative candidates in populous places.

To these reasons, in favour of the adoption by the Conservative party of the policy I have described, I would add, that the events of the last few years strongly indicate that, even if there were no wish on the part of the people for organic change of any kind, the time is coming when it will be impossible that things should remain as they are. The difficulties in carrying on our system of parliamentary government, to which I have adverted in a former chapter, as having arisen partly from the Reform Acts of 1832, partly from other causes, seem to be growing more and more serious, and threaten virtually to break down the system itself, unless something is done to strengthen the authority of the servants of the Crown in parliament. But it would obviously be impracticable to effect this, unless the changes which may be proposed with that view should form part of a general measure, by which an extension of popular rights should also be granted."

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Bey
wal'r Bagehot

Art. VIII.—THE WAVERLEY NOVELS.

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It is not commonly on the generation which was contemporary with the production of great works of art that they exercise their most magical influence. Nor is it on the distant people whom we call posterity. Contemporaries bring to new books formed minds and stiffened creeds; posterity, if it regard them at all, looks at them as old subjects, worn-out topics, and hears a disputation on their merits with languid impartiality, like aged judges in a court of appeal. Even standard authors exercise but slender influence on the susceptible minds of a rising generation; they are become "papa's books;" the walls of the library are adorned with their regular volumes; but no hand touches them. Their fame is itself half an obstacle to their popularity; a delicate fancy shrinks from employing so great a celebrity as the companion of an idle hour. The generation which is really most influenced by a work of genius is commonly that which is still young when the first controversy respecting its merits arises; with the eagerness of youth they read and re-read; their vanity is not unwilling to adjudicate: in the process their imagination is formed; the creations of the author range themselves in the memory; they become part of the substance of the very mind. The works of Sir Walter Scott can hardly be said to have gone through this exact process. Their immediate popularity was unbounded. No one—a few most captious critics apart—ever questioned their peculiar power. Still they are subject to a transition, which is in principle the same. At the time of their publication mature contemporaries read them with delight. Superficial the reading of grown men in some sort must ever be; it is only once in a lifetime that we can know the passionate reading of youth; men soon lose its eager learning power. But from peculiarities

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in their structure, which we shall try to indicate, the novels of Scott suffered less than almost any book of equal excellence from this inevitable superficiality of perusal. Their plain, and, so to say, cheerful merits, suit the occupied man of genial middle life. Their appreciation was to an unusual degree coincident with their popularity. The next generation, hearing the praises of their fathers in their earliest reading time, seized with avidity on the volumes; and there is much in very many of them which is admirably fitted for the delight of boyhood. A third generation has now risen into at least the commencement of literary life, which is quite removed from the unbounded enthusiasm with which the Scotch novels were originally received, and does not always share the still more eager partiality of those who, in the opening of their minds, first received the tradition of their excellence. New books have arisen to compete with these; new interests distract us from them. The time, therefore, is not perhaps unfavourable for a slight criticism of these celebrated fictions; and their continual republication without any criticism for many years seems almost to demand it.

There are two kinds of fiction which, though in common literature they may run very much into one another, are yet in reality distinguishable and separate. One of these, which we may call the *ubiquitous*, aims at describing the whole of human life in all its spheres, in all its aspects, with all its varied interests, aims, and objects. It searches through the whole life of man; his practical pursuits, his speculative attempts, his romantic youth, and his domestic age. It gives an entire feature of all these; or if there be any lineaments which it forbears to depict, they are only such as the inevitable repression of a regulated society excludes from the admitted province of literary art. Of this kind are the novels of Cervantes and Le Sage, and, to a certain extent, of Smollett or Fielding. In our own time, Mr. Dickens is an author whom nature intended to write to a certain extent with this aim. He should have given us *not* disjointed novels, with a vague attempt at a romantic plot, but sketches of diversified scenes, and the obvious life of varied mankind. The literary fates, however, if such beings there are, allotted otherwise. By a very terrible example of the way in which in this world great interests are postponed to little ones, the genius of authors is habitually sacrificed to the tastes of readers. In this age, the great readers of fiction are young people. The "addiction" of these is to romance; and accordingly a kind of novel has become so familiar to us as almost to engross the name, which deals solely with the passion of love; and if it uses other parts of human life for the occasions of its art, it does so only cursorily and occasionally, and with a view of throwing into a stronger or more delicate

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light those sentimental parts of earthly affairs which are the special objects of delineation. All prolonged delineation of other parts of human life is considered "dry," stupid, and distracts the mind of the youthful generation from the "fantasies" which peculiarly charm it. Mr. Olmsted has a story of some deputation of the Indians, at which the American orator harangued the barbarian audience about the "great spirit," and "the land of their fathers," in the style of Mr. Cooper's novels; during a moment's pause in the great stream, an old Indian asked the deputation, "Why does your chief speak thus to us? we did not wish great instruction or fine words; we desire brandy and tobacco." No critic in a time of competition will speak uncourteously of any reader of either sex; but it is indisputable that the old kind of novel, full of "great instruction" and varied pictures, does not afford to some young gentlemen and some young ladies either the peculiar stimulus or the peculiar solace which they desire.

The Waverley Novels were published at a time when the causes that thus limit the sphere of fiction were coming into operation, but when they had not yet become so omnipotent as they are now. Accordingly these novels every where bear marks of a state of transition. They are not devoted with any thing like the present exclusiveness to the sentimental part of human life. They describe great events, singular characters, strange accidents, strange states of society; they dwell with a peculiar interest—and as if for their own sake—on antiquarian details relating to a past society. Singular customs, social practices, even political institutions which existed once in Scotland, and even elsewhere, during the middle ages, are explained with a careful minuteness. At the same time the sentimental element assumes a great deal of prominence. The book is in fact, as well as in theory, a narrative of the feelings and fortunes of the hero and heroine. An attempt more or less successful has been made to insert an interesting love-story in each novel. Sir Walter was quite aware that the best delineation of the oddest characters, or the most quaint societies, or the strangest incidents, would not in general satisfy his readers. He has invariably attempted an account of youthful, sometimes of decidedly juvenile, feelings and actions. The difference between Sir Walter's novels and the specially romantic fictions of the present day is, that in the former the love-story is always, or nearly always, connected with some great event, or the fortunes of some great historical character, or the peculiar movements and incidents of some strange state of society; and that the author did not suppose or expect that his readers would be so absorbed in the sentimental aspect of human life as to be unable or unwilling to be interested

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in, or to attend to, any other. There is always a *locus in quo*, if the expression may be pardoned, in the Waverley Novels. The hero and heroine walk among the trees of the forest according to rule, but we are expected to take an interest in the forest as well as in them.

No novel, therefore, of Sir Walter Scott's can be considered to come exactly within the class which we have called the ubiquitous. None of them in any material degree attempts to deal with human affairs in all their spheres—to delineate as a whole the life of man. The canvas has a large background, in some cases too large either for artistic effect or the common reader's interest; but there are always real boundaries—Sir Walter had no *thesis* to maintain. Scarcely any writer will set himself to delineate the whole of human life, unless he has a doctrine concerning human life to put forth and inculcate. The effort is *doctrinaire*. Scott's imagination was strictly conservative. He could understand (with a few exceptions) any considerable movement of human life and action, and could always describe with easy freshness every thing which he did understand; but he was not obliged by stress of fanaticism to maintain a dogma concerning them, or to show their peculiar relation to the general sphere of life. He described vigorously and boldly the peculiar scene and society which in every novel he had selected as the theatre of romantic action. Partly from their fidelity to nature, and partly from a consistency in the artist's mode of representation, these pictures group themselves from the several novels in the imagination, and an habitual reader comes to think of and understand what is meant by "Scott's world;" but the writer had no such distinct object before him. No one novel was designed to be a delineation of the world as Scott viewed it. We have vivid and fragmentary histories; it is for the slow critic of after-times to piece together their teaching.

From this intermediate position of the Waverley Novels, or at any rate in exact accordance with its requirements, is the special characteristic for which they are most remarkable. We may call this in a brief phrase their *romantic sense;* and perhaps we cannot better illustrate it than by a quotation from the novel to which the series owes its most usual name. It occurs in the description of the court-ball which Charles Edward is described as giving at Holyrood House the night before his march southward on his strange adventure. The striking interest of the scene before him, and the peculiar position of his own sentimental career, are described as influencing the mind of the hero. "Under the influence of these mixed sensations, and cheered at times by a smile of intelligence and approbation from the Prince as he passed the group, Waverley exerted his powers of fancy,

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animation and eloquence, and attracted the general admiration of the company. The conversation gradually assumed the line best qualified for the display of his talents and acquisitions. The gaiety of the evening was exalted in character, rather than checked, by the approaching dangers of the morrow. All nerves were strung for the future, and prepared to enjoy the present. This mood is highly favourable for the exercise of the powers of imagination, for poetry, and for that eloquence which is allied to poetry." Neither 'eloquence' nor 'poetry' are the exact words with which it would be appropriate to describe the fresh style of the Waverley Novels; but the imagination of their author was stimulated by a fancied mixture of sentiment and fact very much as he describes Waverley's to have been by a real experience of the two at once. The second volume of Waverley is one of the most striking illustrations of this peculiarity. The character of Charles Edward, his adventurous undertaking, his ancestral rights, the mixed selfishness and enthusiasm of the Highland chiefs, the fidelity of their hereditary followers, their striking and strange array, the contrast with the Baron of Bradwardine and the Lowland gentry; the collision of the motley and half-appointed host with the formed and finished English society, its passage by the Cumberland mountains and the blue lake of Ullswater,—are unceasingly and without effort present to the mind of the writer, and incite with their historical interest the susceptibility of his imagination. But at the same time the mental struggle, or rather transition, in the mind of Waverley,—for his mind was of the faint order which scarcely struggles,—is never for an instant lost sight of. In the very midst of the inroad and the conflict, the acquiescent placidity with which the hero exchanges the service of the imperious for the appreciation of the 'nice' heroine, is kept before us, and the imagination of Scott wandered without effort from the great scene of martial affairs to the natural but rather unheroic sentiments of a young gentleman not very difficult to please. There is no trace of effort in the transition, as is so common in the inferior works of later copyists. Many historical novelists, especially those who with care and pains have 'read up' their detail, are often evidently in a strait how to pass from their history to their sentiment. The fancy of Sir Walter could not help connecting the two. If he had given us the English side of the race to Derby, he would have described the Bank of England paying in sixpences, and also the loves of the cashier.

It is not unremarkable in connection with this the special characteristic of the 'Scotch novels,' that their author began his literary life by collecting the old ballads of his native country. Ballad poetry is, in comparison at least with many other kinds of poetry, a sensible thing. It describes not only romantic events,

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but historical ones, incidents in which there is a form and body and consistence,—events which have a result. Such a poem as "Chevy Chace" we need not explain has its prosaic side. The latest historian of Greece has nowhere been more successful than in his attempt to derive from Homer, the greatest of ballad poets, a thorough and consistent account of the political working of the Homeric state of society. The early natural imagination of men seizes firmly on all which interests the minds and hearts of natural men. We find in its delineations the council as well as the marriage; the harsh conflict as well as the deep love-affair. Scott's own poetry is essentially a modernised edition of the traditional poems which his early youth was occupied in collecting. The *Lady of the Lake* is a sort of *boudoir* ballad, yet it contains its element of common sense and broad delineation. The exact position of Lowlander and Highlander would not be more aptly described in a set treatise than in the well-known lines:

"Saxon, from yonder mountain high
I marked thee send delighted eye
Far to the south and east, where lay,
Extended in succession gay,
Deep waving fields and pastures green,
With gentle slopes and hills between:
These fertile plains, that softened vale,
Were once the birthright of the Gael.
The stranger came with iron hand,
And from our fathers rent the land.
Where dwell we now! See rudely swell
Crag over crag, and fell o'er fell.
Ask we the savage hill we tread
For fattened steer or household bread;
Ask we for flocks those shingles dry,—
And well the mountain might reply,
To you, as to your sires of yore,
Belong the target and claymore;
I give you shelter in my breast,
Your own good blades must win the rest.
Pent in this fortress of the North,
Think'st thou we will not sally forth
To spoil the spoiler as we may,
And from the robber rend the prey?
Ay, by my soul! While on yon plain
The Saxon rears one shock of grain;
While of ten thousand herds there strays
But one along yon river's maze;
The Gael, of plain and river heir,
Shall with strong hand redeem his share."

We need not search the same poem for specimens of the romantic element, for the whole poem is full of them. The incident in which Ellen discovers who Fitz-James really is, is perhaps excessively romantic. At any rate the lines,—

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"To him each lady's look was lent;
On him each courteous eye was bent;
Midst furs and silks and jewels sheen,
He stood in simple Lincoln green,
The centre of the glittering ring,
And Snowdoun's knight is Scotland's king,"—

may be cited as very sufficient example of the sort of sentimental incident which is separable from extreme feeling. When Scott, according to his own half-jesting but half-serious expression, was 'beaten out of poetry' by Byron, he began to express in more pliable prose the same combination which his verse had been used to convey. As might have been expected, the sense became in the novels more free, vigorous, and flowing, because it is less cramped by the vehicle in which it is conveyed. The range of character which can be adequately delineated in narrative verse is much narrower than that which can be described in the combination of narrative with dramatic prose; and perhaps even the sentiment of the novels is manlier and freer; a delicate unreality hovers over the *Lady of the Lake.*

The sensible element, if we may so express it, of the Waverley Novels appears in various forms. One of the most striking is in the delineation of great political events and influential political institutions. We are not by any means about to contend that Scott is to be taken as an infallible or an impartial authority for the parts of history which he delineates. On the contrary, we believe all the world now agrees that there are many deductions to be made from, many exceptions to be taken to, the accuracy of his delineations. Still, whatever period or incident we take, we shall always find in the error a great, in one or two cases perhaps an extreme, mixture of the mental element which we term common sense. The strongest *un*sensible feeling in Scott was perhaps his Jacobitism, which crept out even in small incidents and recurring prejudice throughout the whole of his active career, and was, so to say, the emotional aspect of his habitual Toryism. Yet no one can have given a more sensible delineation, we might say a more statesmanlike analysis, of the various causes which led to the momentary success, and to the speedy ruin, of the enterprise of Charles Edward. Mr. Lockhart says, that notwithstanding Scott's imaginative readiness to exalt Scotland at the expense of England, no man would have been more willing to join in emphatic opposition to an anti-English party, if any such had presented itself with a practical object. Similarly his Jacobitism, though not without moments of real influence, passed away when his mind was directed to broad masses of fact and general conclusions of political reasoning. A similar observation may be made as to Scott's Toryism; although it is certain that there was an enthusiastic, and in the malicious sense,

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poetical element in Scott's Toryism, yet it quite as indisputably partook largely of two other elements, which are in common repute prosaic. He shared abundantly in the love of administration and organisation, common to all men of great active powers. He liked to contemplate method at work and order in action. Every body hates to hear that the Duke of Wellington asked "how the king's government was to be carried on." No amount of warning wisdom will bear so fearful a repetition. Still he *did* say it, and Scott had a sympathising foresight of the oracle before it was spoken. One element of his conservatism is his sympathy with the administrative arrangement, which is confused by the objections of a Whiggish opposition, and is liable to be altogether destroyed by uprisings of the populace. His biographer, while pointing out the strong contrast between Scott and the argumentative and parliamentary statesmen of his age, avows his opinion that in other times, and with sufficient opportunities, Scott's ability in managing men would have enabled him to "play the part of Cecil or of Gondomar." We may see how much an insensible enthusiasm for such abilities breaks out, not only in the description of hereditary monarchs, where the sentiment might be ascribed to a different origin, but also in the delineation of upstart rulers, who could have no hereditary sanctity in the eyes of any Tory. Roland Græme, in the *Abbot*, is well described as losing in the presence of the Regent Murray the natural impertinence of his disposition. "He might have braved with indifference the presence of an earl merely distinguished by his belt and coronet; but he felt overawed in that of the soldier and statesman, the wielder of a nation's power, and the leader of her armies." It is easy to perceive that the author shares the feeling of his hero by the evident pleasure with which he dwells on the regent's demeanour: "He then turned slowly round toward Roland Græme, and the marks of gaiety, real or assumed, disappeared from his countenance as completely as the passing bubbles leave the dark mirror of a still profound lake into which the traveller has cast a stone; in the course of a minute his noble features had assumed their natural expression of melancholy gravity," &c. In real life Scott used to say that he never remembered feeling abashed in any one's presence except the Duke of Wellington's. Like that of the hero of his novel, his imagination was very susceptible to the influence of great achievement, and prolonged success in wide-spreading affairs.

The view which Scott seems to have taken of democracy indicates exactly the same sort of application of a plain sense to the visible parts of the subject. His imagination was singularly penetrated with the strange varieties and motley composition of hu-

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man life. The extraordinary multitude and striking contrast of the characters in his novels show this at once. And even more strikingly is the same habit of mind indicated by a tendency never to omit an opportunity of describing those varied crowds and assemblages which concentrate for a moment into a unity the scattered and unlike varieties of mankind. Thus, but a page or two before the passage which we alluded to in the *Abbot*, we find the following: "It was indeed no common sight to Roland, the vestibule of a palace, traversed by its various groups,—some radiant with gaiety—some pensive, and apparently weighed down by affairs concerning the state, or concerning themselves. Here the hoary statesman, with his cautious yet commanding look, his furred cloak and sable pantoufles; there the soldier in buff and steel, his long sword jarring against the pavement, and his whiskered upper lip and frowning brow looking an habitual defiance of danger, which perhaps was not always made good; there again passed my lord's serving-man, high of heart and bloody of hand, humble to his master and his master's equals, insolent to all others. To these might be added, the poor suitor, with his anxious look and depressed mien—the officer, full of his brief authority, elbowing his betters, and possibly his benefactors, out of the road—the proud priest, who sought a better benefice—the proud baron, who sought a grant of church lands—the robber chief, who came to solicit a pardon for the injuries he had inflicted on his neighbours—the plundered franklin, who came to seek vengeance for that which he had himself received. Besides there was the mustering and disposition of guards and soldiers—the despatching of messengers, and the receiving them—the trampling and neighing of horses without the gate—the flashing of arms, and rustling of plumes, and jingling of spurs within it. In short, it was that gay and splendid confusion, in which the eye of youth sees all that is brave and brilliant, and that of experience much that is doubtful, deceitful, false, and hollow—hopes that will never be gratified—promises which will never be fulfilled—pride in the disguise of humility—and insolence in that of frank and generous bounty." As in the imagination of Shakespeare, so in that of Scott, the principal form and object were the structure—that is a hard word—the undulation and diversified composition of human society; the picture of this stood in the centre, and every thing else was accessory and secondary to it. The old "rows of books," in which Scott so peculiarly delighted, were made to contribute their element to this varied imagination of humanity. From old family histories, odd memoirs, old law-trials, his fancy elicited new traits to add to the motley assemblage. His objection to democracy—an objection of which we can only appreciate the emphatic force,

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when we remember that his youth was contemporary with the first French Revolution, and the controversy as to the uniform and stereotyped rights of man—was, that it would sweep away this entire picture, level prince and peasant in a common *égalité*, —substitute a scientific rigidity for the irregular and picturesque growth of centuries,—replace an abounding and genial life by a symmetrical but lifeless mechanism. All the descriptions of society in the novels,—whether of feudal society, of modern Scotch society, or of English society,—are largely coloured by this feeling. It peeps out every where, and liberal critics have endeavoured to show that it was a narrow Toryism; but in reality it is a subtle compound of the natural instinct of the artist with the plain sagacity of the man of the world.

It would be tedious to show how clearly the same sagacity appears in his delineation of the various great events and movements in society which are described in the Scotch novels. There is scarcely one of them which does not bear it on its surface. Objections may, as we shall show, be urged to the delineation which Scott has given of the Puritan resistance and rebellions, yet scarcely any one will say there is not a worldly sense in it. On the contrary, the very objection is, that it is too worldly, and far too exclusively sensible.

The same thoroughly well-grounded sagacity and comprehensive appreciation of human life is shown in the treatment of what we may call *anomalous* characters. In general, monstrosity is no topic for art. Every one has known in real life characters which if, apart from much experience, he had found described in books, he would have thought unnatural and impossible. Scott, however, abounds in such characters. Meg Merrilies, Edie Ochiltree, Radcliffe, are more or less of that description. That of Meg Merrilies especially is as distorted and eccentric as any thing can be. Her appearance is described as making Mannering "start;" and well it might: "She was full six feet high, wore a man's greatcoat over the rest of her dress, had in her hand a goodly sloethorn cudgel, and in all points of equipment except the petticoats seemed rather masculine than feminine. Her dark elf-locks shot out like the snakes of the gorgon between an old-fashioned bonnet called a bongrace, heightening the singular effect of her strong and weather-beaten features, which they partly shadowed, while her eye had a wild roll that indicated something of insanity." Her career in the tale corresponds with the strangeness of her exterior. "Harlot, thief, witch, and gipsy," as she describes herself, the hero is preserved by her virtues; half-crazed as she is described to be, he owes his safety on more than one occasion to her skill in stratagem, and ability in managing those with whom she is connected, and who are

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most likely to be familiar with her weakness and to detect her craft. Yet on hardly any occasion is the natural reader conscious of this strangeness. Something is of course attributable to the skill of the artist; for no other power of mind could produce the effect, unless it were aided by the unconscious tact of detailed expression. But the fundamental explanation of this remarkable success is the distinctness with which Scott saw how such a character as Meg Merrilies arose and was produced out of the peculiar circumstances of gipsy life in the localities in which he has placed his scene. He has exhibited this to his readers not by lengthy or elaborate description, but by chosen incidents, short comments, and touches of which he scarcely foresaw the effect. This is the only way in which the fundamental objection to making eccentricity the subject of artistic treatment can be obviated. Monstrosity ceases to be such when we discern the laws of nature which evolve it: when a real science explains its phenomena, we find that it is in strict accordance with what we call the natural type, but that some rare adjunct or uncommon casualty has interfered and distorted a nature which is really the same, into a phenomenon which is altogether different. Just so with eccentricity in human character; it becomes a topic of literary art only when its identity with the ordinary principles of human nature is exhibited in the midst of, and, as it were, by means of, the superficial unlikeness. Such a skill, however, requires an easy careless familiarity with usual human life and common human conduct. A writer must have a sympathy with health before he can show us how, and where, and to what extent, that which is unhealthy deviates from it; and it is this consistent acquaintance with regular life which makes the irregular characters of Scott so happy a contrast to the uneasy distortions of less sagacious novelists.

A good deal of the same criticism may be applied to the delineation which Scott has given us of the *poor*. In truth, poverty is an anomaly to rich people. It is very difficult to make out why people who want dinner do not ring the bell. One half of the world, according to the saying, do not know how the other half lives. Accordingly, nothing is so rare in fiction as a good delineation of the poor. Though perpetually with us in reality, we rarely meet them in our reading. The requirements of the case present an unusual difficulty to artistic delineation. A good deal of the character of the poor is an unfit topic for continuous art, and yet we wish to have in our books a lifelike exhibition of the whole of that character. Mean manners and mean vices are unfit for prolonged delineation; the everyday pressure of narrow necessities is too petty a pain and too anxious a reality to be dwelt upon. We can bear the mere description of the *Parish Register*—

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> "But this poor farce has neither truth nor art
> To please the fancy or to touch the heart.
> Dark but not awful, dismal but yet mean,
> With anxious bustle moves the cumbrous scene;
> Presents no objects tender or profound,
> But spreads its cold unmeaning gloom around;"—

but who could bear to have a long narrative of fortunes "dismal but yet mean," with characters "dark but not awful," and no objects "tender or profound." Mr. Dickens has in various parts of his writings been led by a sort of pre-Raphaelite *cultus* of reality into an error of this species. His poor people have taken to their poverty very thoroughly; they are poor talkers and poor livers, and in all ways poor people to read about. A whole array of writers have fallen into an opposite mistake. Wishing to preserve their delineations clear from the defects of meanness and vulgarity, they have attributed to the poor a fancied happiness and Arcadian simplicity. The conventional shepherd of ancient times was scarcely displeasing: that which is by every thing except express avowal removed from the sphere of reality does not annoy us by its deviations from reality; but the fictitious poor of sentimental novelists are brought almost into contact with real life, half claim to be copies of what actually exists at our very doors, are introduced in close proximity to characters moving in a higher rank, over whom no such ideal charm is diffused, and who are painted with as much truth as the writer's ability enables him to give. Accordingly, the contrast is evident and displeasing: the harsh outlines of poverty will not bear the artificial rose-tint; they are seen through it, like high cheek-bones through the delicate colours of artificial youth; we turn away with some disgust from the false elegance and undeceiving art; we prefer the rough poor of nature to the petted poor of the refining describer. Scott has most felicitously avoided both these errors. His poor people are never coarse and never vulgar; their lineaments have the rude traits which a life of conflict will inevitably leave on the minds and manners of those who are to lead it; their notions have the narrowness which is inseparable from a contracted experience; their knowledge is not more extended than their restricted means of attaining it would render possible. Almost alone among novelists Scott has given a thorough, minute, life-like description of poor persons, which is at the same time genial and pleasing. The reason seems to be, that the firm sagacity of his genius comprehended the industrial aspect of poor people's life thoroughly and comprehensively, his experience brought it before him easily and naturally, and his artist's mind and genial disposition enabled him to dwell on those features which would be most pleasing to the world in general. In fact, his own mind

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of itself and by its own nature dwelt on those very peculiarities. He could not remove his firm and instructed genius into the domain of Arcadian unreality, but he was equally unable to dwell principally, peculiarly, or consecutively, on those petty, vulgar, mean details in which such a writer as Crabbe lives and breathes. Hazlitt said that Crabbe described a poor man's cottage like a man who came to distrain for rent; he catalogued every trivial piece of furniture, defects and cracks and all. Scott describes it as a cheerful but most sensible landlord would describe a cottage on his property: he has a pleasure in it. No detail, or few details, in the life of the inmates escape his experienced and interested eye; but he dwells on those which do not displease him. He sympathises with their rough industry and plain joys and sorrows. He does not fatigue himself or excite their wondering smile by theoretical plans of impossible relief. He makes the best of the life which is given, and by a sanguine sympathy makes it still better. A hard life many characters in Scott seem to lead; but he appreciates, and makes his reader appreciate, the full value of natural feelings, plain thoughts, and applied sagacity.

His ideas of political economy are equally characteristic of his strong sense and genial mind. He was always sneering at Adam Smith, and telling many legends of that philosopher's absence of mind and inaptitude for the ordinary conduct of life. A contact with the Edinburgh logicians had, doubtless, not augmented his faith in the formal deductions of abstract economy; nevertheless, with the facts before him, he could give a very plain and satisfactory exposition of the genial consequences of old abuses, the distinct necessity for stern reform, and the delicate humanity requisite for introducing that reform temperately and with feeling:

"Even so the Laird of Ellangowan ruthlessly commenced his magisterial reform, at the expense of various established and superannuated pickers and stealers, who had been his neighbours for half a century. He wrought his miracles like a second Duke Humphrey; and by the influence of the beadle's rod, caused the lame to walk, the blind to see, and the palsied to labour. He detected poachers, black-fishers, orchard-breakers, and pigeon-shooters; had the applause of the bench for his reward, and the public credit of an active magistrate.

All this good had its rateable proportion of evil. Even an admitted nuisance, of ancient standing, should not be abated without some caution. The zeal of our worthy friend now involved in great distress sundry personages whose idle and mendicant habits his own *lachesse* had contributed to foster, until these habits had become irreclaimable, or whose real incapacity for exertion rendered them fit objects, in their own phrase, for the charity of all well-disposed Christians. 'The long-

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remembered beggar,' who for twenty years had made his regular rounds within the neighbourhood, received rather as an humble friend than as an object of charity, was sent to the neighbouring workhouse. The decrepit dame, who travelled round the parish upon a hand-barrow, circulating from house to house like a bad shilling, which every one is in haste to pass to his neighbour; she, who used to call for her bearers as loud, or louder, than a traveller demands post-horses, even she shared the same disastrous fate. The 'daft Jock,' who, half knave, half idiot, had been the sport of each succeeding race of village children for a good part of a century, was remitted to the county bridewell, where, secluded from free air and sunshine, the only advantages he was capable of enjoying, he pined and died in the course of six months. The old sailor, who had so long rejoiced the smoky rafters of every kitchen in the country, by singing *Captain Ward* and *Bold Admiral Benbow*, was banished from the country for no better reason, than that he was supposed to speak with a strong Irish accent. Even the annual rounds of the pedlar were abolished by the Justice, in his hasty zeal for the administration of rural police.

These things did not pass without notice and censure. We are not made of wood or stone, and the things which connect themselves with our hearts and habits cannot, like bark or lichen, be rent away without our missing them. The farmer's dame lacked her usual share of intelligence, perhaps also the self-applause which she had felt while distributing the *aumous* (alms), in shape of a *gowpen* (handful) of oatmeal to the mendicant who brought the news. The cottage felt inconvenience from interruption of the petty trade carried on by the itinerant dealers. The children lacked their supply of sugar-plums and toys; the young women wanted pins, ribbons, combs, and ballads; and the old could no longer barter their eggs for salt, snuff, and tobacco. All these circumstances brought the busy Laird of Ellangowan into discredit, which was the more general on account of his former popularity. Even his lineage was brought up in judgment against him. They thought 'naething of what the like of Greenside, or Burnville, or Viewforth, might do, that were strangers in the country; but Ellangowan! that had been a name amang them since the mirk Monanday, and lang before—*him* to be grinding the puir at that rate!—They ca'd his grandfather the Wicked Laird; but, though he was whiles fractious aneuch, when he got into roving company, and had ta'en the drap drink, he would have scorned to gang on at this gate. Na, na, the muckle chumlay in the Auld Place reeked like a killogie in his time, and there were as mony puir folk riving at the banes in the court and about the door, as there were gentles in the ha'. And the leddy, on ilka Christmas night as it came round, gae twelve siller pennies to ilka puir body about, in honour of the twelve apostles like. They were fond to ca' it papistrie; but I think our great folk might take a lesson frae the papists whiles. They gie another sort o' help to puir folk than just dinging down a saxpence in the brod on the Sabbath, and kilting, and scourging, and drumming them a' the sax days o' the week besides.'"

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Many other indications of the same healthy and natural sense, which gives so much of their characteristic charm to the Scotch novels, might be pointed out, if it were necessary to weary our readers by dwelling longer on a point we have already laboured so much; one more, however, demands notice because of its importance, and perhaps also because, from its somewhat less obvious character, it might escape otherwise without notice. There has been frequent controversy as to the penal code, if we may so call it, of fiction; that is, as to the apportionment of reward and punishment respectively to the good and evil personages therein delineated; and the practice of authors has been as various as the legislation of critics. One school abandons all thought on the matter, and declares that in the real life we see around us good people often fail, and wicked people continually prosper; and would deduce the precept, that it is unwise in an art which should hold the "mirror up to nature," not to copy the uncertain and irregular distribution of its sanctions. Another school, with an exactness which savours at times of pedantry, apportions the success and the failure, the pain and the pleasure, of fictitious life to the moral qualities of those who are living in it—does not think at all, or but little, of every other quality in those characters, and does not at all care whether the penalty and reward are evolved in natural sequence from the circumstances and characters of the tale, or are owing to some monstrous accident far removed from all relation of cause or consequence to those facts and people. Both these classes of writers produce works which jar on the natural sense of common readers, and are at issue with the analytic criticism of the best critics. One school leaves an impression of an uncared-for world, in which there is no right and no wrong; the other, of a sort of Governesses' Institution of a world, where all praise and all blame, all good and all pain, are made to turn on special graces and petty offences, pesteringly spoken of and teasingly watched for. The manner of Scott is thoroughly different; you can scarcely lay down any novel of his without a strong feeling that the world in which the fiction has been laid, and in which your imagination has been moving, is one subject to *laws* of retribution which, though not apparent on a superficial glance, are yet in steady and consistent operation, and will be quite sure to work their due effect, if time is only given to them. Sagacious men know that this is in its best aspect the condition of life. Certain of the ungodly may, notwithstanding the Psalmist, flourish even through life like a green bay-tree; for providence, in external appearance (far differently from the real truth of things, as we may one day see it), works by a scheme of averages. Most people who ought to succeed, do succeed; most people who do fail, ought to fail. But there is no exact

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adjustment of "mark" to merit; the competitive examination system appears to have an origin more recent than the creation of the world;—"on the whole," "speaking generally," "looking at life as a whole," are the words in which we must describe the providential adjustment of visible good and evil to visible goodness and badness. And when we look more closely, we see that these general results are the consequences of certain principles which work half unseen, and which are effectual in the main, though thwarted here and there. It is this comprehensive though inexact distribution of good and evil, which is suited to the novelist, and it is exactly this which Scott instinctively adopted. Taking a firm and genial view of the common facts of life,—seeing it as an experienced observer and tried man of action,—he could not help giving the representation of it which is insensibly borne in on the minds of such persons. He delineates it as a world moving according to laws which are always producing their effect, never *have* produced it; sometimes fall short a little; are always nearly successful. Good sense produces its effect, as well as good intention; ability is valuable as well as virtue. It is this peculiarity which gives to his works, more than any thing else, the life-likeness which distinguishes them; the average of the copy is struck on the same scale as that of reality; an unexplained, uncommented-on adjustment works in the one, just as a hidden imperceptible principle of apportionment operates in the other.

The romantic susceptibility of Scott's imagination is as obvious in his novels as his matter-of-fact sagacity. We can find much of it in the place in which we should naturally look first for it,—his treatment of his heroines. We are no indiscriminate admirers of these young ladies, and shall shortly try to show how much they are inferior as imaginative creations to similar creations of the very highest artists. But the mode in which the writer speaks of them every where indicates an imagination continually under the illusion which we term romance. A gentle tone of manly admiration pervades the whole delineation of their words and actions. If we look carefully at the narratives of some remarkable female novelists—it would be invidious to give the instances by name—we shall be struck at once with the absence of this; they do not half like their heroines. It would be satirical to say that they were jealous of them; but it is certain that they analyse the mode in which their charms produce their effects, and the minutiæ of their operation, much in the same way in which a slightly jealous lady examines the claims of the heroines of society. The same writers have invented the atrocious species of *plain* heroines. Possibly none of the frauds which are now so much the topic of common remark are so irritating

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as that to which the purchaser of a novel is a victim on finding that he has only to peruse a narrative of the conduct and sentiments of an ugly lady. "Two-and-sixpence to know the heart which has high cheek-bones!" Was there ever such an imposition? Scott would have recoiled from such conception. Even Jeanie Deans, though no heroine, like Flora Macivor, is described as "comely," and capable of looking almost pretty when required, and she has a compensating set-off in her sister, who is beautiful as well as unwise. Speaking generally, as is the necessity of criticism, Scott makes his heroines, at least by profession, attractive, and dwells on their attractiveness, though not with the wild ecstasy of insane youth, yet with the tempered and mellow admiration common to genial men of this world. Perhaps at times we are rather displeased at his explicitness, and disposed to hang back and carp at the admirable qualities displayed to us. But this is only a stronger evidence of the peculiarity which we speak of,—of the unconscious sentiments inseparable from Scott's imagination.

The same romantic tinge undeniably shows itself in Scott's pictures of the past. Many exceptions have been taken to the detail of mediæval life as it is described to us in *Ivanhoe;* but one merit will always remain to it, and will be enough to secure to it immense popularity. It describes the middle ages as we should have wished them to have been. We do not mean that the delineation satisfies those accomplished admirers of the old church system who fancy that they have found among the prelates and barons of the fourteenth century a close approximation to the theocracy which they would recommend for our adoption. On the contrary, the theological merits of the middle ages are not prominent in Scott's delineation. "Dogma" was not in his way: a cheerful man of the world is not anxious for a precise definition of peculiar doctrines. The charm of *Ivanhoe* is addressed to a simpler sort of imagination,—to that kind of boyish fancy which idolises mediæval society as the "fighting time." Every boy has heard of tournaments, and has a firm persuasion that in an age of tournaments life was thoroughly well understood. A martial society, where men fought hand to hand on good horses with large lances, in peace for pleasure, and in war for business, seems the very ideal of perfection to a bold and simply fanciful boy. *Ivanhoe* spreads before him the full landscape of such a realm, with Richard Cœur-de-Lion, a black horse, and the passage of arms at Ashby. Of course he admires it, and thinks there was never such a writer, and will never more be such a world. And a mature critic will share his admiration, at least to the extent of admitting that nowhere else have the elements of a martial romance been so gorgeously accumulated with-

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out becoming oppressive; their fanciful charm been so powerfully delineated, and yet so constantly relieved by touches of vigorous sagacity. One single fact shows how great the romantic illusion is. The pressure of painful necessity is scarcely so great in this novel as in novels of the same writer in which the scene is laid in modern times. Much may be said in favour of the mediæval system as contradistinguished from existing society; much has been said. But no one can maintain that general comfort was as much diffused as it is now. A certain ease pervades the structure of later society. Our houses may not last so long, are not so picturesque, will leave no such ruins behind them; but they are warmed with hot water, have no draughts, and contain sofas instead of rushes. A slight daily unconscious luxury is hardly ever wanting to the dwellers in civilisation; like the gentle air of a genial climate, it is a perpetual minute enjoyment. The absence of this marks a rude barbaric time. We may avail ourselves of rough pleasures, stirring amusements, exciting actions, strange rumours; but life is hard and harsh. The cold air of the keen North may brace and invigorate, but it cannot soothe us. All sensible people know that the middle ages must have been very uncomfortable; there was a difficulty about "good food;"—almost insuperable obstacles to the cultivation of nice detail and small enjoyment. No one knew the abstract facts on which this conclusion rests better than Scott; but his delineation gives no general idea of the result. A thoughtless reader rises with the impression that the middle ages had the same elements of happiness which we have at present, and that they had fighting besides. We do not assert that this tenet is explicitly taught; on the contrary, many facts are explained, and many customs elucidated from which a discriminating and deducing reader would infer the meanness of poverty and the harshness of barbarism. But these less imposing traits escape the rapid, and still more the boyish reader. His general impression is one of romance; and though, when roused, Scott was quite able to take a distinct view of the opposing facts, he liked his own mind to rest for the most part in the same pleasing illusion.

The same sort of historical romance is shown likewise in Scott's picture of remarkable historical characters. His Richard I. is the traditional Richard, with traits heightened and ennobled in perfect conformity to the spirit of tradition. Some illustration of the same quality might be drawn from his delineations of the Puritan rebellions and the Cavalier enthusiasm. We might show that he ever dwells on the traits and incidents most attractive to a genial and spirited imagination. But the most remarkable instance of the power which romantic illusion exercised over him is his delineation of Mary Queen of Scots. He

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refused at one time of his life to write a biography of that princess "because his opinion was contrary to his feeling." He evidently considered her guilt to be clearly established, and thought, with a distinguished lawyer, that he should "direct a jury to find her guilty;" but his fancy, like that of most of his countrymen, took a peculiar and special interest in the beautiful lady who, at any rate, had suffered so much and so fatally at the hands of a queen of England. He could not bring himself to dwell with nice accuracy on the evidence which substantiates her criminality, or on the still clearer indications of that unsound and over-crafty judgment, which was the fatal inheritance of the Stuart family, and which, in spite of advantages that scarcely any other family in the world has enjoyed, has made their name an historical by-word for misfortune. The picture in the *Abbot*, one of the best historical pictures which Scott has given us, is principally the picture of the queen as the fond tradition of his countrymen exhibited her. Her entire innocence, it is true, is never alleged: but the enthusiasm of her followers is dwelt on with approving sympathy; their confidence is set forth at large; her influence over them is skilfully delineated; the fascination of charms chastened by misfortune is delicately indicated. We see a complete picture of the beautiful queen, of the suffering and sorrowful but yet not insensible woman. Scott could not, however, as a close study will show us, quite conceal the unfavourable nature of his fundamental opinion. In one remarkable passage the struggle of the judgment is even conspicuous, and in others the sagacity of the practised lawyer,—the thread of the attorney, as he used to call it,—in his nature, qualifies and modifies the sentiment hereditary in his countrymen, and congenial to himself.

This romantic imagination is a habit or power (as we may choose to call it) of mind which is almost essential to the highest success in the historical novel. The aim, at any rate the effect, of this class of works seems to be to deepen and confirm the received view of historical personages. A great and acute writer may from an accurate study of original documents discover that those impressions are erroneous, and by a process of elaborate argument substitute others which he deems more accurate. But this can only be effected by writing a regular history. The essence of the achievement is the proof. If Mr. Froude had put forward his view of Henry the Eighth's character in a professed novel, he would have been laughed at. It is only by a rigid adherence to attested facts and authentic documents, that a view so original could obtain even a hearing. We start back with a little anger from a representation which is avowedly imaginative, and which contradicts our impressions. We do not like to have our opinions disturbed by reasoning; but it is impertinent to attempt

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to disturb them by fancies. A writer of the historical novel is bound by the popular conception of his subject; and commonly it will be found that this popular impression is to some extent a romantic one. An element of exaggeration clings to the popular judgment: great vices are made greater, great virtues greater also; interesting incidents are made more interesting, softer legends more soft. The novelist who disregards this tendency will do so at the peril of his popularity. His business is to make attraction more attractive, and not to impair the pleasant pictures of ready-made romance by an attempt at grim reality.

We may therefore sum up the indications of this characteristic excellence of Scott's novels by saying, that more than any novelist he has given us fresh pictures of practical human society, with its cares and troubles, its excitements and its pleasures; that he has delineated more distinctly than any one else the framework in which this society inheres, and by the boundaries of which it is shaped and limited; that he has made more clear the way in which strange and eccentric characters grow out of that ordinary and usual system of life; that he has extended his view over several periods of society, and given an animated description of the external appearance of each, and a firm representation of its social institutions; that he has shown very graphically what we may call the worldly laws of moral government; and that over all these he has spread the glow of sentiment natural to a manly mind, and an atmosphere of generosity congenial to a cheerful one. It is from the collective effect of these causes, and from the union of sense and sentiment which is the principle of them all, that Scott derives the peculiar healthiness which distinguishes him. There are no such books as his for the sick-room, or for freshening the painful intervals of a morbid mind. Mere sense is dull, mere sentiment unsubstantial; a sensation of genial healthiness is only given by what combines the solidity of the one and the brightening charm of the other.

Some guide to Scott's defects, or to the limitations of his genius, if we would employ a less ungenial and perhaps more correct expression, is to be discovered, as usual, from the consideration of his characteristic excellence. As it is his merit to give bold and animated pictures of this world, it is his defect to give but insufficient representations of qualities which this world does not exceedingly prize,—of such as do not thrust themselves very forward in it—of such as are in some sense above it. We may illustrate this in several ways.

One of the parts of human nature which are systematically omitted in Scott, is the searching and abstract intellect. This did not lie in his way. No man had a stronger sagacity, better adapted for the guidance of common men, and the conduct of

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common transactions. Few could hope to form a more correct opinion on things and subjects which were brought before him in actual life; no man had a more useful intellect. But on the other hand, as will be generally observed to be the case, no one was less inclined to that probing and seeking and anxious inquiry into things in general which is the necessity of some minds, and a sort of intellectual famine in their nature. He had no call to investigate the theory of the universe, and he would not have been able to comprehend those who did. Such a mind as Shelley's would have been entirely removed from his comprehension. He had no call to mix "awful talk and asking looks" with his love of the visible scene. He could not have addressed the universe:

> "I have watched
> Thy shadow, and the darkness of thy steps;
> And my heart ever gazes on the depth
> Of thy deep mysteries. I have made my bed
> In charnels or in coffins, where black death
> Keeps records of the trophies won from thee,
> Hoping to still these obstinate questionings
> Of thee and thine, by forcing some lone ghost,
> Thy messenger, to render up the tale
> Of what we are."

Such thoughts would have been to him "thinking without an object," "abstracted speculations," "cobwebs of the unintelligible brain." Above all minds his had the Baconian propensity to work upon "stuff." At first sight, it would not seem that this was a defect likely to be very hurtful to the works of a novelist. The labours of the searching and introspective intellect, however needful, absorbing, and in some degree delicious, to the seeker himself, are not in general very delightful to those who are not seeking. Genial men in middle life are commonly intolerant of that philosophising which their prototype in old times classed side by side with the lisping of youth. The theological novel, which was a few years ago so popular, and which is likely to have a recurring influence in times when men's belief is unsettled, and persons who cannot or will not read large treatises have thoughts in their minds and inquiries in their hearts, suggests to those who are accustomed to it the absence elsewhere of what is necessarily one of its most distinctive and prominent subjects. The desire to attain a belief, which has become one of the most familiar sentiments of heroes and heroines, would have seemed utterly incongruous to the plain sagacity of Scott, and also to his old-fashioned art. Creeds are *data* in his novels: people have different creeds, but each keeps his own. Some persons will think that this is not altogether amiss; nor do we particularly wish to take up the defence of the dogmatic novel. Nevertheless, it will strike those who are accustomed to the

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youthful generation of a cultivated time, that the passion of intellectual inquiry is one of the strongest impulses in many of them, and one of those which give the predominant colouring to the conversation and exterior mind of many more. And a novelist will not exercise the most potent influence over those subject to that passion if he entirely omit the delineation of it. Scott's works have only one merit in this relation: they are an excellent rest to those who have felt this passion, and have had something too much of it.

The same indisposition to the abstract exercises of the intellect shows itself in the reflective portions of Scott's novels, and perhaps contributes to their popularity with that immense majority of the world who strongly share in that same indisposition: it prevents, however, their having the most powerful intellectual influence on those who have at any time of their lives voluntarily submitted themselves to this acute and refining discipline. The reflections of a practised thinker have a peculiar charm, like the last touches of the accomplished artist. The cunning exactitude of the professional hand leaves a trace in the very language. A nice discrimination of thought makes men solicitous of the most apt expressions to diffuse their thoughts. Both words and meaning gain a metallic brilliancy, like the glittering precision of the pure Attic air. Scott's is a healthy and genial world of reflection, but it wants the charm of delicate exactitude.

The same limitation of Scott's genius shows itself in a very different portion of art—in his delineation of his heriones. The same blunt sagacity of imagination, which fitted him to excel in the rough description of obvious life, rather unfitted him for delineating the less substantial essence of the female character. The nice *minutiæ* of society, by means of which female novelists have been so successful in delineating their own sex, were rather too small for his robust and powerful mind. Perhaps, too, a certain unworldliness of *imagination* is necessary to enable men to comprehend or delineate that essence: unworldliness of *life* is no doubt not requisite; rather, perhaps, worldliness is necessary to the acquisition of a sufficient experience. But an absorption in the practical world does not seem favourable to a comprehension of any thing which does not precisely belong to it. Its interests are too engrossing; its excitements too keen; it modifies the fancy, and in the change unfits it for every thing else. Something, too, in Scott's character and history made it more difficult for him to give a representation of women than of men. Goethe used to say, that his idea of woman was not drawn from his experience, but that it came to him before experience, and that he explained his experience by a reference to it. And though this is a German, and not very happy, form of expression, yet it

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appears to indicate a very important distinction. Some efforts of the imagination are made so early in life, just as it were at the dawn of the conscious faculties, that we are never able to fancy ourselves as destitute of them. They are part of the mental constitution with which, so to speak, we awoke to existence. These are always far more firm, vivid, and definite, than any other images of our fancy, and we apply them, half unconsciously, to any facts and sentiments and actions which may occur to us later in life, whether arising from within or thrust upon us from the outward world. Goethe doubtless meant that the idea of the female character was to him one of these first elements of imagination; not a thing puzzled out, or which he remembered having conceived, but a part of the primitive conceptions which, being coeval with his memory, seemed inseparable from his consciousness. The descriptions of women likely to be given by this sort of imagination will probably be the best descriptions. A mind which would arrive at this idea of the female character by this process, and so early, would be one obviously of more than usual susceptibility. The early imagination does not commonly take this direction; it thinks most of horses and lances, tournaments and knights; only a mind with an unusual and instinctive tendency to this kind of thought, would be borne thither so early or so effectually. And even independently of this probable peculiarity of the individual, the primitive imagination in general is likely to be the most accurate which men can form; not, of course, of the external manifestations and detailed manners, but of the inner sentiment and characteristic feeling of women. The early imagination conceives what it does conceive very justly; fresh from the facts, stirred by the new aspect of things, undimmed by the daily passage of constantly forgotten images, not misled by the irregular analogies of a dislocated life,—the early mind sees what it does see with a spirit and an intentness never given to it again. A mind like Goethe's, of very strong imagination, aroused at the earliest age,—not of course by passions, but by an unusual strength in that undefined longing which is the prelude to our passions,—will form the best idea of the inmost female nature which masculine nature can form. The trace is evident in the characters of women formed by Goethe's imagination or Shakespeare's, and those formed by such an imagination as that of Scott. The latter seems so external. We have traits, features, manners; we know the heroine as she appeared in the street; in some degree we know how she talked, but we never know how she felt—least of all what she was: we always feel there is a world behind, unanalysed, unrepresented, which we cannot attain to. Such a character as Margaret in *Faust* is known to us to the very soul; so is Imogen; so is Ophelia. Edith Bel-

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lenden, Flora Macivor, Miss Wardour, are young ladies who, we are told, were good-looking, and well-dressed (according to the old fashion) and sensible; but we feel we know but very little of them, and they do not haunt our imaginations. The failure of Scott in this line of art is more conspicious, because he had not in any remarkable degree the later experience of female detail, with which some minds have endeavoured to supply the want of the early essential imagination, and which Goethe possessed in addition to it. It was rather late, according to his biographer, before Scott set up for "a squire of dames;" he was a "lame young man, very enthusiastic about ballad poetry;" he was deeply in love with a young lady, supposed to be imaginatively represented by Flora Macivor, but he was unsuccessful. It would be over-ingenious to argue, from his failing in a single love-affair, that he had no peculiar interest in young ladies in general; but the whole description of his youth shows that young ladies exercised over him a rather more divided influence than is usual. Other pursuits intervened, much more than is common with persons of the imaginative temperament, and he never led the life of flirtation from which Goethe believed that he derived so much instruction. Scott's heroines, therefore, are, not unnaturally, faulty, since from a want of the very peculiar instinctive imagination he could not give us the essence of women, and from the habits of his life he could not delineate to us their detailed life with the appreciative accuracy of habitual experience. Jeanie Deans is probably the best of his heroines, and she is so because she is the least of a heroine. The plain matter-of-fact element in the peasant-girl's life and circumstances suited a robust imagination. There is little in the part of her character that is very finely described which is characteristically feminine. She is not a masculine, but she is an epicene heroine. Her love-affair with Butler, a single remarkable scene excepted, is rather commonplace than otherwise.

A similar criticism might be applied to Scott's heroes. Every one feels how commonplace they are — Waverley excepted, whose very vacillation gives him a sort of character. They have little personality. They are all of the same type;—excellent young men—rather strong—able to ride and climb and jump. They are always said to be sensible, and bear out the character by being not unwilling sometimes to talk platitudes. But we know nothing of their inner life. They are said to be in love; but we have no special account of their individual sentiments. People show their character in their love more than in any thing else. These young gentlemen all love in the same way—in the vague commonplace way of this world. We have no sketch or dramatic expression of the life within. Their

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souls are quite unknown to us. If there is an exception, it is Edgar Ravenswood. But if we look closely, we may observe that the notion which we obtain of his character, unusually broad as it is, is not a notion of him in his capacity of hero, but in his capacity of distressed peer. His proud poverty gives a distinctness which otherwise his lineaments would not have. We think little of his love; we think much of his narrow circumstances and compressed haughtiness.

The same exterior delineation of character shows itself in its treatment of men's religious nature. A novelist is scarcely, in the notion of ordinary readers, bound to deal with this at all; if he does, it will be one of his great difficulties to indicate it graphically, yet without dwelling on it. Men who purchase a novel do not wish a stone or a sermon. All lengthened reflections must be omitted; the whole armory of pulpit eloquence. But no delineation of human nature can be considered complete which omits to deal with man in relation to the questions which occupy him as man, with his convictions as to the theory of the universe and his own destiny; the human heart throbs on few subjects with a passion so intense, so peculiar, and so typical. From an artistic view, it is a blunder to omit an element which is so characteristic of human life, which contributes so much to its animation, and which is so picturesque. A reader of a more simple mind, little apt to indulge in such criticism, feels 'a want of depth,' as he would speak, in delineations from which so large an element of his own most passionate and deepest nature is omitted. It can hardly be said that there is an omission of the religious nature in Scott. But at the same time there is no adequate delineation of it. If we refer to the facts of his life, and the view of his character which we collect from thence, we shall find that his religion was of a qualified and double sort. He was a genial man of the world, and had the easy faith in the kindly *Dieu des bons gens* which is natural to such a person; and he had also a half-poetic principle of superstition in his nature, inclining him to believe in ghosts, legends, fairies, and elfs, which did not affect his daily life, or possibly his superficial belief, but was nevertheless very constantly present to his fancy, and affected, as is the constitution of human nature, by that frequency, the indefined, half-expressed, inexpressible feelings which are at the root of that belief. Superstition was a kind of Jacobitism in his religion; as a sort of absurd reliance on the hereditary principle modified insensibly his leanings in the practical world, so a belief in the existence of unevidenced, and often absurd, supernatural beings, qualifies his commonest speculations on the higher world. Both these elements may be thought to enter into the highest religion; there is a principle of cheerfulness which will justify in

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its measure a genial enjoyment, and also a principle of fear which those who think only of that enjoyment will deem superstition, and which will really become superstition in the over-anxious and credulous acceptor of it. But in a true religion these two elements will be combined. The character of God images itself very imperfectly in any human soul; but in the highest it images itself as a whole; it leaves an abiding impression which will justify anxiety and allow of happiness. The highest aim of the religious novelist would be to show how this operates in human character; to exhibit in their curious modification our religious love, and also our religious fear. In the novels of Scott the two elements appear in a state of separation, as they did in his own mind. We have the superstition of the peasantry in the *Antiquary*, in *Guy Mannering*, every where almost; we have likewise a pervading tone of genial easy reflection characteristic of the man of the world who produced, and agreeable to the people of the world who read, these works. But we have no picture of the two in combination. We are scarcely led to think on the subject at all, so much do other subjects distract our interest; but if we do think, we are puzzled at the contrast. We do not know which is true, the uneasy belief of superstition, or the easy satisfaction of the world; we waver between the two, and have no suggestion even hinted to us of the possibility of a reconciliation. The character of the Puritans certainly did not in general embody such a reconciliation, but it might have been made by a sympathising artist the vehicle for a delineation of a struggle after it. The two elements of love and fear ranked side by side in their minds with an intensity which is rare even in minds that feel only one of them. The delineation of Scott is amusing, but superficial. He caught the ludicrous traits which tempt the mirthful imagination, but no other side of the character pleased him. The man of the world was displeased with their obstinate interfering zeal; their intensity of faith was an opposition force in the old Scotch polity, of which he liked to fancy the harmonious working. They were superstitious enough; but nobody likes other people's superstitions. Scott's were of a wholly different kind. He made no difficulty as to the observance of Christmas-day, and would have eaten potatoes without the faintest scruple, although their name does not occur in Scripture. Doubtless also his residence in the land of Puritanism did not incline him to give any thing except a satirical representation of that belief. You must not expect from a Dissenter a faithful appreciation of the creed from which he dissents. You cannot be impartial on the religion of the place in which you live; you may believe it, or you may dislike it; it crosses your path in too many forms for you to be able to look at it with equanimity.

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Scott had rather a rigid form of Puritanism forced upon him in his infancy; it is asking too much to expect him to be partial to it. The aspect of religion which Scott delineates best is that which appears in griefs, especially in the grief of strong characters. His strong *natural* nature felt the power of death. He has given us many pictures of rude and simple men subdued, if only for a moment, into devotion by its presence.

On the whole, and speaking roughly, these defects in the delineation which Scott has given us of human life are but two. He omits to give us a delineation of the soul. We have mind, manners, animation, but it is the stir of this world. We miss the consecrating power; and we miss it not only in its own peculiar sphere, which, from the difficulty of introducing the deepest elements into a novel, would have been scarcely matter for a harsh criticism, but in the place in which a novelist might most be expected to delineate it. There are perhaps such things as the love-affairs of immortal beings, but no one would learn it from Scott. His heroes and heroines are well dressed for this world, but not for another; there is nothing even in their love which is suitable for immortality. As has been noticed, Scott also omits any delineation of the abstract unworldly intellect. This too might not have been so severe a reproach, considering its undramatic, unanimated nature, if it had stood alone; but taken in connection with the omission which we have just spoken of, it is most important. As the union of sense and romance makes the world of Scott so characteristically agreeable,—a fascinating picture of this world in the light in which we like best to dwell in it, so the deficiency in the attenuated, striving intellect, as well as in the supernatural soul, gives to the "world" of Scott the cumbrousness and temporality, in short, the materialism, which is characteristic of the world.

We have dwelt so much on what we think are the characteristic features of Scott's imaginative representations, that we have left ourselves no room to criticise the two most natural points of criticism in a novelist—plot and style. This is not, however, so important in Scott's case as it would commonly be. He used to say, "It was of no use having a plot; you could not keep to it." He modified and changed his thread of story from day to day,—sometimes even from bookselling reasons, and on the suggestion of others. An elaborate work of narrative art could not be produced in this way, every one will concede; the highest imagination, able to look far over the work, is necessary for that task. But the plots produced, so to say, by the pen of the writer as he passes over the events are likely to have a freshness and a suitableness to those events, which is not possessed by the inferior writers who make up a mechanical plot before they commence.

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The procedure of the highest genius doubtless is scarcely a procedure: the view of the whole story comes at once upon its imagination like the delicate end and the distinct beginning of some long vista. But all minds do not possess the highest mode of conception; and among lower modes, it is doubtless better to possess the vigorous fancy which creates each separate scene in succession as it goes, than the pedantic intellect which designs every thing long before it is wanted. There is a play in unconscious creation which no voluntary elaboration and preconceived fitting of distinct ideas can ever hope to produce. If the whole cannot be created by one bounding effort, it is better that each part should be created separately and in detail.

The style of Scott would deserve the highest praise if M. Thiers could establish his theory of narrative language. He maintains that an historian's language approaches perfection in proportion as it aptly communicates what is meant to be narrated without drawing any attention to itself. Scott's style fulfils this condition. Nobody rises from his works without a most vivid idea of what is related, and no one is able to quote a single phrase in which it has been narrated. We are inclined, however, to differ from the great French historian, and to oppose to him a theory derived from a very different writer. Coleridge used to maintain that all good poetry was untranslatable into words of the same language without injury to the sense: the meaning was, in his view, to be so inseparably intertwined even with the shades of the language, that the change of a single expression would make a difference in the accompanying feeling, if not in the bare signification: consequently, all good poetry must be remembered exactly,—to change a word is to modify the essence. Rigidly this theory can only be applied to a few kinds of poetry, or special passages in which the imagination is exerting itself to the utmost, and collecting from the whole range of associated language the very expressions which it requires. The highest excitation of feeling is necessary to this peculiar felicity of choice. In calmer moments the mind has either a less choice, or less acuteness of selective power. Accordingly, in prose it would be absurd to expect any such nicety. Still, on great occasions in imaginative fiction, there should be passages in which the words seem to cleave to the matter. The excitement is as great as in poetry. The words should become part of the sense. They should attract our attention, as this is necessary to impress them on the memory; but they should not in so doing distract attention from the meaning conveyed. On the contrary, it is their inseparability from their meaning which gives them their charm and their power. In truth, Scott's language, like his sense, was such as became a bold sagacious man of the world.

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He used the first sufficient words which came uppermost, and seems hardly to have been sensible, even in the works of others, of that exquisite accuracy and inexplicable appropriateness of which we have been speaking.

To analyse in detail the faults and merits of even a few of the greatest of the Waverley Novels would be impossible in the space at our command on the present occasion. We have only attempted a general account of a few main characteristics. Every critic must, however, regret to have to leave topics so tempting to remark as many of Scott's stories, and a yet greater number of his characters.

Art. IX.—LOUIS NAPOLEON AT HOME AND ABROAD.

La Presse, 20e *Fevrier*. Paris.
Count Walewski's Despatch, Jan. 20th. Parliamentary Paper.

In the lives of most men, and especially of those who navigate the troubled waters of political ambition, there occur critical conjunctures at once conclusive as to their real character, and decisive of their future course. Many actions will bear two interpretations; and, according as we read them in a charitable or a censorious spirit, may be held to indicate either a virtue, or the vice which is its closest analogue and counterfeit. Deeds of unquestionable severity may be either stern justice or savage cruelty; mild and gentle proceedings may proclaim either culpable weakness or wise leniency; and only by the light of after events can we determine in which category to place them. Acts of lawless despotism may have been forced on a reluctant ruler by the terrible necessities of an abnormal time, or they may be the congenial resources of an arbitrary and self-seeking temper; and it is by the conduct pursued when the exceptional crisis has given place to ordinary life that we can judge which interpretation must be put upon the past. Again: the day comes in every questionable career, when the man who has long coquetted with two mistresses must decide which he will cleave to and which he will abandon; when the upward or the downward course must be taken consciously, avowedly, and for ever; when it is no longer possible to hold the language appropriate to one set of doctrines, and at the same time to pursue the line of action obviously dictated by another; when by some step which cannot be retraced, by some deed which cannot be undone, we break with an uncertain past, and are committed to an inevitable future; and when the fearful fiat goes forth,

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"He that is unjust, let him be unjust still; he that is filthy, let him be filthy still." For, however terrible may be the tenet, in political life at least there is a great truth at the bottom of the fatalistic creed;—there is a period at which free-will, and the power of recovery, and the hope of redemption, altogether die away; when one false or wicked proceeding entails another by a cogent and irresistible law of sequence; and where the guilt consists less in each successive crime than in the one first offence which made these crimes inevitable.

Such a critical and revealing point in his career, as it seems to us, was the 14th of January to Louis Napoleon. Six years ago he had seized the supreme power by an act of undeniable perfidy and violence. Those who, like ourselves, watched the politics of France merely as spectators, did not approve of the *coup-d'état*, did not even pardon or condone it; but, as it were, postponed the matter for future judgment, when subsequent circumstances should have made clear both the motives that dictated it and the use that was made of it. We remembered that the Republic which he overthrew had been forced upon a notoriously unwilling nation by a section of the Parisian mob and the Parisian politicians; that the immense numerical majority of the people had afterwards sanctioned the deed, and rewarded the doer; and that from the decision of this popular tribunal, however *we* may repudiate its jurisdiction, no Frenchman who had assisted in establishing universal suffrage as the basis of the constitution, could with any decency appeal; that the later proceedings of the suppressed Assembly had not been such as to make us sanguine of its success, or admirers of its wisdom or its vigour, or desirous of its continuance; and that, beyond all question, there were elements of frightful convulsion and confusion then fermenting in the social mass in France that made thousands, who were neither timid nor dishonest, long for the shelter of a sole instead of a divided authority, and welcome the temporary enthronement of a power above and beyond the law. It was felt, moreover, that not only the ideas of liberty, but the wish for it, among our neighbours bore a character wholly different from ours,—that they always invested the government with functions and with forces which we should deem highly dangerous,—and that it was far from improbable that what they really wanted, and what would really suit them, was, not self-government, but a governor of their own choice; and that if this were so, Louis Napoleon might be the precise ruler that they needed. It was quite possible too, and by no means unlikely, that a man who had suffered so much, who had written so sagaciously, and who had studied so closely the merits of British institutions, might be

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better able than another to unite the repressive energies which were imperative with the temperate freedom which was so desirable. His language was promising and solemn; he maintained the forms of liberal institutions, into which at any time freer life might be infused, and to which freer scope might be gradually given; the old tribunals remained; the liberty of the press was indeed restricted, but few doubted the necessity of this restriction at so critical a time; and it was not suppressed, nor subjected to a preliminary censorship. In a word, the whole scheme of government was so contrived, that a just, generous, and beneficent ruler *might* employ it for the best of purposes, and so as to produce in time the best of practical results. Every thing depended on the spirit in which it should be administered: and that spirit remained to be decided. The system established was capable of either being tightened into the completest despotism, or expanded and relaxed into the fullest and safest constitutionalism, according as the will of the ruler might determine, or the power of the people might compel.

In like manner, it rested with Louis Napoleon to decide whether the Empire should be war or peace. He might use his position to carry out the vain dreams of his brooding and enthusiastic youth, and involve Europe, his country, and himself in conflicts which would convulse the first, exhaust the second, and destroy the last. Or he might, sobered and satisfied by his long-sought elevation, apply himself to soothe and repress the uneasy and unprincipled ambition of a portion of his army and of the more turbulent and reckless spirits among his immediate supporters, and turn his genius and his efforts to develop the material resources of France, and enrich her by commerce, industry, and peace. We were willing to hope the best from his administration, both in home and foreign matters.

At first he used his power in domestic concerns with considerable moderation; and people, in consideration of the *res dura et regni novitas*, were willing to forgive much repressive severity. But though till lately nothing was done so decided as to throw off all decent pretensions of civic freedom and the general weal, yet it soon became obvious that the *tendency* of his measures on the whole was not towards liberty or the encouragement of constitutional action. The more eminent men, who had been temporarily exiled, returned to Paris. Louis Napoleon endeavoured, but in vain, to induce some of them to join his government. Society went on much as before; plots ceased, or became insignificant; a son was born; and hostile politicians generally acquiesced in the inevitable, and postponed all hopes of change till some unforeseen occurrence should alter

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the aspect of affairs. It was universally accepted as a probability that the Bonaparte dynasty would now last his life. Still there was no movement on his part towards relaxing government action, or permitting a freer expression of popular will or dissentient views. Plain speaking in the Chambers was more and more frowned upon; opposition was increasingly unwelcome; interference with elections grew more and more shameless, peremptory, and avowed; municipal and local privileges were every where suppressed; the press continued to receive repeated "warnings;" public men and literary professors who wrote in any periodicals but those slavishly devoted to the government were cautioned, menaced, or *destitués*. Altogether, it was too plain that the movement was not towards greater political freedom, but towards less.

In fact, it could not easily be otherwise. Never was it more obvious than in the recent career of Louis Napoleon how difficult it is for power ill gained to be well used. The violent seizure of the supreme power offended so many patriots, disappointed so many legitimate ambitions, inflicted so many unpardonable injuries, and outraged so many just and loyal sensibilities, that it created for the Emperor a host of foes who could (or whom it was naturally supposed could) only be kept down by a continuance and extension of measures similarly violent in character. And the same act, by rendering it impossible for any statesman of established reputation and trained experience in high office decently to give in their adherence and their support to a government which originated in so unjustifiable a proceeding, necessarily forced Louis Napoleon to seek his ministers among unscrupulous partisans, who had neither official knowledge, nor political sagacity, nor damageable character, and who in consequence could not only render him little real assistance, but were always getting him into scrapes.

In relation to foreign policy, his course has on the whole been scarcely more reassuring. We will not speak now of the various *tentative* proposals, which, as is well known to the initiated, he put forth in different quarters early in his career, indicative of an inclination to ape his predecessor, the first Napoleon. These might have been merely the yet undissipated fumes of youthful ambition, and were soon cast aside for more practical ideas. But he cultivated and petted the army in a manner which gave well-grounded uneasiness; and it is notorious that many foolish and mischievous projects floated through his brain. From the first, *though with dangerous intervals of illicit fancy and desire*, he felt the immense importance both to his character and his position of the English alliance; and as far as diplomatic intercourse with us is concerned, he has been

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honourable, straightforward, and, with rare exceptions, uniform and steady. The Crimean war he felt to be a grand opportunity both for the consolidation of his throne and the enhancement of his grandeur and his fame; and unfortunately, the entire absence of all native justice or generosity in the *fond* of his character led him, in many instances, to consider less the common objects of the great alliance than how to extract the greatest possible amount of individual and selfish profit out of the joint transaction. But little of this truth oozed out at the time. It was felt to be desirable to suppress facts the publication of which were sure to irritate, and might seriously compromise the great object we had in view; and much will never be known till the final cessation of the French and English alliance. It is, however, beyond question, that on several most critical occasions the imperial generals did not act the part of generous or loyal comrades; nor did the Emperor either give them the command or set them the example. On the whole, then, the close of 1857 found Louis Napoleon *tending* towards a wrong and fatal course both in foreign and domestic policy, but still not irretrievably committed to the bad.

Matters were in this position when, on the 14th of last January, an attempt was made upon his life so desperate, brutal, and sanguinary, as at once to arouse a strong popular enthusiasm in his favour, to make him an object of sympathy throughout Europe, and to cause a reaction of abhorrence against his assassins in all minds not utterly perverted by false doctrines or maddened by intolerable suffering. Assassination, even where the tyrant is a monster and the assailant a man of pure patriotism and of many wrongs, has always been held, even by the most zealous votaries of freedom, to be at least a questionable act; and where not an indisputable crime, to be usually an unprofitable blunder. This is the almost unanimous verdict of mankind, even where one life alone is aimed at, where that one life has long been forfeited to his country's justice, and is obviously and unquestionably the sole obstacle to a better state of things. But in Orsini's plot there was every thing to excite reprobation and disgust. It was planned by foreigners; it was contrived in an asylum of hospitable protectors; it was designed to create a general confusion, out of which profit to their country *might* possibly be drawn; and, worst of all, it was not the assassination of Louis Napoleon himself, it was a wholesale and indiscriminate slaughter of all near him—his wife among the number—for the sake, *or for the chance*, of including him among the victims. In short, it was an assassination from which political assassins of ordinary decency, honour, humanity, and patriotism, would have shrunk. All who loved order were hor-

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rified at the spirit which it manifested, and the consequences which might have resulted from its success. All who loved justice were indignant at an act which, even in the creed of wild demagogues, was massacre, not punishment. All true patriots, all earnest friends of liberty, were saddened and ashamed, furious at the dishonour brought upon their cause, and eager to disavow all participation in such crimes, and all toleration for such criminals. In a moment Louis Napoleon regained by the faults of his enemies all that he had lost by his own. It was a grand opportunity; but he lost it, and abused it. He might have seized it for the inauguration of a new, a securer, and a more liberal policy. He has made it the starting-point for a severer and more rigid course of despotism and oppression. He might have made it the pretext for abandoning those police measures of repression and espionage the uselessness of which to protect him it had made so flagrantly manifest. He might have thrown himself on the newly-awakened sympathies of the liberal party, and have thus bound them by all feelings of generosity and honour at least to forbearance and assistance. He might have appealed with success to all Europe against his enemies, now that it had been made plain of what those enemies were capable.

Instead of this, let us see what his course has been—first at home, and then abroad. His measures in both directions have been such as to indicate a judgment bewildered and distorted by alarm. We fully admit the alarm to be natural. So ferocious and frightful an *attentat* might well shake the stoutest nerves; especially when, in addition, it is understood that he has more than once received formal sentence of death from the *Carbonari*, a secret society to which he, along with Orsini's father, formerly belonged, and of the desperate character of whose members he is well aware. But dismay and dread never dictate a really courageous or judicious policy. He has acted, and is acting, as if he believed all France to be filled with revolutionary plots on the point of breaking out. We have no doubt that he does believe this; and if it were, it ought to show him more than any thing else how entirely erroneous all his past policy of repression has been, which leaves him after six years of reign on as dangerous a volcano as ever. His *first* step was the parcelling out of France into five military divisions, with a marshal at the head of each; a plan which would not be an unwise one were civil war raging or imminent, but which could be needed in no other contingency; and which clearly indicates on his part either the determination to be prepared for such an event, or the design to place the whole country under military rule and martial law as soon as he sees an occasion or a pretext for doing so.

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This proceeding derives an ominous significance from his *second* step, which was the dismissal of M. Billault, his former Minister of the Interior, for one still more obsequious and arbitrary, viz. General Espinasse. The substitution at the head of the Home Office of a soldier for a civilian was a change of evil augury, and looked doubly inauspicious to those who remembered what were the antecedents of the new official. General Espinasse was the chief instrument of the Emperor in carrying out the details of the *coup-d'état*, and in executing the special violences ordered on that occasion; and in consideration of these services he was not only promoted, but was protected from the consequences which his bungling mismanagement of the Dobrudscha expedition would otherwise have brought upon him. In a word, he is in every sense the *creature* of the Emperor; and in order that no doubt might remain of the reasons which led to his appointment, and of its real purpose and meaning, he himself addressed the following circular to the prefects on his accession to office:

"SIR,—The confidence placed in me by the Emperor has induced him to appoint me Minister of the Interior. That mark of confidence gives me a title of respect which needs no further explanations to you. But the public may perhaps discuss the appointment of a military man to functions which are exclusively civil.

Let us state the *real signification of a fact the character of which must neither be distorted nor attenuated.*

France, tranquil, prosperous, and glorious, under a government of restoration, has abandoned herself for six years to perhaps an excessive confidence in the subsiding of anarchical passions which the energy of the sovereign and the solemn will of the country seemed to have entirely annihilated. . . .

An execrable attempt has opened all eyes, and has revealed to us the savage resentment and the culpable hopes which still glimmer among the ashes of the revolutionary party. Of that party, we must neither overrate nor underrate the strength. Its odious attempt has alarmed the country; *we must give it the pledges of safety it requires.* Discretionary or superfluous measures are not the point in question. What we want is a *watchful incessant surveillance*, ready to prevent, prompt and firm to repress, always calm as power and justice should be; in fact, our populations, who have been justly alarmed, must be reassured that the good have no reason to fear, and *that the wicked must tremble. This is the most important part of my task, and for this the Emperor selected me.* France wishes the maintenance of order, respect for the institutions established by her suffrages, and a firm suppression of plots against the sovereign she has elected; *and this she shall have.*"

This is plain speaking with a witness. We cannot be long in doubt as to the nature of the securities to be taken against

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plots, and the mode in which the wicked (*i. e.* the opponents of Louis Napoleon) are to be made to tremble, when we are told that they are something which a civilian cannot effect, and which a soldier can.

The Emperor's *third* step, and the last which we shall notice, is the new law against *expected* criminals—the "*mesure de súreté générale,*" as it is called; and as our object is not to argue and declaim, so much as simply to put our readers in possession of the facts in intelligible and significant succession, we shall here transcribe the principal clauses of the law as passed.

The first clause inflicts a maximum penalty of five years' imprisonment and ten thousand francs fine on every one who *publicly excites in any manner* to the commission of certain seditious offences, though the provocation remains destitute of consequences. The second clause condemns to a maximum imprisonment of two years and a fine of two thousand francs every one who, in order to disturb the public peace, or to bring the Imperial government into hatred or contempt, *practises any schemes, or keeps up any connection,* either at home or abroad—("*a pratiqué des manœuvres ou entretenu des intelligences,* soit à l'intérieur, soit à l'étranger"). By the fifth and sixth clauses, all persons condemned under this law, or under five or six others which are enumerated, may, as a measure of security, be either banished, or transported, or *internés, i. e.* confined to any town or district named by the authorities. By the seventh clause, any one may be banished, transported, or *interné, who has been punished, rightfully or wrongfully, for the sake of public safety* (*qui a été, soit condamné, soit interné, soit expulsé, ou transporté, par mesure de súreté générale*) in consequence of the insurrection, "*or events,*" of 1848, 1849, and 1851. And finally, clause 10 authorises the infliction of these penalties *without any process of law, without recourse to any tribunal,* and at the sole will and pleasure of the Minister of the Interior, the Prefect of the Department, and the General in command of the district!

Now it is perfectly idle to argue, as M. de Morny does, that this law will be executed with moderation, and is directed solely against bad citizens and the enemies of society. It confers on the government all the powers which the most ferocious despot could desire. It may be designed to strike the bad only, but it would be equally efficacious against the good; and we know too well what, under the Imperial *régime,* is the standard of good and bad. The most cursory perusal is sufficient to show that this "*loi de súreté générale*" has all the faults which a law can have. The offences are vague and undefined; any one suspected of them by the authorities—any one whom it may find it convenient to suspect of them—can be at once imprisoned, and in

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certain cases transported, without depositions, without witnesses, without trial, without defence, without warning. Any one who has been punished in the most excited moments of civil war may, without any new offence, and even though wholly innocent of the old one, be at once subjected to the heaviest secondary punishment known to the law. And finally, any one who *expresses an opinion* hostile or unfavourable to the actual government of France, were the opinion ever so decorously expressed, and the speaker or writer ever so eminent and honest, may be imprisoned and mulcted in a heavy fine; for in the hands of the French police and French judges the phrase, *pratiquer des manœuvres ou entretenir des intelligences*, will include every form of disapproval or opposition. Every letter written to friends in England by M. de Tocqueville, M. Guizot, or M. Villemain (and letters are constantly opened at the post-office), exposes each of these gentlemen to the full penalties of two years' imprisonment, and two thousand francs *amende*. We do not for a moment imagine that the Emperor actually *designs* to do any thing so monstrous—he is far too sagacious; he only desires to have legal authorisation to do whatever he may please; but there are those about him who both desire these arbitrary powers, and are mad enough and bad enough to use them to his ruin and their own. The new law will not lie idle: already Espinasse (who sees plots and conspiracies every where) has arrested 1300 persons, 750 in Paris alone.

M. de Morny, in his report on this law, declares that it took its origin from the *attentat* of the 14th of January. An article in the *Moniteur*, believed to emanate from the Emperor himself, declares that it was conceived and prepared some time previous, in consequence of the prevalence of secret societies and sanguinary and seditious plots. If M. de Morny's statement is correct, we can only say that the law bears no logical relation whatever to its alleged antecedent and cause; for none of those concerned in the *attentat* would be touched by any of its provisions, nor was it needed to reach their accomplices in France (if any), whom the police might have seized without any fresh powers. If, on the other hand, the Emperor's version is the correct one, what a condemnation does he pass upon his own government, and what doubt does he throw upon its asserted popularity, if plots and conspiracies still so swarm on every side of him that a law like this is needed in the seventh year of his reign!

To sum up the course and direction of internal policy in France, then, since January, we have—

1. The division of the country among five military chiefs.
2. The appointment of a soldier instead of a civilian as

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Minister of the Interior, with the avowed design of dealing peremptorily, and in a military fashion, with all offenders.

3. The enactment of a law which places every Frenchman who has ever been involved in the troubles of the last ten years at the mercy of three officials—virtually of *one;* and which renders every opponent or disapprover of the Imperial proceedings liable to heavy fine and long imprisonment.

Let us now look at the effect of the *attentat* of the 14th of January on the foreign relations of the Emperor, or rather on the relations between France and England. And here, as in the preceding pages, we shall content ourselves with a simple narrative of the principal facts of the case. We can make every allowance for shaken nerves and irritated feeling. It was perfectly natural that Louis Napoleon, and all his friends and dependents, and that portion of the army and the people which is devoted to him, should have been both alarmed and exasperated by the murderous attempt, and, in the first burst of indignation, should express their feelings in *brusque* and unmeasured language. It was quite right that, under the circumstances, we should be forbearing and conciliatory to the utmost limit consistent with truth, dignity, and prudence. Let us see, then, if the boundary lines of permissible irritation and of wise endurance have not been passed by the respective ministers on both sides.

The key-note of the tone and language intended to be held towards this country was struck by the Count de Morny,—about the most violent and mischievous of the Emperor's creatures,—in presence of his master, and at the opening of the Legislative Chamber, of which he is the president, on January 18th. He said:

"We cannot conceal from you, sire, that the populations whom we have recently quitted are rendered uneasy by your clemency, which is too apt to be measured by the goodness of your heart; and when they see such abominable crimes imagined and prepared abroad, they ask, *how it is possible that friendly governments can be powerless to break up those laboratories of assassination, and how it can be that the sacred laws of hospitality should be applicable to wild beasts.* Sire, your government, which is founded on two principles—the principle of authority, and the principle of the protection of honest men—ought, *at any price,* to put a stop to these periodical convulsions."

This language certainly was scarcely decorous in the mouth of an official so highly placed as M. de Morny; but might perhaps be pardoned in an excited adulator speaking in the presence of his idol.

The next feature in the case was Walewski's famous des-

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patch of January 20th, a deliberate and official document. The following are the passages against which exception has been taken:

"The preliminary proceedings instituted on the criminal attempt on the person of the Emperor are pursuing their course, and we shall ere long learn the definite result; but there is one point on which, even at present, we can have no doubt:—this attempt, like those which have preceded it, was projected in England.

It was in England that *Pianori formed the design* of attacking the Emperor; it was from London that, in a recent affair, *Mazzini, Ledru Rollin, and Campanella directed the hired bravos whom they had armed;* it was there also that the authors of the late conspiracy prepared at leisure their means of action, contrived and fabricated the destructive instruments which they employed, and it was thence they started to execute their plan. . . . .

The Government of his Majesty has no intention of complaining that its adversaries can find a refuge on English soil, and live there peaceably under the protection of British laws while remaining faithful to their principles and even to their passions. But how widely different is the attitude of the demagogues who have established themselves in England! It is no longer the hostility of erring parties manifesting itself by the excesses of the press, and by every violence of language; it is no longer even the labour of the factions seeking to agitate opinion and provoke disorder: *it is assassination reduced to a doctrine, preached openly, and practised in repeated attempts,* the last of which has just astounded all Europe.

Ought, then, the right of asylum to protect such a state of things? Is hospitality due to assassins? Should English legislation serve to favour their designs and their manœuvres; and can it continue to protect persons who thus place themselves outside the pale of common law, and expose themselves to the ban of humanity?

In submitting these questions to the Government of her Britannic Majesty, the Government of the Emperor . . . believes *it has a right to count upon the co-operation of England.* . . . . The Government of Great Britain can assist us in averting the danger of these guilty enterprises by giving us a guarantee of security *which no state can refuse to a neighbouring state, and which we are authorised in expecting from an ally.* Full of confidence in the exalted reason of the English Cabinet, we abstain from all indications of the measures which it may be desirable to take to satisfy our wishes, satisfied that we shall not have appealed in vain to their conscience and their friendly fairness."

Now (premising, by the way, that we think the House of Commons were perfectly right in their vote on Mr. Milner Gibson's amendment) we confess that we do not see in this despatch the extremely offensive character which some have attributed to it. It is true the language is less courteous, less periphrastic, and more peremptory than is usual in diplomatic communications; but it is reasonable and straightforward,

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though eager and excited. *If it had stood alone*, its peculiar tone might well have been passed over without comment. There is much in it that calls for answer, but nothing to arouse a feeling of insulted dignity. Every state *has* a right to call on every neighbouring and friendly state to aid it in guarding against and preventing murderous conspiracies, so far as its laws will enable it to do so; and we should always be prompt to *offer* such aid. The paragraph declaring that "assassination has been established into a system and preached openly in England" has given very needless and groundless umbrage. It is confined to the proceedings of foreign demagogues (the context *admits* of no wider application); and the pamphlet now under prosecution, as well as others understood to have been seized, fully justifies the charge. If, moreover, the view of the actual state of the law taken by Sir Richard Bethell be correct (which we do not believe), Walewski was warranted in saying that English legislation *does* (unintentionally) facilitate the designs of conspirators and assassins, and ought, as a matter of prudence, justice, and good sense—independently of all consideration of what is due to an ally—to be rectified at once. Further, if pamphlets of the nature alleged have really been published and promulgated, the Attorney-General has been to blame in not having long since put the existing law in force against them, and the French Government has been careless in not having ere now called our attention to the fact. But while admitting all this, it was most important to point out to M. Walewski, and through him to the French nation, *first*, that the alleged circumstance of all hostile designs against foreign governments originating among refugees on English soil is the simple and inevitable consequence of England being the only land wherein refugees can find shelter; *secondly*, that the assertion that a recent attack was planned and directed by Mazzini and Ledru Rollin is one for which the French Government was unable to bring the slightest shade of proof, and ought not therefore to be passed over without contradiction; and *thirdly*, that it is of the very nature and essence of our laws to take cognisance only of *acted offences, not of criminal designs*, and that therefore the special protection which M. Walewski desired, viz. such as could be afforded by a police system as inquisitorial and arbitrary as that which fails so signally in France, it is wholly out of our power to provide.

Unfortunately, however, M. Walewski's despatch, pardonable and harmless as it might be in itself, *did not* stand alone. Three days afterwards Count Persigny, the French ambassador, in reply to a congratulatory address from the Lord Mayor and

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Common Council of London, delivered a speech in which the following passages occur:

"Permit me to tell you what is the real question. It does not lie in the attempts at assassination themselves, nor even in the crime of the 14th of January, of which your Government would promptly have warned us if it could have known of it beforehand. The whole question is in *the moral situation of France, which has become anxiously doubtful of the real sentiments of England.* Reasoning by analogy, popular opinion declares that were there in France men sufficiently infamous to recommend in their clubs, in their papers, in their writings of every kind, the assassination of a foreign sovereign, and actually to prepare its execution, a French administration *would not wait to receive the demands* of a foreign government, nor to see the enterprise set on foot. To act against such enterprises, *to anticipate such crimes, public notoriety would be sufficient to set our law in motion,* and measures of security would be taken immediately.

Well, then, *France is astonished* that nothing of a like nature should have taken place in England; and Frenchmen say, 'Either the English law is adequate, and then why is it not applied? or it is inadequate, and then why does not a free country, which makes its own laws, supply the defect?' In a word, France does not understand, and cannot understand, this state of things; *and therein lies the harm, for she may mistake the true sentiments of her ally, and no longer believe in her sincerity.*"

Now it is undeniable that these phrases contain something very like severe *pressure,* if not an actual menace, though carefully disguised; and to say the least, the language is scarcely decorous from a man in M. de Persigny's position. It is as much as to say: "France looks upon you with great suspicion, and I am afraid will quarrel with you unless you alter your law and practice." But even this by itself might be excused; for M. de Persigny is reputed to be an honest man, warmly attached to the Emperor, and something of an excitable and vehement enthusiast; and we know how difficult foreigners of all continental nations find it to understand our horror of police espionage and of *preventive* laws, and we can pardon much, even in a diplomatist, on the score of sincerity and zeal.

But, last and worst, come the addresses of the French colonels, accepted by the Emperor, and published by notorious *ministerial* sanction in the official organ of the French Government. English pride at once took umbrage; and we cannot wonder that it did so, for uncivil bluster and vulgar insolence could scarcely go further. These addresses appeared in the *Moniteur* continuously from January 19th to January 29th, and were declared to be *selections,* "in order that the country should know the spirit which animates the army" (*Moniteur,* Jan. 26).

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The 82d Regiment "*demands to form the advanced guard to follow the wild beasts to their den.*" The 59th "*demands an account from the country under whose laws those monsters are sheltered.*" Count Gudin, commanding the Second Military Division, "demands that not only shall the miserable assassins receive the chastisement of their crimes, but likewise that *the infamous den where such infernal machinations are planned shall be destroyed for ever.*" The 8th Cuirassiers and others "*would see with pleasure realised the idea set forth in the Emperor's presence by the President of the Corps Législatif;*" and four or five other regiments ask, "*Is your faithful army to remain passive spectators* of those terrific conspiracies which, *tolerated to-day, being paid to-morrow, come from a foreign country* to periodically carry desolation into our country and compromise its destiny?"

All this, no doubt, is bad enough. Still, we do not know that it would have been worth while to take note of the unmannerly braggadocio of men who are under no obligation to be gentlemen either by birth or education, and who perhaps are accustomed only to the language of the garrison and the guard-room.* But the publication of such addresses in the *Moniteur*,—nay, more, the *selection* of such out of numbers of others for special honour,—was a grave offence against decency and friendly behaviour, and showed us in what way we ought to read the more cultivated phrases of Morny, Persigny, and Walewski. Even this offence, however, must be considered as withdrawn and wiped out by the frank and ample expression of regret which the Emperor transmitted as soon as he was made aware of the state of feeling in this country, and which Sir George Grey read in the House of Commons on the occasion of the first debate. He enjoined Walewski to write thus to Count Persigny:

"The account you give me of the effect produced in England by the insertion in the *Moniteur* of certain addresses from the army has not escaped my attention, and I have made a report of it to the Emperor. You are aware . . . . of the care we have taken, in applying for the concurrence of her Majesty's government, to avoid every thing that could bear the appearance of pressure on our part, and to show our confidence in its loyalty; . . . . and if, in the enthusiastic manifestations of the devotion of the army, words have been inserted which have seemed in England to be characterised by a different sentiment,

* It is, however, fair to state in extenuation a rumour we have heard, but of the accuracy of which we profess no opinion, viz. that for some time back a practice has prevailed of copying or lithographing the most offensive articles against Louis Napoleon which appear in the English papers, and forwarding these as letters to officers of various regiments, who, if really attached to the Emperor, would of course be much exasperated by the proceeding.

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they are too much opposed to the uniform language of the Emperor's government for it to be possible to attribute them to any thing but inadvertence caused by the number of those addresses. *The Emperor enjoins you to say to Lord Clarendon how much he regrets it.*"

Why, then, since we are content to doubt, to excuse, or to condone all the separate acts of incivility chargeable upon the French minister on occasion of the *attentat*, do we hold the decision of the House of Commons, condemning the mode in which our Government had managed the controversy, to have been righteous, dignified, and wise? For a very simple reason. The Emperor *personally* had, by his apology, set himself right with the *English nation*:—it was necessary that the English nation should set itself right with the French army, with the French *minister*, and with its own Government. The excuse of inadvertence—strictly true, we believe, so far as the Emperor was concerned—was wholly untrue as far as the immediate offenders were concerned. The language of Morny; the unpermissible demeanour of Persigny; the careful *selection* (probably by Fould or Morny) of the offensive addresses for insertion in the *Moniteur;* the instantaneous publication in that organ of Walewski's *brusque* despatch; the garbled quotation therein given of an article in the *Globe*, with the view of persuading the French people that we had submitted quietly to their incivility, and were going to alter our laws in consequence of it; and finally, *the entire suppression in the Moniteur of the second and apologetic despatch*,—all combined, made it clearly and painfully manifest that there existed a determination on the part, not of the Emperor, but of those who acted in his name, to excite the French people, and to allow them to excite themselves, against this country; to conceal from them the real facts of the case; to persuade them that England was submitting unmurmuringly to their dictation, and that they were menacing her with impunity. Had this been permitted to continue, a state of feeling would in a few weeks have risen up between the two countries the reverse of kindly, if not actually hostile, and such as perhaps neither Government could have prevented from ripening into a rupture. It was necessary to show to France, by some distinct act *which the Moniteur could neither garble nor suppress*, that the British people would not allow the French Ministers to make political capital by hectoring us, nor their own Ministers to acquiesce in such a shallow and shabby policy. We were perfectly willing, as we showed by the original majority of 200, to amend our law of conspiracy if there were ground for doing so; but we were determined to declare, by a proceeding *wholly un-party and unmistakeably national*, that a mischievous and elaborate deception on the French nation should no longer

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be kept up. The truth is,—and there is no harm in stating it plainly,—the Emperor himself is as loyal, and fair-dealing, and cordial to us as ever, though startled and uneasy at the peril he has just so narrowly escaped; but he has those about him who, for selfish purposes or from fanatical passions, are only too well inclined to embroil him with this country; and for some reason or other,—from weakness, or negligence, or erroneous notions as to political danger,—he does not or cannot control them as he ought. If he had had the courage and resolution to insist on his apology appearing in the *Moniteur*, we should have been spared the necessity of dismissing *our* ministry in order to explain to France what *his* ministry endeavoured to conceal. As it is, the vote of the House of Commons was at once the most friendly proceeding we could have adopted towards him, and the wisest and most loyal towards France. Its effect has been excellent on the officials, the press, and society at large in that country. They have all become civil and reasonable as soon as they were made aware that we were no way inclined to tolerate incivility or absurd demands. There are few nations towards whom quaker-like forbearance is a safe or a pacific policy,—France less than most: neither, it would now appear, is it safe for any English ministry.

In conclusion, and as regards the defeat and retirement of Lord Palmerston's Government, we have two or three remarks to make. As good Liberals, it is impossible for us to regret it; little as we are inclined to rejoice in the advent to power of men like Mr. Disraeli and Lord Derby. But it would be a great mistake to assume that the late Government were overthrown simply and exclusively on account of the disapproval of the House of Commons of that one act or omission of theirs which was the occasion of their dismissal, or even on account of their general management of our relations with France. A really strong and united ministry would not have been irretrievably displaced by such a defeat. A ministry resolved to stand would not have encountered or courted such a defeat; and it is difficult to believe that they did not court it,—for if they did not, their mismanagement of the debates was most gratuitously injudicious. If Lord Palmerston had introduced the bill with a more effective and skilful speech; or if it had been introduced by the Attorney-General instead of by the Premier; or if the state of the law (which was the plea for the bill) had been expounded the first night as it was expounded the last by Sir R. Bethell, and if the House had believed him; or if Lord Clarendon had said before what he said afterwards in the House of Peers; or if he and his chief had defended Walewski's de-

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spatch a little less nakedly and audaciously; or even if, at the eleventh hour, Lord Palmerston had prolonged the debate to another evening, and then closed it with a speech showing the tact and conciliatory language which he can always command when he desires,—it is almost certain that the result of the division would have been very different. But, in truth, the defeat of the Government had been long preparing, and was preceded by a considerable period of gradually increasing discredit. The incomprehensible indifference and inaction of both Lord Palmerston and Lord Clarendon in the case of the English engineers, so cruelly confined in the Neapolitan dungeons, had greatly shaken the trust of all advanced Liberals in the reliability of either where a spirited policy towards despots was in question; and the unwarrantable insolence with which both Mr. Stirling and Mr. Griffith were treated by the former, for asking very natural and perhaps necessary questions in a very fitting manner, roused the indignation of all who held opinions at all similar to those of the interrogators. The introduction of the India Bill also created many antagonists. It was extensively believed that Lord Palmerston had decided the matter in an ignorant hurry, and without due deliberation; the East India Company and their friends were of course very indignant at the aim and purport of the measure, and felt that they had been treated most uncourteously both by the silence and the correspondence of the Premier; while every one who listened to the speech in which he proposed so great a change in the government of an empire felt that, to use the mildest phrase, it was far below the occasion.

It was the appointments recently made by Lord Palmerston, however, which were the real ultimate cause,—the *causa sine quâ non*, if not actually the *causa causans*,—of his defeat. The nomination of Mr. Howard as Distributor of Stamps in Manchester, and that of Mr. Tollemache to the post of Treasurer in a County Court, created the widest dissatisfaction; for though both the nominees were men of irreproachable respectability, yet the Liberal constituencies throughout the country were offended at seeing two of the very few good posts which had hitherto been considered to belong to the middle-classes given away to scions of that aristocracy which already monopolises nearly all the lucrative and desirable places in the land. The appointment of Lord Mulgrave as Governor of Nova Scotia, too, was felt to be in every way indefensible,—as one based upon no personal claim whatever, and by no means courteous to an important and loyal colony. There were some minor nominations, also, which showed too plainly the reckless direction that patronage was taking. But when, to crown the

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whole, Lord Clanricarde was made Lord Privy Seal and brought into the Cabinet, the whole Liberal party, in and out of Parliament, groaned aloud and stood aghast. It was universally felt that public opinion had been deliberately affronted, and the character of the party gratuitously injured. Without offering any judgment as to the fact or the degree of Lord Clanricarde's delinquency in a scandalous case wherein he maintains his entire innocence, it is enough to state that, right or wrong, the entire Whig political connection scarcely included so damaged a reputation; and that neither in debating skill, in administrative ability, nor in parliamentary influence, could he bring to the Government any assistance sufficient to, in the least degree, compensate for the evil influence of his appointment. It is no secret, that several members voted against Lord Palmerston on Mr. Milner Gibson's motion in order to avoid having to vote against him on the one threatened by Mr. Wise.

We have more than once had occasion to observe with what "curious felicity" the House of Commons usually represents the exact feeling of the country—whenever the country *has* a strongly-defined feeling—although scarcely sharing the sentiment itself. This was never more remarkable than on the late occasion. There can be no doubt that the vote which displaced the late ministry faithfully expressed the popular and prevailing sentiment on the subject of our French relations. We believe it is equally certain that it did not express the private sentiments of the majority of the members of the House; and it certainly did not coincide with the views of the most influential organs of the press. Many who swelled the majority on that occasion in no degree sympathised with the indignation of the country; but, on the contrary, thought the spirit which had been aroused somewhat exaggerated or misplaced. Some, however, had been irritated past endurance by the Premier's manner to his questioners. Some were indignant at his behaviour in the Naples case. Some were ready to upset him on any pretext, in order to prevent him from carrying the India Bill to a successful issue. A few, perhaps, were not sorry to aid in a catastrophe which would stave off a Reform Bill. Others, again, thought that Lord Palmerston ought to be punished for his appointments, but were not desirous to come to issue with him *ostensibly* upon such unpleasant questions. And there may have been some also who felt that a dissolution and reconstruction of the Liberal Government had become almost a moral necessity. All these complicated motives, when combined, contrived exactly, and, as it were, unconsciously, to embody the judgment of the nation, in which was no complexity at all.

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Since writing the above, certain documents have appeared relating to the differences which have arisen between this country and France, of which it behoves us to take cognisance. The first of these is an elaborate pamphlet, bearing the title of *L'Empereur Napoléon III et l'Angleterre*, written by M. de la Guerronnière, under the direct inspiration of Louis Napoleon, and designed to explain to England and to Europe the reasons for the irritation of the French people at the alleged inefficacy of our law to prevent conspiracies and plots, and the grounds for the demand of the French government that this law should be strengthened and amended. The tone of the production is singularly calm, moderate, and cautious; and the allegations are drawn up and marshalled in a manner to produce considerable effect on continental readers, few of whom will hear our side of the question, and fewer still will be able to comprehend the gist or spirit of our answer. That answer, however, seems to us very simple and sufficing, and shall be very brief.

1. The author arrays against us a formidable list of no less than *eight* plots, inchoate or actually carried out, to destroy the government and person of the Emperor, which have been discovered within the last six years; the concoctors of all of which, he affirms, contrived their schemes in England, and came thence to execute them, or went thither after their escape from justice. The evidence of this assertion is in some cases of the slightest, and would satisfy no English court, being confined to a connection, real or supposed, of the offenders with Ledru Rollin, Mazzini, and other refugees who have sought shelter here and habitually reside among us. But let that pass. We will assume that the fact is as stated. What does the circumstance of so many attempts at assassination having been planned against the Emperor prove, except that he has made many enemies, and that they are sanguinary and relentless? No one doubted the fact, and the mode in which he seized supreme power is a sufficient explanation. And as to the fact that these enemies reside in England, and here brood over their wrongs, and hence set forth to avenge them, what does this prove, but that England is the only country where political fugitives can find shelter and safety? It is not by our wish, nor by our act, that these desperate men are here. They are here because Louis Napoleon and his predecessors have driven them forth; they are here because scarcely any other land dare give them refuge, and because no other is powerful enough to protect them at all risks. We did not invite them; as a rule we do not like them; we even feel that we have a ground of complaint against France and the French police, which are perpetually expelling or frightening away scores of foreign ruffians, and landing them

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on our shores. The fact, then, that Louis Napoleon's bitterest foes dwell in England is his doing rather than ours; and if M. de la Guerronnière's list of instances point to any conclusion at all, it is to the conclusion that *Louis Napoleon's enemies ought to live nowhere.*

2. The second ground alleged for the impression said to prevail in France—and, we must add, sedulously encouraged by the Emperor's government—of English indifference to these ferocious and murderous conspiracies, is that we take no notice of the violent language and exciting publications of these refugees. We are told that there is a coffee-house near Temple Bar, where the propriety of regicide under certain circumstances has been openly discussed in a debating forum; that at the Wylde reading-rooms, at a French club which meets there, Simon Bernard held forth against the Emperor and his ministers in the most violent and savage language; that a pamphlet in defence of assassination has just been published in London by some foreign Socialists; and finally, that ten thousand people a while ago listened to an inflammatory funeral oration pronounced over a French refugee. Is the government of the Emperor really sunk so low as to take cognisance of such contemptible manifestations as these, and actually to fear them? And can it expect us to elevate them into consequence by deigning to take notice of them? If it really desired this, it was at any time open to it to denounce them to our Ministers, who would have directed Sir Richard Mayne to watch them, and the Attorney-general to prosecute them. But Englishmen find it as difficult to comprehend the temper and position of a government which thinks it necessary even to give attention to such obscure meetings and such absurd bombast, as Frenchmen do to understand why we treat such proceedings with neglect and scorn, and leave them in their natural harmlessness and obscurity. Who among our readers ever heard of the low coffee-house at Temple Bar, or the dingy French club in Leicester Square? Who would dream of doing any thing but laugh, or sigh, at the inflated rhetoric of wretched and disappointed refugees? As to the question "Whether regicide is ever justifiable?"—why it is, and has been for generations, one of the stock subjects of all debating-societies in England; few schoolboys or collegians have not discussed it in their time, and decided in the affirmative;—nay, we have little doubt that half our soberest statesmen have ere now written theses or made orations on the question, "Was Brutus justified in stabbing Cæsar?"—ay, and have taken the anti-imperial side of the argument. As to the seditious and inflammatory pamphlet spoken of, it has been prosecuted as soon as ever the French govern-

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ment called the attention of our authorities to its publication, and to the exaggerated importance they attached to it. As to the funeral oration pronounced over a French refugee, we remember the circumstance perfectly; but it excited scarcely any notice at the time, except among the foreigners resident among us; we had never before heard the name of the deceased; and the crowd that attended at the grave, and heard the obnoxious harangue, was nearer one thousand than ten.

The truth is, we are so much in the habit of allowing the wretched, the feeble, and the angry, to say what they like, and to be wholly indifferent to what they do say, that we can scarcely believe in the want of dignity, the panic fear, or the sense of insecurity, which would condescend to notice violent language, whether written or spoken. Nor should our neighbours blame us for this, when they consider what amenities of this sort we ourselves bear, laugh at, and pass by, every day of our lives. Does M. Walewski ever read the Irish newspapers? If he does, he must know that some of them even now abound in malignities and falsehoods, and provocatives to sedition and violence, quite as bad as those vented by their brother Celts across the water. Yet who here would ever deign to honour them with notice in a state-paper, or even in an indictment? We loathe the writers, it is true; but we heed them no more than we should the sweep who calls out filthy language after us in the streets. Does M. Walewski remember how long we bore with Mr. O'Connell's sedition, and with Smith O'Brien's; and that the authorities never interfered till the latter created an actual insurrection, and till the monster meetings of the former undeniably endangered the public peace? If he does, he may understand our amazement at the thin-skinned susceptibility of himself and his associates, who can shrink from and dread the thunder of the rhetoricians and funeral orators of Fleet Street and Leicester Square, and who can seriously believe that fanatics who are prepared to forfeit their lives by actual attempts to assassinate an Emperor will be fools enough to spout at clubs, or to be influenced and inspired by those who do.

3. To what conclusions do the representations of this pamphlet point, as the wishes and expectations of the Emperor? If to a prompt notice and a vigorous prosecution of these writers and haranguers in obscure alleys and upper-rooms, in seedy and disreputable squares, our Government would not refuse to put the law in force at the requisition of the Emperor; warning him at the same time of the possible difficulty of obtaining evidence clear enough to secure a conviction, of the mischief which might follow failure, and of the folly of elevat-

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ing into undue importance, by official pursuit, men so powerless and so contemptible as are most of those he seeks to crush. If to an amendment of our law (whether enactive or declaratory only), so as to bring within its grasp and adequately to punish all attempts and conspiracies to murder,—such a measure we will gladly and promptly pass, as soon as we have ascertained (which our jurists are now occupied in doing) that the existing law is insufficient for its purpose, either by leaving technical loopholes for escape, or by assigning a penalty too trifling to deter. But if—as would appear to be the case—what the Emperor really asks, and what alone can meet the exigencies of his position, be the enactment of a law which shall enable our authorities to take cognisance of *a merely meditated crime*,—which shall empower or direct our police to remove or to confine a man simply because it is "notorious" that he hates the Emperor, and would slay or dethrone him if he could,—which, in a word, shall abolish that grand and saving distinction to which we owe the wonderful security of our personal freedom, the distinction, namely, *between overt act and secret intent*,—then we cannot answer him too promptly, too plainly, or too resolutely, that such a change in the whole spirit and principle of English legislation we WILL NOT make—no, not for the sake of any alliance or of any Emperor.

If this document is characterised by remarkable courtesy and moderation, the next we have to notice is lamentably different in tone. It appears that, on the same day on which Count Walweski addressed his famous despatch to M. de Persigny, similar missives were forwarded to the ministers of France in Belgium, Sardinia, and Switzerland. A copy of the last is now before us; the arrogance of its tone and language is unprecedented. It explains how the French minister for foreign affairs would have addressed England if he had dared; and it is impossible not to feel that it affords the best possible justification of the vote of the House of Commons, on the subject of the corresponding despatch sent to this country. We give the more remarkable passages:

"Paris, Jan. 20, 1858.

To M. LE COMTE DE SALIGNAC FENELON, MINISTER OF FRANCE AT BERNE.

M. LE COMTE,—In the despatches which I had the honour to address to you on the 7th of August, 28th of November, and the 12th of December last, I directed you to acquaint the Federal Council of the manœuvres in which the refugees in Switzerland, especially those in the canton of Geneva, notoriously engage, and to demand their removal from our frontier. In spite of your zeal and activity in the matter, we have, up to the present time, *obtained only dilatory and evasive*

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replies. The attempt on the 14th of this month against the life of the Emperor shows that we have only too much reason to watch the attitude and the plots of Italian refugees, and that it is among them that the most corrupt and docile instruments of the regicidal conspirators are found. It seems impossible to me that any honest man of the Helvetic Confederation can have been otherwise than struck by this fact, or that he does not share our impressions thereupon. I dare, then, to flatter myself that, in renewing at Berne your former requests, you will find on the part of the federal authorities a greater readiness to do them justice. However that may be, M. le Comte, the Government of the Emperor knows not how to remain indifferent to the voice of public opinion, which, from one end of France to the other, demands *how it is that neighbouring and friendly countries protect with a complacent hospitality* men who openly conspire against the life of the Emperor.

In addressing itself to the Confederation, in order that these dangerous men may be expelled the cantons which touch our frontiers, and placed at more distant parts, the Government of his Imperial Majesty only makes use of the law of legislative defence, and invokes the principles of the rights of nations. The Federal Government will disregard the conditions of the Helvetic neutrality, *and will deceive itself as to the nature of its privileges, if it believes it can invoke them in order to avoid giving satisfaction to our grievances.* To tolerate more or less directly, even by silence and inaction, that refugees who have received an asylum upon its territory abuse that hospitality to attack a neighbouring Government by their writing or their plots, that, without doubt, *is not to observe neutrality;* for if neutrality has its rights, it also has its duties, which require above all that it shall avoid any attack upon the repose of other States. I pray you, then, M. le Comte, *to insist upon it,* with the President of the Confederation, that measures be taken without delay, in order that refugees *notoriously known as disposed to take part in criminal enterprises,* especially those organised into societies in the canton of Geneva, be deposited far from our frontiers.

In the event of the Helvetic Government not consulting upon the means of satisfying our just requirements, it will incur a grave responsibility, and *will only have to take to itself the consequences which its determination may entail.*"

Probably, since the time of the great Napoleon, so indecent and uncivil a diplomatic document was never transmitted from one Government to another. It bears marks, not only of excitement and irritation, which might be excusable enough, but of an entire want of perception of the courtesies and respect which are due from one independent state to another. It distinctly charges the Swiss government with evasion, with viewing with *complacency* the attacks on the Emperor's life, and with a *substantive violation of neutrality.* It declares it to be impossible that "honest men" can differ from M. Walweski in this matter, and it "*insists,*" under penalty of "*consequences,*"

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on immediate compliance. One expression particularly calls for comment, as avowing in precise terms what the French ministers really *want*, and what they ask plainly where they think they may venture to do so. They ask the removal of the refugees "*notoriously known to be disposed* to take part in criminal enterprises," *i. e.* the arbitrary treatment and punishment of their enemies, simply on the ground of notorious *disposition* to do wrong. If the English nation had not so promptly interfered to supplement the defective action of their government, there is no saying how soon a document equally explicit might have been addressed to ourselves. In conclusion, we cannot forget that the ruler on whose behalf these demands are made by his injudicious friends, was long sheltered both by England and by Switzerland when himself a "notorious" enemy to the existing government of France, and a conspirator against it, and an actual assailer of it *from both shores;* and that he once was an active member of an Italian secret society, and a comrade of many of those very refugees whom he thus relentlessly denounces and pursues. Surely it would have been wiser in his ministers to suffer these memories to sleep.

The concluding correspondence between the two Governments is also before us; and we have no hesitation in saying that Count Walweski's last explanatory and apologetic despatch ought to be accepted as satisfactory. He assures us that he never could have thought of intimating that English laws "knowingly" favoured guilty and murderous designs. The most satisfactory part of the document, however, is the extract from a private letter of the Emperor to Count Persigny, showing that he was fully aware of the difficulty which English principles and customs would place in the way of such impediments to plotting as alone could be really efficacious; but that for the sake of allaying the irritation of parties in France, who were more ignorant than himself of the spirit of our police and jurisprudence, it was hoped we should do something: "Je ne me fais aucune illusion (he writes) sur le peu d'efficacité des mesures qu'on pourra prendre, *mais ce sera toujours un bon procédé qui calmera ici bien des irritations. Expliquez bien aux ministres de la Reine notre position:* il ne s'agit pas aujourd'hui de sauver ma vie, il s'agit de sauver l'alliance."

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[We cannot but regret the form of this book. The rhythmical form seems to us to be inappropriate, and often most discordant. But the substance of the book is full of deep truth and fine discrimination. We differ widely from Mr. Newman on points of Christian theology; but on the theistic basis of faith there are few Christians who have not much to learn from him.]

Life and its Varieties. By L. H. Grindon. 1 vol. Whittaker.

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History of England from the Fall of Wolsey to the Death of Elizabeth. By James Anthony Froude, M.A. Vols. 3 and 4. J. W. Parker and Son.

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